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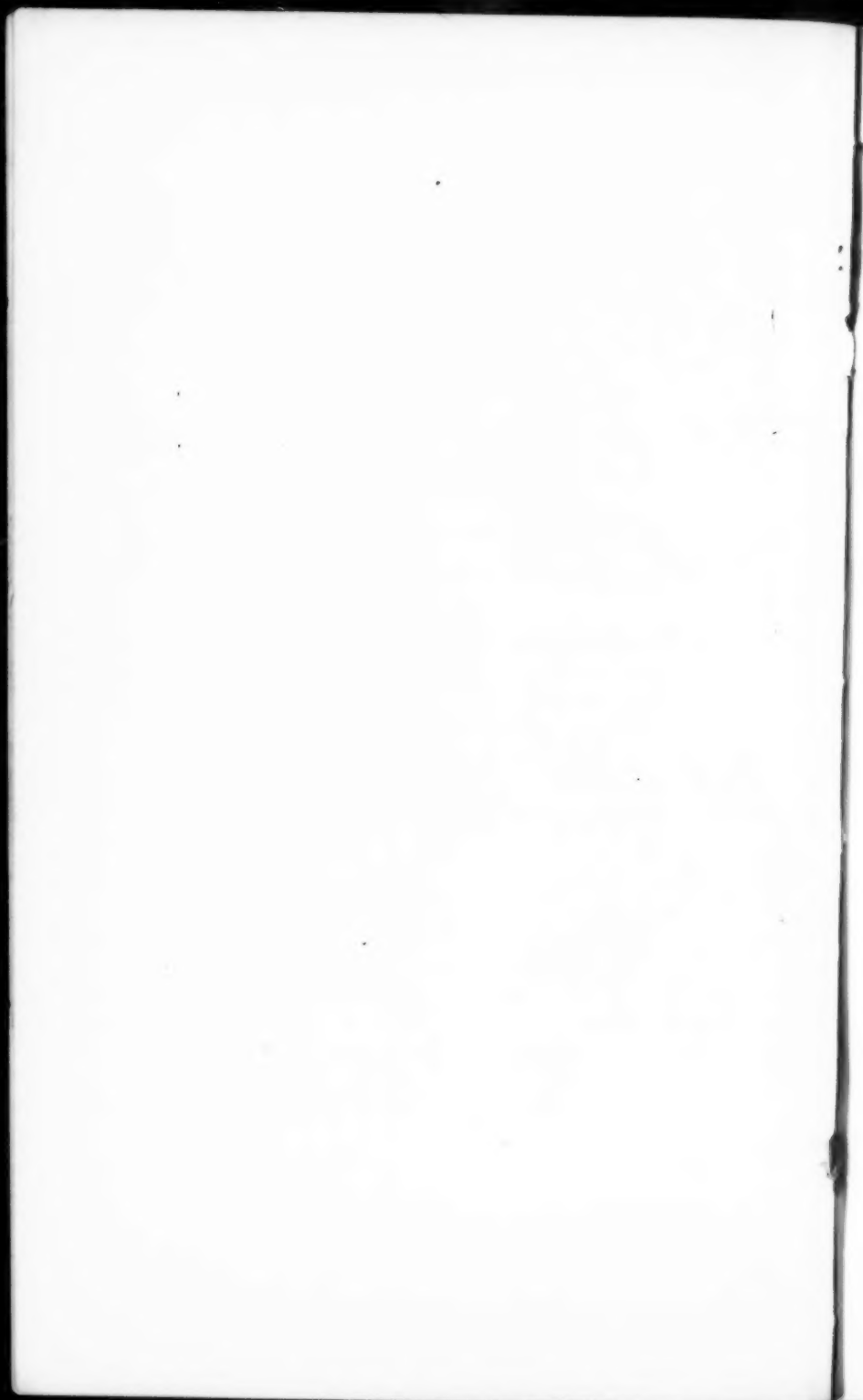
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W.D. McCracken

# THE ARENA.

No. XXXI.

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## THE ETHER AND ITS NEWLY DISCOVERED PROPERTIES.

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BY PROFESSOR A. E. DOLBEAR.

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WHEN Kepler discovered that the planets moved about the sun in elliptical orbits, he knew of no mechanical reason for the phenomena. He therefore assumed that each one had a guiding spirit, whose business it was to direct its motion. Such an idea as that bodies at such immense distances from each other could possibly affect each other's motions had not apparently entered his mind. How it was possible for one body to act upon another one not in contact with it, had been debated by philosophers for hundreds of years. Some thought it possible, others not. The discovery of the law of gravitation in 1683 proved that the celestial bodies did in some manner react upon each other in degrees that depended upon their distance apart. For astronomical purposes it is not necessary to inquire how such effects can be explained. The law of gravitation is not an explanation of gravitation; but Sir Isaac Newton plainly saw the necessity for some sort of a medium between distant bodies, in order that they should act upon each other. In a letter to an acquaintance, he wrote in substance that, to think that one body could act upon another body at a distance from it and without some sort of a medium between them, was so great an absurdity that no competent thinker could believe it. Further researches in the phenomena of light and electricity led him to the conclusion that there must be some medium different from ordinary matter

that was concerned in all kinds of phenomena. He closes his Principia thus:—

And now we might add something concerning a most subtle spirit which pervades and lies hid in all gross bodies, by the force and action of which spirit the particles of bodies attract each other at near distances and cohere if contiguous, and electric bodies operate at greater distances, as well repelling as attracting neighboring corpuscles, and light is emitted, reflected, inflected, and heats bodies, and all sensation is excited, and the members of animal bodies move at the command of the will.

Nevertheless, he did not employ this subtle spirit even hypothetically in any of his work, but kept much closer to ordinary mechanical ideas, and his corpuscular theory of light maintained itself for one hundred and fifty years. The idea that light was a wave motion in a space-filling medium had as fair a start as its rival; but Newton's name was all controlling. Young had shown early in this century that the phenomena of interference could be perfectly explained on the assumption of wave motions in an ethereal medium; but a crucial experiment that should determine which of the rival hypotheses was the true one was not hit upon until 1850, when Foucault devised an apparatus for measuring the rate of propagation of light in water, when it was found to be less than in air; while if the corpuscular theory were the true one, it would have had greater velocity in the water. That experiment may be said to have ended all controversy as to the existence of an interplanetary medium called the ether, having for one of its functions the transmission of light. \* It has often been called the luminiferous ether, and a great deal of ingenious experimenting has since been done to determine the velocity with which light is transmitted in interplanetary space, and is now believed to be very nearly one hundred and eighty-six thousand three hundred miles per second. That it fills all space, is not molecular, and possesses an immense amount of energy, is very certain. Its extent in every direction is so great that the light of some distant stars requires probably ten thousand years to reach us even with the speed of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second. Some of these we see to-day may have ceased to shine ages ago, and any physical change affecting their brightness could not be discovered by us for ten thousand years. That it is not made up of minute individual particles, is indicated by the character of the wave motions of light

which it transmits. These are transverse to the direction of the ray, and a gas of any degree of minuteness cannot transmit such waves. Some of these waves are shorter than the hundred-thousandth of an inch, and their amplitude less than the million-millionth of an inch, — probably less than the millionth of that small quantity. There is also no evidence whatever that bodies of matter are retarded in their motions while moving in it. Thus the earth, in its immense sweep about the sun, has an average velocity of about nineteen miles a second. If it were being retarded by the medium it moves in, the length of the day and year would be changing; but there has not been a change in the length of the day so much as the hundredth of a second within the past two thousand years; neither has the length of the year changed appreciably. Comets in the neighborhood of the sun have been seen to move at the rate of nearly four hundred miles per second, but with no trace of friction. Neither is there any evidence that the ether is subject to the law of gravitation which holds so rigorously for every particle of matter near or remote. Such phenomena are all in marked contrast to the phenomena exhibited by matter made up of the elements and their compounds. If the ether be a substance which is boundless in extent, not made up of particles, frictionless, and not subject to gravity, then it ought not to be confounded with a substance that is limited, is made up of particles, is frictionable, and is subject to gravity.

That the ether possesses an immeasurable amount of energy, is certain for many reasons. The waves we call light bring to us the energy of the sun and distant stars, and while it is in transit the ether has it. The sun radiates from his surface not less than ten thousand horse power per second from each square foot of his surface, and there are not less than one hundred million of similar bodies in sight, each pouring into the ether its proportional amount. In addition to this, there is the energy represented by gravitative stress. The attraction of the sun for the earth expressed in tons of force is three million six hundred thousand millions of millions, which, if replaced by steel telegraph wires, would require four for every square inch over the whole surface of the earth, and then they would be stretched nearly to the breaking point. This is the tension or stress that the ether bears between these two bodies; but let one remember that

there are so many millions of other bodies in the universe, each adding its own stress to that of the rest, and he will see, not only what an enormous total there must be, but also what peculiar qualities the ether must have to maintain it.

The apparent action at a distance exhibited by electrified and magnetic bodies had engaged the attention of physicists. Faraday mapped the region about a magnet, and showed that even a ray of light was twisted when in its neighborhood; while what was known as induction implied some kind of a medium different from ordinary matter, which could be put in a state of stress by molecular motions. The stress produced by an electro-magnet may be as great as two hundred pounds per square inch. What appeared singular was that these stresses overlapped. They existed in the same space without modifying each other in the slightest degree.

It was not philosophical to assume as many mediums as there were different kinds of phenomena to be explained; yet the difficulty of conceiving how any kind of a medium or ether could act mechanically in the manner observed was so great that physicists were slow in coming to any conclusion. There are three classes of physicists: First, those who are satisfied only with inductively established theories; second, those who hold only to mathematically deduced theories, and third, those who base their expectations upon mechanically established facts, and who feel but little interest in either of the others. Experimenters and discoverers are generally of this latter class.

While it is true that most physicists have for some years felt reasonably confident as to the existence of the luminiferous ether, there have been some who were ready to welcome any corroborative evidence. When, therefore, three or four years ago, Hertz discovered a method of producing, by electrical means, ether waves which could be reflected, refracted, and made to interfere in precisely the same way as light waves could, it was hailed for two reasons: First, as making it practically certain that the waves produced by heated bodies and those produced by electro-magnetic means were substantially identical. This is called the electro-magnetic theory of light. Second, as settling the question as to the ether possessing electro-magnetic relations; that is, it was the same medium as was concerned in the phenomenon of light.

This establishment of the electro-magnetic theory of light



has made it easy to understand how light waves are produced in the ether. It has been a puzzle to conceive how the vibrations of molecules could produce such waves as they do: waves in which the vibration is at right-angles to the direction of the rays. We have had good evidence for many years that atoms of all sorts are magnetic, and that all magnets have what are technically known as magnetic fields; that is, the space about the magnet, within which it is able to attract and repel other magnets, and this extends to an indefinite distance on all sides. The form of the magnetic field depends upon the form of the magnet; so if a magnet changes its form, there is a corresponding change in its field. If a horseshoe magnet vibrates like a tuning fork, it sets up waves in its field; and these travel outwards with a velocity which depends upon the ability of the ether to transmit motions—not at all upon the source of the disturbance. Transfer the mechanical conception to the atoms. If they are magnets and are elastic, as we know they are, then when they are heated they are vibrating. Because they are so small and so highly elastic, they make an enormous number of vibrations per second,—hundreds of millions of millions; and the corresponding wave lengths are but small fractions of an inch. The brightness of an electric spark or of a flash of lightning is not, then, due to any visible something called electricity, but to the air particles themselves, made to vibrate energetically by chancing to lie in the path of concentrated ether waves. Everybody who has experimented with Geissler's or Crookes' tubes has seen them shine when in the presence of working inductive coils and static electrical machines, but without contact with them, and Tesla has lately shown how even filament lamps may be lighted by simply being in the space in which such ether waves are present.

The phenomenon of the Aurora is made comprehensible. It has been known as being directly related to electric and magnetic changes of some sort, and some attributed the light to currents of electricity in the rarified air. Inasmuch as air is an extremely feeble conductor, and highly rarified air a still feebler one, there was no experimental ground for thinking such an explanation to be the true one. Auroral displays are accompaniments of solar disturbances, and are most frequent and brilliant when sun

spots are most numerous, while at the same time all magnetic needles on the earth are simultaneously disturbed, and telegraphing sometimes is brought to a standstill by the strong currents induced in the wires. The new knowledge enables us to interpret the terrestrial phenomena in the air and earth as due to magnetic changes going on in the sun. The solar magnetic waves have the same velocity as light, and they cause the greatest disturbance at the earth where the magnetic conditions of the earth are most sensitive; that is, near the poles north and south.

Thus far we have considered only the properties of the ether as they are related to exchanges of motion and of energy between matter and itself; but there is one more consideration of as much importance physically and much more importance philosophically, than any of the rest; that is, the probability that matter is itself but a mode of motion of the ether. The common idea of matter has been that atoms are created particles endowed with certain properties. Some have indeed imagined that matter might have been made out of some pre-existing something; yet there are some seventy different kinds of elements, each one having properties different from all the rest, so there would be needed either seventy different kinds of substances out of which they were formed, or else these properties were impressed upon them by creative fiat.

While reflecting upon the properties possessed by vortex rings such as one may see projected from the lips of a smoker and sometimes from a locomotive, Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, considered whether it were not possible that the atoms of matter might be similar rings of ether. As the ether is frictionless, such a ring in it would be a permanent structure; that is, it would be indestructible, as we have reason to believe matter to be. It would have energy, momentum, inertia; it would be elastic, and capable of vibrating in periodic times. Its two sides would possess different properties corresponding to polarity. Different volumes of ether and different rates of volition would give characteristic atomic differences. Other characteristics of atoms have been noted. The evidence for such a theory has been accumulating fast within a few years, and there is a growing conviction that something like it must be true.

See, then, to what degree of simplicity the apparent

complex phenomena of nature may be reduced—a single space-filling medium in which different kinds of motions produce all the variety of phenomena. An atom is a whirling ring of ether in the ether. Its vibrations constitute heat; its rotations constitute electricity. Light is an undulation in the ether; magnetism a whirling motion; gravitation is ether pressure. The ability of such a ring to absorb ether waves of all such kinds as itself can produce results in exchanges in energy, and every atom has a hold upon every other atom in the universe, and every motion it makes affects every other particle; and all this through the same agency, the ether. The latter is an unlimited reservoir of energy. If every atom of matter should be annihilated, there would still be a universe filled with energy of various kinds; and if matter were itself alive, there is no corner of the visible universe where abundance of energy for maintenance is not present. This is a hint that physics gives on the question of immortality. This conception is a long remove from the ideas prevalent not long ago, and, indeed, not uncommon now, of *forces* in nature such as heat, light, electricity, etc., which governed phenomena. They have one and all been discharged from service, and there is left but matter, ether, and motion as the factors; and if matter itself be resolvable into ether, as is highly probable, there is left but ether and motion.

The sympathetic relation between matter and the ether before alluded to, by which any given kind of motion of a given atom or molecule tends to produce the same kind of motion in another similar atom or molecule, has a significance apparent at once when stated. Grant that mental action is accompanied by molecular motions of any sort, and it follows that there must be corresponding ether waves; and similarly constituted molecules in other bodies must as necessarily move in consonance with the first as if the source was heat motion upon a similar molecule; and such phenomena as thought transference would be looked for and explained as simply as the phenomena of the exchange of heat.

One may now profitably read again what Sir Isaac says at the close of the *Principia*, for his surmise of two hundred years ago is the well-nigh universal opinion of to-day. It shows that Newton's mechanical instincts were more to be trusted than some of his more carefully elaborated work.

## THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

I DO not propose, in this paper, to discuss the legal rights of children. The one point to be considered is as to what are their moral, their ideal, rights. It is not what has been or is, but what ought to be.

What, then, are the rights of a child? Our rights over them will be more or less mingled with this first part of the discussion, though I shall take that up later on.

The first right of a child—if I may be pardoned the Hibernicism—reaches back beyond the time when the child has any existence. Its first great right is to be well born. Some one wittily says that a child cannot be too careful in the selection of its parents; and this covers a great truth. If it were possible for a child to have anything to say in regard to so grave a matter as that, it would be the most important act in the child's life. A child has a right to be well born, to be started right; not to be weighted, crippled, burdened, hampered from the outset, by physical disabilities, by moral twist or taint, by intellectual defect. Of course there is no way by which this matter can be reached except by the indirect way of instructing mankind, by elevating the moral ideals of the race. But if men and women are enlightened, so that they comprehend what they are doing, and deliberately choose the wise and the noble, then the children will be well born.

If a man knows that he has a physical defect of any kind which science has taught him may be transmitted, or if it is serious enough so that by being transmitted it may seriously cripple the child in the race of life, then he should gravely consider as to whether he has a right to be a father. A man with a taint of insanity in his blood; a man with the seed of some incurable disease, no matter what it may be; a man who has reason to suppose that, either on account of his own fault or the fault of his fathers, he may transmit some moral weakness or tendency,—such a man has no right, it seems to me, to assume the responsibility of calling an immortal out

of the unknown, and placing it, disabled at the outset, in the midst of this great world of competition that we call life. Here, then, is the first right: the right to be born, not of disease, not of carelessness, not of passion, but to be born of love; to be born of health; to be born with a clear brain and a true heart. All other inheritance a child might consent to forego, could he be sure of that.

The next right is to a happy childhood. A happy childhood! This may be taken away from the child in one of many ways. It may be taken away by the selfishness of father or mother, by their carelessness, by their indulging in perpetual fault-finding, nagging, interfering, the result of "over-nerves" on the part of either father or mother. It may be the result of a temper not properly controlled, the result of superstition. It may be because the child at too early an age is put at task-work for the sake of increasing the income of the family.

An unhappy childhood may occur, then, from one of many reasons. There are places where the children know nothing of what true childhood means,—children in mines, by the hundred and thousand, the moment they are able to work to add a penny to the household income; children in mills and factories, made to carry the burden and care of life before they have known the light of its morning. The laws of civilization are beginning to take account of conditions like these, but as yet only a few of them are reached. There are hundreds and thousands of children in this city of Boston who, as they grow up to maturity, will never be able to look back to a dewy, sunny, sweet, bright sunrise and early morning of life. And yet I believe that the child, as he or she goes on in the world, can have no finer thing than that to look back upon. And it is not merely the rest that may come of it, though that is indeed important enough of itself to make it worth our while. How many of us who, in spite of the hardship or poverty perhaps, which was hardly appreciated or realized,—how many of us who did have a happy childhood, find ourselves wandering in that old land when we are worn and weary, and finding rest and peace in sweet associations with the shadowy forms of those who walk on earth no more! It is worth while for one to keep this as a romance-land, a fairy-land, a place to which the old man can go back to unburden and refresh and rest himself for an hour.

But it means more than that. As a man goes on in life, there come great crises: hours when he needs something to hold to — when perhaps he loses his faith in man or woman; and if he has this ideal memory, there will be one woman at whose shadowy feet he will forever bow in reverence, finding an accession of trust come to him for life at large, and rise a braver and stronger man for the worship of his mother. But if he can add to this that superb respect for his father which makes him feel that, whatever else happens, however he may look upon other men, *there has been a man*, then he will find it easy to believe in humanity, in the possibilities of the future. So this may be not only comfort and peace, but also strength and support and guidance in future years.

The third right of a child is the right to be properly educated. I shall divide this part of my subject into two or three parts. It has the right to be educated into a fitness for self-support; and this is a right the importance of which is growing constantly with the spread over the earth of democracy, and with the social and industrial ideals which we believe in and cherish in this country. This is the prime end, in my judgment, of education. Teach the child, boy or girl, that he or she has come into a world that is not rich, but that is comparatively poor; a world where he has no right to take away from the store of accumulated wealth without adding at least as much, by his own effort, in its place. In other words, the first quality of manhood or womanhood, in my judgment, is this. It is the basis of all honesty in dealing with mankind. Each child should insist, as it goes through the world, on being of as much use to the world as the world is to it, so far as possible. It is not a matter of prime importance as concerns poor children alone. I do not need to insist on this side of the subject in dealing with poor children, because they must do it, whether they will or not. But I think it is of prime importance that fathers and mothers whose children do not "need" to do it, as they say, should learn the lesson, and teach it to their children. Thousands of young men are every year spoiled for the highest ideals of manhood merely because they can say, "Father's got enough, and it does not make any difference what I do." That canker eats into and eats out the essence of all manhood, until these men not only take out of the world's store of accumulated wealth, but they

become examples of all that is disintegrating and dishonoring in social, industrial, and political life. No matter how you do it, but teach your child, as a matter of the greatest importance, that it is her business or his business to look upon the things of this world, its accumulated results, as an inheritance, not earned, nor theirs of right, but something intrusted to them, and which it is their business to transmit to the next generation, not only unimpaired, but, if possible, augmented, and so made the means of still mightier good in the years to be.

When you have taught your child self-support, when you have taught it the principles of right and wrong, the ideals of a noble life, then you may enter, if you will, the other field, which sometimes is regarded as being the principal thing in the matter of education. Teach these things first that I have pointed out,—self-support, the main lines of right and wrong as they run through this world; and then for the joy of the child, for the enrichment of the child's life, put into that child's hand, if you can, the keys by which to unlock all the world's storerooms of inherited wisdom and achievement. Make the child able to enter into the world's literature. Make the child able to understand the world's achievements in poetry. Make the child able to at least catch something of the meaning of the wonders of the world's music. Teach the child at least the rudiments of the language of the world's art, so that he may walk the picture galleries of earth, and have the masterpieces of the ages speak to the imagination, heart, and soul; that he may walk the sculpture galleries of the world, and commune with Phidias, with Michael Angelo; may be able, at least, to gain a glimpse of the magnificent visions of beauty that dominated these great lives. Teach your child, after he has learned the principles of right and wrong, after he has learned how to enter into life's great inheritance, to find here inspiration, loyalty, and respect for the possibilities of mankind.

But there is one thing more. Too many educated men and women wander selfishly, aimlessly, through these fields of the world's past achievement, and become *dilettanti*, admirers only of that which is great. I was very glad—glad for what it meant, glad for our university of which we are so proud—to learn the other day of a lecture which had been



given in Cambridge by Professor Charles Eliot Norton. I suppose there is no man in America more highly, truly, and delicately cultured than is he. He is the one man fitted to be merely *dilettante*, if he chose, with every faculty and taste keenly alive to everything that is beautiful and fine in the literature, art, and architecture of the world. I was glad, I say, to find that, in addressing the students of Cambridge, he pitched his key-note to something magnificently high, something grand, when he told the students that the one thing that Harvard University ought to exist for, the one thing that they ought to place before them as the grand ideal of their lives, was a noble citizenship in this republic, — manliness, which means service of one's fellows. He told them — what I wish could be echoed in the ears of all the young men of America until they could never forget it — that as yet even this republic is but an experiment, but that it carries with it the last and highest trust and hopes of the race in the way of liberty, in the way of industrial civilization, in the way of a free and independent manhood, so that the highest outcome of the education of every young man or young woman ought to be to teach them to appreciate the value of this grand heritage that has come to us here in this country; that they should feel that the one thing that the knowledge of Greek or Latin, or German or French, of literature, of poetry, of music, of sculpture, of painting, of history, of architecture, of anything, — or a knowledge of all these things, — the one thing they ought to culminate in is simply a self-poised man. He knows that these things are to minister to one's manhood, and that with his manhood he is to minister to his country. He knows that this ministry to his country is only the indirect service which he as a man is to render to mankind.

One more right of the children, — the right to a rational religious education. I speak, and write when I have an opportunity, with a great deal of feeling on this matter; for there seems to me to be such a carelessness, such an inscrutable fatuity on the part of thousands of liberals in this country as it seems to me to be almost impossible to comprehend. I marvel at it. Many liberals seem to think that liberalism means "don't care"; means indifference; means that it does not matter; that one thing is just as good as another, and that none of them are worth much. Thousands



of people have outgrown the old ideas. They fear no more; and so they think that life is a mere race of "go-as-you-please."

It seems to me so strange that people do not understand that in this highest of all things is the last place for carelessness, for playing with the souls of their children, with the relations of their souls to the infinite Source and Father.

Teach your child false arithmetic if you will. He will get that knocked out of him very speedily in a short business experience. Teach him false geography — that the Grecian Archipelago is in the Indian Ocean. That is a matter of very slight importance. Teach him false history. It will make very little difference to him whether he can tell who came first, Richard III. or Henry VII. Teach him falsely almost anywhere else, and it is of slight importance compared with false teaching here. The world, as a result of age-long struggle, is beginning to be free, beginning to gain glimpses of light, beginning to have higher and nobler thoughts of God, beginning to see the path along which human hope is beckoning. Do not dare, then, carelessly or thoughtlessly to train your child, so that he shall become a block on the wheels of God's chariot which carries the desires, the trusts, and the longings of the race towards a better future. Train your child not as though you were infallible. Train the child to go beyond your teaching, but not to get behind it or one side of it. Train your child to keep a clear-eyed vision of the highest and last truth that God reveals, and to listen with attentive ear to the last word He whispers. This, on your peril, is the most important thing you can do for your children.

There is space only to hint a few things concerning the less important part of my subject, — the rights of parents over their children. The most of what I have to say is negative, for I believe our rights over our children are very few and very small.

What is the right that you have over your child? You have no personal, no selfish rights at all over your own child. You have invited an immortal to come into your temporary keeping; and you have only the right to treat that as a reverent trust committed to you for a while, which you are to discharge with the highest and noblest sense of responsibility which you can attain. That is your right

over your child. People have had in the past an idea, and many people think still, that they have a right to use the service, the brains, the physical strength, of the child as a mere adjunct of the family, as a source of income. If a father or mother be very poor, and the child comprehends the situation, generally there need be no force to lead the child to do what it can to add to the general support. But the right of the father to compel him is a very limited one, indeed; and it stops a long way short of the right to sacrifice the welfare, the future, of that life to even this exigency. Even for the sake of appeasing hunger in the home, I say no father, no mother, has a right to sacrifice the future of the child, so that in the years to come the child shall feel, I have not had half an opportunity to become what was possible to me.

What rights have parents in regard to exacting instant, immediate obedience on the part of children, and inflicting punishment? I think all fathers and mothers, if they will carefully look back on their lives, will confess to themselves that more than one half the time when they have quickly said yes or no to a child, it has been a matter of thoughtless impulse instead of any deliberate judgment as to what was best for the child. Now you have no right, you have not the shadow of the shade of a right, to coerce and compel the child into the shape of your own impulses, your own vagaries, your own fancies, your own whims. Some years ago I heard a man say, and he said it as though he were praising his father: "My father took no nonsense from his boys. If they didn't mind him at the first word, he would knock them down." I do not consider that very manly for a man; and I should consider it pretty mean for a brute. What right have father and mother, merely as a matter of impulse, of whim, to exact this or that, and then compel the child, at any extremity, to meet their peculiar notions? That is barbarism, not civilization. It is unworthy of men and women. You have the right only to study the nature of your child; to try to find out what is best for the child's development. And then compel that? Yes, so far as you can without injuring the child. More than that you have no right to do. But always let the child understand that it is not your whim, not your arbitrary wish, but that it is your calm and deliberate judgment as to what

is best for the child. Then the child will learn to respect you, even though he may differ from you in judgment.

This matter of punishing children in the past has been carried to the extreme of barbarism; and I think that the saying attributed to Solomon,—but that Solomon could never have been the author of if he was half as wise as he was reputed,—“Spare the rod, and spoil the child,” has been the cause of no end of child abuse and of unhappy homes. I believe that you should rather reverse the saying. A thousand times more children have been spoiled, ruined, by the rod than have ever been ruined by the lack of it. You have no right to punish a child merely because you feel like it. And here again most fathers and mothers will confess that they have been in the habit of punishing children under the impulse of anger, out of personal spite; not as the result of the calm, deliberate judgment that they were doing the child a service, that they were helping the child to be what he ought to be. The answer of the boy to his father is pertinent here; and the solemnity of the meaning will be none the less even if you smile. “Johnny,” said the father, “do you know why I am going to whip you?” expecting, of course, a confession on the part of the child of the particular dereliction which he had been guilty of. But the boy replied: “Yes, father, I know; it is because you are bigger than I am.” That is generally the reason. You have no rights of this sort. You have only the right to train the child by love, by force if must be, but to train the child into the noblest and highest ideals of right; to let the child feel that you are the servant of that which is highest and noblest in you, and that the one thing you are to do is to cultivate and develop that in him.

There is one other right which is often claimed which I wish emphatically to deny. There are young men and women whom fathers and mothers never allow to grow up—whose lives are absorbed by the selfishness of parental love. I know cases where the mother would stand square in the way of her boy's best future out of what she calls love, but which, if you analyze it, is only a clinging, whining kind of selfishness, which could not bear the boy out of sight; a jealousy of any other love which the boy might cherish,—standing in the way of his future, and yet calling it love. There is no love about it. It is the veriest selfishness when

it comes to the point of sacrificing the welfare of the boy to this desire to see him forever by the mother's side.

Then I have known cases of young women. Because the father or mother wanted them in the home, because they wanted their service, these parents would stand in the way of the grandest right that is before the footsteps of any young woman: the right to love, the right to motherhood, the right to a home, the right to the unfolding of that which is divinest and highest in her. Do not dare to claim this sort of selfish absorption of the lives of your children as a parental right. It is not a right, but a wrong.

What, then, is the outcome? The one thing for father and mother to do is to make themselves needless just as early as possible. We do not know how long we shall be here. We need to make the boys and girls self-centred, independent, masters of themselves, masters of their surroundings, competent to deal with the practical affairs of the world, competent to choose the right and refuse the wrong, competent to walk alone or to choose their companions. We need not to get rid of them. If we bind them by the bands of love, they will stay by fast enough as long as they can; but if you bind them by any other bonds, they will snap them as soon as they are able. Push them over the edge of the nest as fast as you can — not because you do not wish them to come back, but because you wish them to learn to use their wings. Teach the children, boys and girls both, to be independent. A healthy body, a sane mind, ability to earn one's own living, a knowledge of right and wrong, possession of a key to unlock the storehouse of the inherited wealth of the world, love for father and mother that shall be deathless, a happy memory of a happy childhood, the ideal of a manhood that makes service of one's age the noblest thing to be dreamed of, a consecration to the highest ideal of God, trust in Him, a faith that can walk serenely out into the dark, a manhood, a womanhood self-poised, independent, able to walk alone, — is not that the ideal? That is the right of every child; and the only right that you have over the child is the right of bestowing this.

## ISHMAELITES OF CIVILIZATION; OR, THE DEMOCRACY OF DARKNESS.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

### I.

THERE is to-day in all populous centres of civilization a world of misery, where uninvited poverty abounds: a commonwealth of victims whose wretchedness fills the heart with mingled sorrow and indignation. No more pathetic scene can be imagined than the daily battle waged by this battalion in retreat, who yet struggles for a foothold on the granite of honesty and virtue. There is, however, another spectacle still more soul-sickening, because of its added blackness. Below the social cellar, where uninvited poverty holds sway, is a darker zone: a subterranean, rayless vault — the commonwealth of the double night. In the upper stratum we find gloom; here perpetual darkness. Above, the closing door of opportunity to live, the frightful pangs of hunger, and the ever-present dread of sickness shut out the sunshine of external enjoyments; still, so long as virtue and integrity remain, the inner temple is illuminated. In the sub-cellar, however, even the soul's torch goes out; hence there is twofold darkness. So long as the fires burn on the altar of morality, the soul knows an exalted pleasure, even in the bitterest want; for the mystic power of the Divine impearled in every mind holds supremacy, and the spirit stands erect. When, however, this light disappears, the soul grovels in the mire, and the incentive to walk is less strong than that to crawl and wallow in animality. In this under-world vice and crime mingle with poverty; bestial passion is the goddess of its denizens; here the acme of pleasure is reached in sensual gratification; here men do not look you in the eye; the glance, even among one another, is furtive when not defiant. *This is the real inferno.* No need to wander into other worlds for hells of God's creation. Man has made an under-world, before which the most daring imagination of poet or seer staggers. Over its portals might well be blazoned Dante's soul-freezing legend.

If its inhabitants came hither voluntarily, their conditions might merit less concern, even though they would in no less degree be a menace to society. But the truth is, the vast majority are driven hither by relentless influences, over which they have no control; such, for example, as the cupidity and avarice of powerful individuals, the selfishness of a short-sighted and indifferent civilization, reinforced by the intangible but potent influence of heredity, on the one hand, and the still more irresistible power of environment on the other.

And in this subterranean world, as in the world of hope, we find men, women, and children plying their trades and eking out an existence as fate or inclination dictates. Here, however, schools, universities, and libraries contribute little to the satisfaction of man's appetites and aspirations; but in their stead we find the omnipresent saloon, catering to all that is worst in frail humanity.

Yet it must not be understood that all pleasure is exiled; a certain kind of enjoyment remains; it is a counterfeit coin, which, however, in the absence of that which is real, passes current. It possesses none of the pure essence which endures and is refining and elevating. Moreover, the pleasures known here consume the life of their votaries, and are mingled with bitterness, which increases with each hour of indulgence. They end also in death, prefaced by an existence loathsome to even the depraved souls who reap their certain fruitage.

## II.

Would you glance at the pseudo-pleasures current in this lower zone of life? Come with us as we skirt this realm, and see what it has to offer those who have recently crossed its threshold. We are in Boston, within rifle-shot of the gilded dome of the State House and the palaces of Beacon Hill, and yet we are entering this under-world. It is Monday night. At the station-house we are politely received by the officer in charge, who observes that we have chosen the worst night in the week. Saturday and Sunday, he explains, are always a kind of Saturnalia for numbers of people in this part of the city; but Monday night there is little to be seen; these people are "resting" or "broke." While he is speaking, a drunken man is brought in, — a searcher for pleasure and gratification, — who, losing reason, has been overtaken by the

law. "Do you make many arrests daily?" we asked. "Oh, yes, here is the record: For Saturday, fifty-six cases; yesterday, thirty-five, mostly drunkenness. Ah, here is the officer who will go with you." We set off, threading our way through a commonwealth of poverty and vice. Here are thousands of people herding in crowded quarters where dwelt, a few decades ago, the very elite of the "Hub."

We have now reached a nest of old buildings with an unsavory record. Here we find negroes and whites mingling together. The creaking stairways are worn and carpeted with filth; the walls and ceiling blistered with the foul accretions of months and perhaps years. It is a noisy spot; snatches of low songs, oaths, coarse jests, and the savage voices of poor wretches whose brains are inflamed and tongues made thick with rum, meet our ears on every side. The air is heavy with odors of spoiled fish, decayed vegetables, smoke from old pipes, and stale beer. From one room loud and angry voices proceed, a note of fear mingled with a threatening tone; the room seems perfectly dark. With a quick movement the officer lifts the smoking lamp from a stool in the hall, and opens the door. The scene is sickening in the extreme, one of the most disgusting spectacles in the under-world, none the less terrible because it is common. A filthy den, occupied by a young girl whose career has not yet brought upon her unmistakable signs of debauchery, save in a certain expression of the eyes and a brazen smile, which speak volumes against the liability of restoration. She is probably a Creole. A wealth of black hair falls in great waves over her head; she has a deep olive complexion; neither her hair nor her features indicate negro blood; a large head, arching brow, and eyes which once must have been extremely beautiful, for even yet, though slightly dimmed by dissipation, they are very expressive. On her countenance one detects something inexpressibly sad: the sunshine of girlishness blending with the shadow of vice. A few years before she must have been a remarkably beautiful child, richly endowed by nature with those physical charms so dear to womanhood, and which to-day are a fortune to a maiden in easy circumstances. This girl, surrounded in early life by healthy influences, schooled in virtue, and given a fair chance, would probably have graced society and added to the dignity of womanhood. But the accident of



an unkind fate willed otherwise, and now we find her in a filthy den, the air of which is heavy with fumes of liquor and other nauseous odors; her companion a low-browed, thick-necked negro. Heart-sick we turn from this spectacle, too common to the officer to even call to his face a momentary shadow of disgust. In this child of a dark fate we see a type of thousands of poor girls who seem doomed to wed despair. They may have entered life in the social cellar, where they have never seen, with anything like clear-cut vision, the line of demarcation between right and wrong. They may have drifted to the city for the purpose of making an honest living, but have been driven into vice and crime, in order that soulless greed might flourish and they still live. Or they may belong to the commonwealth of betrayed maidenhood who being betrayed have found all society's doors barred against them, lest, perchance, they contaminate innocence, brush too closely against undiscovered sin, or annoy the lepers who have accomplished their ruin, and who still move unabashed in the upper world. In any case to them birth was a calamity, life a bitter cure, death their sweetest heritage.

We leave this rookery, having caught a glimpse of life's sad quest for pleasure in the modern inferno, and traverse a street filled with brilliantly lighted saloons. The counters are thronged with scores of men seeking pleasure in guzzling beer. At the corner of the street a striking picture is presented. In the front window of a large saloon sits a company of young men and girls, laughing hilariously over their liquor. The men are boyish in appearance. One of the three women present is not a novice. Her face is typical, and carries a significant history: brazen eyes, steeled and slightly dimmed; countenance stamped with the unmistakable history of reckless indulgence, doomed to grow more terrible as she is pushed, with ever accelerating speed, toward her frightful end. The features of the other girls show small traces of dissipation. They are well dressed; a rosy flush suffuses their brows, born of excitement rather than rouge; their eyes, not yet dimmed by debauchery, sparkle brilliantly; their voices also possess a silvery ring. They seem happy, as, with rapid words, jests pass from lip to lip over the clinking glasses.

Behind this partitioned compartment, the bar, thronged



with men, is the scene of that coarse merriment which is ever found in saloons in low parts of great cities. We turn the corner, and, passing the rear of the same establishment, catch another kaleidoscopic view of the pleasures of this dismal life. Here, in a rudely partitioned box, which partially shuts it from the bar, but which opens on the street, are a half-dozen withered women, some aged before their time; others, though still young, haggard and corpse-like; their faces, like their ragged gowns, are faded, their voices harsh and rasping, their laugh barren of all merriment and carrying notes of defiance and despair. In the front of this saloon is laughing girlhood; in the rear besotted womanhood. The difference is that these poor creatures have pursued the *ignis-fatuus* a little longer than their younger neighbors—they are several rungs lower in the ladder—that is all. As we momentarily pause before this pathetic picture, one poor woman whose dull eyes are sunken far into their sockets, and whose face is of an ashen hue, rises, and, extending her long, bony finger, beckons to our company. The grin on her face, which in childhood was doubtless a smile, is so ghastly that we are thrilled with horror. Ah! poor Ishmaelites of our nineteenth-century civilization, terrible is your fate! \*

Of another pastime we catch a glimpse in passing a basement poolroom. Here is a certain fascinating excitement which games of chance ever possess for the human mind, but here also we find the atmosphere which seems everywhere present in the subterranean world; fumes of liquor and tobacco are as omnipresent as coarse profanity, and still more repulsive jests.

This scene suggests another I witnessed some time ago in going through a wretched rookery in the North End of Boston. We were in search of a poor sick woman, said to be in a starving condition. Passing one room and hearing loud voices, my friend, who spends his life in relieving the suffering of the poor, quickly opened the door. Around a rude table were seated four men playing cards; the revolver by one and whiskey flask by another were as symbolic of the lives of these young men as their hardened, depraved countenances and red eyes. There was a certain ferocity in the

\* In Chicago, in 1890, more than thirty girls and women attempted suicide in the station-houses of that city.

expression of their faces. In one corner of the room I noticed a man hastily throwing some things he had been handling into an old box. The moment the door opened, all the gamblers sprang to their feet, defiant and yet uneasy. Their furtive glances wandered from us to the box. My impression was that they were whiling away the day gaming for the booty or spoils of the previous night. "Does Mrs. — live in this building?" inquired my friend. "We don't know," grumbled two or three voices, as we closed the door.

Such are the pleasures of this under-world, — as false as they are short-lived; utterly spurious; a counterfeit coin; bearing small resemblance to true enjoyment, whose influence is ever refining and uplifting. Pure pleasure is a sun which warms into life all that is noblest in nature, calling out that which is sweetest and richest, developing the flower and fruitage of a noble character; while the pleasure of which our nineteenth-century inferno boasts, bears precisely the relation to its victim which the candle does to the moth: it dazzles with its light, it warms with its heat, it fascinates with its radiance, but it destroys!

### III.

Let us now examine some facts relating to this commonwealth of darkness, where vice and crime mingle with misery and want. It is with the great cities that we are chiefly concerned in the present discussion, although its baleful influence has already extended to the smaller cities and towns; for a nation takes the tone of life largely from her metropolitan centres. Dr. Lyman Abbott has well observed that "The whole country is affected, if indeed its character and history are not determined, by the condition of its great cities."

In the outcropping of the lower world in our courts, we catch a glimpse of one aspect of this problem, although it must not be forgotten that the records of our criminal courts represent a small proportion of the crime committed. Thus, for example: The prison returns for Great Britain for 1889 showed that there were fourteen thousand seven hundred and forty-seven known thieves at large, to say nothing of seventeen thousand and forty-two suspected persons. With this thought in mind, let us take up the records of New York

City. In 1889, we find there were eighty-two thousand two hundred arrests; in 1890, eighty-four thousand five hundred and fifty-six arrests. Of the number of persons apprehended in 1889, over five thousand were taken on the charge of theft or robbery, and more than five thousand for assault and battery. Another fact in this connection worthy of thought, is the enormous expense required to keep in partial check this commonwealth of darkness. The police department of New York costs yearly four million eight hundred thousand dollars.\*

And what is true of the criminal records of New York is, to a certain extent, true of the smaller cities. Take, for example, Detroit, Mich. In 1890, we find there were eight thousand six hundred and ninety-three persons arrested, of which over nine hundred cases were for murder, rape, assault and battery, burglary, larceny, or robbery. In speaking of these returns, Commissioner Robinson observes: †

"The whole number of arrests for the six years (1885-90) was fifty-one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, a yearly average of eight thousand six hundred and forty-six. According to population, there was one arrest for every twenty-three persons; but as four hundred and seventy-three persons were recidivists and figure in two thousand three hundred and sixty-three arrests, it appears that one person in every thirty-one was a prisoner for some cause or other in 1890." If we take the still smaller town of Saginaw, Mich., we find in 1891 there were two thousand six hundred and twenty-four arrests, in writing of which Commissioner Robinson observes: "The number of arrests in the city of Saginaw for 1891 was two thousand six hundred and twenty-four, a slight increase over former years. No allowance being made for reconvictions, one person in every 17.6 of population was a prisoner in the year ending March 22, 1891."

These facts merely hint at the nature and extent of the waste of wealth in our cities, caused chiefly by the subterranean vaults of social life. The financial aspect, however, is unimportant in comparison with the ethical significance. Whatever adds to the sum of human misery, increases the volume of crime, lowers the standard of morality, entails physical weakness, mental imbecility, or moral degradation,

\* "Darkness and Daylight in New York," pp. 499.

† Ninth Annual Report of Bureau of Labor Statistics of Michigan, pp. 401.

rises above all financial considerations, and is of supreme importance.

In descending into the under-world, we find no monotony or sameness in life. There are many gradations in crime and vice. Here we see the murderer, the thief, and the burglar; the gambler, the courtesan, and the confidence man; the bully, the sneak thief, and the common drunkard, who, like a maniac, is always a possible murderer. Here also we find pedagogues in crime, as well as, what is still more soul-sickening, traffickers in vice. Some striking illustrations of these phases of life are necessary, in order to impress terrible facts vaguely believed but not realized by the great majority of our thoughtful people; for a typical case pictures in miniature a particular class or condition more impressively than any amount of generalizing. Doubtless few people realize that there are Fagans in real life to-day no less terrible than Dickens graphically pictures in his fiction; and we need not go to London or Paris to find them; they are flourishing at our own door.

A most striking illustration of this character was given to the public in the well-known case of David Smith, which was widely discussed at the time of his apprehension and conviction, a little over two years since. The story, briefly stated, is as follows: Edward Mulhearn, a youth of fourteen years, who lived in a neighboring town and was rather wild, ran away from home to seek his fortune in New York City. After he had exhausted his resources, and while debating in his mind the advisability of returning home and his probable reception from a somewhat stern father, he was accosted by David Smith, who cordially invited him to his boarding-house. Delighted at the prospect of supper and bed, the boy accepted the invitation, was taken to one of the worst lodging-houses in the city, introduced to Smith's friends, and by his newly found protector flattered and cajoled. "I will make a man of you in less than a week," exclaimed Smith. The next week was one of license; the modern Fagan determined to "show his little friend the city," with all the terrible significance of that expression when uttered by one hardened by years of vice and crime, and who is determined to thoroughly compromise his victim, while firing all that is worst in his nature. Next, Edward was shown how carelessly the women carried their purses; how often they were merely

slipped in the outside pocket of their wrap. Edward was assured that it was an easy thing to take them. He was induced to make the attempt. He succeeded, and was a few dollars the richer. The boy was complimented by Smith and lionized in the den, where the easily acquired wealth was squandered. His self-appointed guardian, being a positive nature, soon psychologized the youth. The friend and protector now became the iron-hearted master, and the boy a servile slave. He was next taken or sent on several thieving raids. When, however, Smith was not present to direct him, he rarely returned with any booty. This was naturally very unsatisfactory to his master, who saw little revenue to be gained from a poor thief. His fertile brain, however, soon hit upon another expedient. One morning when Edward returned penniless, our modern Fagan deliberately locked the door; the boy was then securely bound, after which his arms were horribly burned with heated irons pressed deeply into the flesh. The frantic shrieks and pitiful entreaties of the poor lad produced no effect upon his callous master, who into the wounds poured acid which greatly inflamed them. He was now ready for Smith's purpose, and, after being assured that he must beg money and beg *effectively*, if he did not wish his arms *burned off*, he was sent into the street, Smith, however, did not allow him to get beyond his sight. He was compelled to tell all who were willing to listen a most pitiful story of how, while hard at work in a factory, he was crippled by having some poisonous acid fall on his arms. Edward begged faithfully each day under the close surveillance of his master, and at night turned over a goodly sum, in return for which he received scanty food and a filthy bed. Smith, meantime, was spending his nights in the reckless abandon characteristic of an old debauché who has sounded the lowest depths of vice. One day, however, Edward's father, who was searching New York street by street, discovered his boy. Smith was arrested and sent to the penitentiary. This is doubtless an extreme case, and yet events are constantly coming to the surface which show how prevalent is this pedagogy in crime. Inspector Byrnes some time ago observed that during the last two or three years, at least four hundred boys and young men had been arrested for crimes originating in low lodging-houses, which are the headquarters for our modern Fagans.

There is another pursuit in this under-world even more terrible than this systematic schooling of the young in theft, — a crime so revolting that it is seldom mentioned, and for this reason is gradually growing to enormous proportions. I refer to the traffic in girls. The terrible revelations of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a few years since, sent a shudder through all civilized lands, because, in addition to the horrors of the crimes depicted, they revealed two startling facts: the prevalence of this polluting white-child slavery, and, secondly, that at the head of fashionable society stood the battalions of social lepers, for whom these wretches plied their infamous trade. The author of a recent work \* on the dark side of Chicago life, commissioned a number of earnest, high-minded persons to investigate this phase of evil in his city. The results were appalling. These commissioners found that many women were engaged in this loathsome traffic. Incoming trains are frequently boarded. The young, unsophisticated country girl was readily recognized; her acquaintance easily made, after which friendly conversations elicited all the procuress desired. If the girl proved to be a stranger and had no one to meet her, she usually fell an easy victim. This, however, was only one of many methods employed to decoy to ruin the innocent. It has, until recently, been the custom of some of these procuresses to obtain visitors' tickets, by which they were enabled to enter the wards of the County Hospital at Chicago at all times. Here they watched for attractive girls who were convalescent. The fact that they were in the County Hospital proved that they were without resources; and with false promises of lucrative pay for easy and honorable employment, they led them to a fate more terrible than death. The author of the work referred to above, states that he has been authoritatively informed that the warden of the County Hospital had recently called in several visitors' tickets, and now demands a more thorough examination into the standing of those who apply for tickets, because of having discovered the terrible work going on. I have only room for one case cited; but it will illustrate the horrors of this traffic in human virtue, and should prove a warning to parents. The noblest and purest girls of to-day may be ruined, in spite of themselves, in our great cities; and owing to that false sentiment which would

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\* "Chicago's Dark Places,"

conceal from the onward-moving victims the pitfalls which lead to death, armies of pure and noble girls year by year fall into snares hidden from view until too late.

Here is the story to which I have referred:—

A girl, not yet fifteen years of age, came up from a town in a neighboring state. She had been a clerk in a grocery store in her native town; and things not being so comfortable at home as she desired, she thought that in Chicago work could be found and an independent living made, urged the child to leave home and come here. After she had been here a few days, the weather being cold and frosty, she slipped on the curbstone and broke her ankle. Helpless and alone, without home and money, there was but one place for her to go, the County Hospital, and thither she was sent. After awhile she was removed to the hospital at Dunning, where she remained for several months. Just as she was about to be discharged, a woman came, and, passing through the ward, spoke to her, and asked if she wished a good position as a nurse-girl. A glowing account was given to her of the sweet and beautiful children and their elegant home, surrounded by all refinements; and the poor child, her imagination thus worked upon, asked the doctor if she might be discharged. The physician gave her the permit to leave; she was brought by the woman into the city; a hack met them at the depot, and she was taken to a house of shame, and there kept under lock and key for a lengthened period. A lady commissioner, visiting the house, was heard by the imprisoned child pleading with another of the girls to leave her life of sin; and the final plea struck an attentive ear: "If you do get tired of this place, come to us at——and we'll care for you!" The young prisoner determined, if possible, to escape; and a few days later, her door being accidentally left unlocked, she ran out, and, escaping detection, found her way to the house, where loving hearts were ready to welcome and help her.

Thus far we have caught a few glimpses of the horrors of the abyss, have heard some distant plaints from the inferno of our civilization, some notes from the symphony of despair; only enough, however, to hint at the measureless misery of this world of gloom, where bloom no fragrant flowers, and from whence hope and joy, inseparable companions of the uncrushed soul, have forever departed, the democracy of the



night, typified by the bat and the owl, the lizard and jackal, the wolf and the dull-eyed serpent. Ah! poor Ishmaelites, your sins are many; but you also have suffered from the weight of a world's selfishness, and you have been denied justice and education, which are the handmaids of progress.

#### IV.

I now come to notice a few basic causes of the appalling increase in crime at the social nadir, an idea of the tropical growth of which may be gained by noting the facts that in 1889 the number of murders known to have been committed in this country were three thousand five hundred and sixty-eight. In 1890 there were four thousand two hundred and ninety; and in 1891 this mania for human life had so increased that the records show five thousand nine hundred and six murders known to have been committed,—an increase in two years of two thousand three hundred and thirty-eight murders. Now, it must be evident to the most casual observer, that there are certain potent causes operating in such a manner as to increase the borders of this commonwealth of social night. Space prevents my touching upon more than three or four which seem to me to be most immediate in their baleful effects.

1. *The decline in integrity, incident to the rise of the present speculative age, and the ascendancy of the aristocracy of the dollar.*—It would be impossible to estimate the evil effects upon the social cellar of the rapid accumulation of wealth by extra-moral methods, which has attained such general currency during the past three or four decades, and which, while not necessarily transcending the letter of our criminal law, outrages every principle of justice, humanity, and moral rectitude. But it is safe to say that upon no class of people, unless it be the world of wealth, at the head of social life, has the injurious influence been more marked than upon those who dwell at the social nadir. They are not moles, these children of the cellar; many of their number are among the shrewdest and most alert of men; they quickly recognize any deflection from rectitude on the part of those who profess respectability. From the lips of many who have fallen within the clutch of the law, we have heard self-justification on the score of having merely imitated the kings and barons of the commercial and speculative world,



showing how closely they follow the questionable movements and methods of the Napoleons of modern finance. Now, this under-world has beheld what all thoughtful persons have noted who have watched the ferocious struggle for fortunes in recent years. They have seen shrewd, calculating men, who in secret council have determined upon a speculative movement by which they expected to reap in a few hours, or days, millions of dollars, the success of which depended upon their ability to deceive those who still had faith in the integrity of man. They have seen the minions of these commercial brigands for weeks, and sometimes months, industriously engaged in circulating false and intentionally deceptive reports upon the street and through the press. They have watched the grand *denouement* — the crash of fortunes, the wreck of banks, the despoliation of hundreds, and the consequent suicide of not a few; while the calculating conspirators, who from the beginning held the winning hand, have emerged with millions of plunder, amid the applause of a society so morally enervated that justice and human rights sink into insignificance before the gold of the successful bandits. They have also observed the rise of men, not by honorable competition, but by crafty and cunning methods which have enabled them to relentlessly crush out all competitors, and thus, over wrecked hopes, honest toil, and ruined fortunes, climb to the heights of the many times millionnaires. And they have also seen the still more common spectacle, of men acquiring millions through the aid of injustice, in the robe of special privilege, and that still more cruel wrong, the scaling down of wages of the toiling multitude to the starvation line. They have time and again seen poor girls and haggard men pushed to the brink, nay, even driven into the lowest cellar, through these ruthless destroyers of the happiness of millions; and then, when for policy's sake, or as a sedative for some latent twinge of conscience, or yet because they wished the applause of the multitude, they have carelessly written a check for the church, or with easy grace have tossed a bag of gold to some theological school, some library, or for a popular charity, they have beheld the sad spectacle of the church, the city, or the society greedily clutching the polluted wealth and applauding the giver; while the nation raised sycophantic cries of adulation. Ah! these scenes of shame have not escaped

the watchful vigilance of the shadows who glide to and fro in the darkness below. The prevalence of this moral bankruptcy has exerted its influence upon the under-world. "What is right above is right below; we may not proceed as cautiously, our course may be more direct, but we will acquire what we gain at a less expense of human happiness, and less loss of lives to the victims." Such is the philosophy of the sub-cellar; and who can gainsay its truthfulness? We often talk of the moral miasma which comes from the submerged millions; it would be well for society to pay more heed to the scorching rays of avarice, which from above are withering millions of souls, drying up the fountains of human hope, peace, and joy, and enervating the integrity of a nation.

2. *Unjust social conditions, especially as they relate to taxation.* — What is true of the evil suffered in the social cellar is almost equally applicable to the sub-cellar; for the crowding of people in squalid dens brutalizes and criminalizes; and so long as landlords have comparatively low rents to pay for old, rickety, disease-laden, and vermin-infected rookeries, they will not replace them with clean, healthful, or more commodious buildings; and while vacant lots, adjacent to a city are lightly taxed, land speculators will hold them out of the reach of the poor. Thus, our present system of taxation acts as a two-edged sword: it encourages the landlord to preserve as long as possible the most wretched old buildings, and it practically bars the poor from securing homes near the outskirts of the city. A recent writer on social problems has pointed out the important fact that, frequently wealthy people buy tracts of land on which live poor tenants, tear down the buildings, and leave the land vacant, because they do not want the poor near them. Thus the gulf is even in environment, widening day by day between the rich and the poor; and as one author suggests, Fifth Avenue loathes the slums, and the slums hate Fifth Avenue. The present system of taxation is essentially unjust: it places a fine on industry; it favors the avarice of landlords; it adds to the misery of the slums, and increases our criminal population.

3. *Another fruitful source of crime is unrestricted immigration.* — Says Superintendent Byrnes:\*

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\* "Darkness and Daylight in New York."

quently been stated to me by thieves that a large number of foreign criminals have their passage paid to this country by the authorities in their native lands or by somebody else. When they land here they have no money, or very little, and they immediately seek a cheap lodging-house, where they can live for almost nothing, meet people congenial to them, and be put in the way of again engaging in criminal pursuits." To what extent this is true, we cannot say; certain it is, however, that large numbers of criminals, who are closely pressed by the authorities in the older civilizations, or who view the new world as an El Dorado for daring souls, do drift penniless to our shores, and thus immensely aid in swelling the volume of crime. Our immigration laws should be more stringent. Our nation should cease to be the asylum for the moral wrecks of the world, at least until we have better facilities for reformation than those in operation at present. As the case now stands, the criminal emigrants, as well as thousands of penniless incomers, drift to the cheap lodging-houses, which are already swarming with the lowest and most vicious of our people. And thus the dead sea enlarges its banks; crimes increase; prisons, almshouses, public hospitals and insane asylums are crowded to overflowing.

4. *Great as is the reinforcement given to the lower world by immigration, its influence in this respect is meagre compared to the cheap lodging-houses, which, as one careful writer avers, more than counterbalance in evil all the good resulting from free lectures, reading-rooms, and all other agencies of reform.* In the city of New York there are two hundred and seventy of these houses. The price of a night's lodging is from twenty-five cents down to three cents a "spot." At most of them the price is below fifteen cents a night; and in these very cheap quarters we find filth, vermin, foul odors, and everything repulsive—nothing inviting. Here congregate the most wretched, dilapidated, and vicious of our people. In some of these houses men and women pay for a hammock, in others for a bench; while still others pay a few pennies for a spot on the floor. Superintendent Byrnes declares that "they have a powerful tendency to produce, foster, and increase crime. They are," he continues, "largely the resorts of thieves and other criminals of the lowest class, who here consort together, and lay plans for crime. During

the last two or three years, hundreds of young men have been arrested for crimes that originated in these places. In many cases it was the first step in wrong-doing." He then recounts the following significant facts, which illustrate the legitimate fruits springing up from the poisonous atmosphere of the cheap lodging-houses: \*

"Lying on my desk are two tintypes of the cheapest sort, evidently taken in the Bowery. They represent two young 'toughs,' each holding a pistol at the head of the other. They were taken from the pockets of the young fellows, who were brought into my private room on charges of robbery. These photographs interested me, and I asked the boys how they came to be taken in that style. 'Oh,' they answered, 'we held a pistol up to the head of a man one night and got his money, and we just thought we would like to see how we looked when we did it.' They seemed proud of their achievement. I mention this as an illustration of the sort of young criminals the cheap lodging-houses turn out."

That we may gain a more comprehensive idea of the magnitude of this evil, let us note some facts in relation to the lodging-houses of New York City. According to the official report of the police department, there were in 1890 four million eight hundred and twenty-three thousand five hundred and ninety-five lodgings given in New York's two hundred and seventy lodging-houses. Of this number one million four hundred and fifty-two thousand and twenty were given in the sixty-four houses found in the eleventh precinct. Thus we find thirteen thousand two hundred and fifteen people on an average sleeping in these nurseries of moral and physical contagion each night; while in the eleventh precinct alone, almost four thousand persons, on an average, are huddled together nightly in filthy quarters.

5. *Next we notice the saloon, the supreme curse of the nineteenth century, because its influence extends in all directions; and wherever it is felt, human misery, degradation, and moral eclipse follow. It is the devil fish of our present civilization, whose every tentacle crushes to death. It pollutes politics; it degrades manhood; it makes a possible murderer of every victim; it fills the slums with want and wretchedness; it crowds to overflowing our jails, and is*

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\* "Darkness and Daylight in New York."

a leading factor in populating insane asylums, almshouses, and the Potter's Field; it destroys the physical strength of manhood; it beclouds the intellect; it obliterates moral integrity. But towering above all this, its crowning evil, and that which makes its existence the national crime of the age, is its effect upon the guiltless. Through it more innocent suffer than guilty. The wife, the prattling children, and the unborn child each bear the mark of its curse. This is the phase of the problem which makes its toleration a crime of measureless proportions. The supremacy of the saloon affords a most impressive illustration of the possibility of a whole nation becoming morally anaesthetized by a curse constantly before its vision, and whose wealth is lavishly used to quell all opposition which would deal it mortal blows. We build insane asylums and incarcerate madmen, for the protection of the lives of their families and others; but here we find a nation giving the stamp of legality to a traffic which is daily so maddening its slaves that they are murdering the innocent and defenceless. We imprison thieves, that society may be protected; but here is a traffic, licensed by a Christian nation, which takes from thousands of lives every gleam of hope and happiness, clothing bodies in rags and minds in perpetual fear. If the saloon cursed only its victims, the case would be different; but it is the gloved hand behind the automatic victim which is responsible for a large proportion of the crimes against the innocent, yearly committed. Let me illustrate: A New York journal\* recently published a careful summary of the history of twenty murderers who have expiated their crimes upon the present public scaffold in the city of St. Louis, Mo. Of this score of murderers all but four committed the crimes for which they were executed while under the influence of liquor; while a number of the murders were primarily caused by drink, or, in other words, the victims were those against whom the drunkards had no more grudge or motive for murder than a maniac exhibits when he kills his best friends. I have only space for a brief record of one of these murders, but it is sufficient to illustrate the point I am making, that the saloon to-day is the primal cause of many of the most heinous crimes against the innocent.

"At the age of twenty-three, young Patrick O'Shea, a

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\*The "Voice."

sturdy mechanic, married a beautiful girl named Lizzie Welsh. No happier couple existed than they, and at the end of two years a little boy stranger was added to their family circle; but a cloud appeared on the horizon. Pat began to spend his wages in drunken debauchery, and their once happy hearthstone was becoming anything but a home. His wife struggled on, earning by the wash-tub food and clothing for herself and boy; and often did her crazed husband, returning from a drunken carouse, compel the weary wife and mother to give up what few dimes she had earned during the day, that he might spend the same for rum. Things went on from bad to worse. Willie had grown to be a strong boy of eleven, until, one awful day in March, the patient mother, returning from a long day's work, found her husband sleeping in a drunken stupor. Silently tiptoeing about the room, she quietly prepared a frugal supper, and, lovingly tapping him on the shoulder,—for she loved him still,—said: 'Awake, Pat, and get a bite to eat.' He did awake. 'Whiskey,' he demanded. 'Give me some money!' But there was no whiskey and no money. He overturned the table, cursed and blasphemed until, with demoniacal rage, he drew a knife, and caught his wife by the throat. Brave little Willie seized a poker, and struck the father, then fled, followed by the crazed parent, knife in hand. Pat, unable to overtake his son, rushed back to the house, and locked the door. Little Willie, from the outside, heard a short, sharp struggle, a shriek, and a fall. The father staggered to the door with the knife dripping with blood, and the poor boy saw his loving mother writhing in the agonies of death, her entrails lying upon the floor."

There is still another indictment, as grave as this last, to be brought against the saloon, and that is found in its influence on posterity. It is calling into life a generation of maniacs and murderers, who come into the world predestined to curse society. This fact was recently impressively emphasized by Hugues Le Roux in a thoughtful paper on "Phases of Crime in Paris," in which he cites the eminent Dr. Paul Garnier, chief medical officer of the prefecture of police, as authority for the statement that in "Paris, during the past sixteen years, lunacy has increased thirty per cent." Here is an appalling statement, and the author continues:—

The progress of alcoholic insanity has been so rapid that the evil is now twice as prevalent as it was fifteen years ago. Almost a third of the lunacy cases observed at the Depot Infirmary are due to this disease. Every day it declares itself more violently, and with a more marked homicidal tendency. The accomplice of two thirds of the crimes committed, upon whom the criminals themselves throw the responsibility of their evil deeds, is alcohol. *It visits upon the child the sins of the father, and engenders in the following generation homicidal instincts.* Since I have frequented the haunts of misery and vice in Paris, I have observed gutter children by the hundred who are only waiting their opportunity to become assassins—the children of drunkards. Moreover, there is a terrible flaw in these young wretches—a flaw which doctors do not observe, but which the psychologist sees clearly and notes with apprehension—the absence of affectionate emotions; and as a matter of fact, if these criminals are neither *anesthétiques* nor lunatics, their characteristics are insensibility and pitilessness.

The terrible influence of liquor upon the civilization of to-morrow is further emphasized by this author in the following words:—

A few months ago I was present in Dr. Garnier's consulting-room, watching the prisoners from the dépôt filing past. We were informed that a child had been brought by its parents to be examined. These people were shown in; they belonged to the respectable working class, and were quiet and well-mannered. The man was the driver of a dray belonging to one of the railway stations, and had all the appearance of a stalwart workingman. The boy was barely six years old; he had an intelligent, rather pretty face, and was neatly dressed. "See here, Monsieur le Docteur," said the father, "we have brought you our boy; he alarms us. He is no fool; he begins to read; they are satisfied with him at his school, but we cannot help thinking he must be insane, for he wants to murder his little brother, a child of two years old. The other day he nearly succeeded in doing so. I arrived just in time to snatch my razor from his hands." The boy stood listening with indifference and without hanging his head. The doctor drew the child kindly towards him, and inquired, "Is it true that you wish to hurt your little brother?" With perfect composure the little one replied: "I will kill him; yes, yes, I will kill him!" The doctor glanced at the father, and asked in a low voice, "Do you drink?" The wife exclaimed indignantly: "He, sir! Why, he never enters a public-house, and has never come home drunk." They were quite sincere. Nevertheless, the doctor said, "Stretch out your arm." The man obeyed; his hand trembled. Had these people told lies, then, in stating that the man had never come home the worse for drink? No; but all through the day, wherever he had called to leave a package, the people of the house had given him something to drink for his trouble. *He had become a drunkard without knowing it*, and the poison that had entered his blood was at this moment filling the head of his little child with the dreams of an assassin.



## V.

*What is to be done?* In my judgment the *initial step* to practical and enduring reform is the patient, exhaustive study of the social cellar. We must systematically examine into the great root causes of poverty, vice, and crime, and also the bearing of the social cellar to the world above. We must accumulate statistics and facts, not for the purpose of proving any special claim, but that we may arrive at the truth, and thus show precisely where the root evils lie, and the relation of each to the sum total of crime and misery. Armed with these facts, an agitation can be inaugurated which will result in a revolution of measureless importance to civilization. But to do this, we must have (1), organization; (2), sufficient means to properly prosecute the work; (3), consecrated lives—persons willing to devote their best service to the noblest of crusades. All these requisites the Church possesses; and if the spirit of the great Master, Whose life was a prayer for the social cellar, still blazes within her sanctuary; if, indeed, the spell of the golden calf has not become more powerful than the golden rule, she can, by embracing this supreme opportunity, win back the millions Jesus declared He came to seek and to save, but whom she has alienated by withdrawing from them. And what is more, she can work a revolution for humanity which will change the front of civilization, while she touches with her sweet, inspiring influence millions of our fellow-men who are now struggling without hope. This great reform might easily be inaugurated by a union of churches. If half the churches in any large city would unite, the solution of the problem of the social cellar would be an early achievement, because they possess the requisites—*organization, resources, and earnest lives*, ready to give their best service to the supreme demand of our day and generation.

I will outline a plan of work, merely as a suggestive measure, which I believe would be thoroughly practical, and which would ultimately result in the inauguration of an educational agitation, which would inevitably mean a peaceful but radical revolution; while its immediate results would outweigh, although not necessarily interfere with, present work along charitable lines, it would also bring the Church into touch with the lower world. Of course, I only give these



views as hints of what I believe would prove feasible if any considerable portion of the ministry and their communions in our cities appreciated the great need of immediate measures of relief and reform, and the necessity of placing the principles enunciated by Christ and exemplified in His life, above all considerations of fashionable plutocracy. I would suggest that in each church the minister and all deeply interested in the cause of human brotherhood organize themselves into a band, pledged to the double work: first, of scientifically and impartially studying the root causes of poverty and crime, and the results flowing from these causes, from ethical, economic, and social points of view; also the relation of these curses to posterity; and second, to the labor of aiding this submerged world with immediate succor. I would have the band of each congregation adopt a simple, broad but binding pledge, and further elect officers who would constitute a governing board for that special battalion of light; the pledge for the members should carry absolute and unquestioning obedience to the commands of the superior officers or the board. It would be absolutely necessary, it seems to me, to adopt a pledge of obedience as binding as that of a military organization, in order to secure the best results. The governing board for each congregation should affiliate with those of all churches in the movement. And here I would suggest that the governing boards of all the affiliated bodies elect superior officers, under whose direction each board would work precisely as subordinate officers in a regular army. In this manner there would soon be formed a magnificent organization representing the flower of all the churches under perfect discipline, and prompted by the single desire of elevating civilization and ennobling manhood and womanhood.

The work could be divided into two distinct divisions: one devoting its energies to the temporary relief of the poor and the rescue of individuals; the second working for the abolition of the curses which are prime causes in producing poverty and crime. It would be the duty of division one to systematically carry on palliative work by establishing coffee-houses, free reading-rooms, free concerts, lectures, industrial schools, and factories for those temporarily out of employment. This work would have a healthy and uplifting influence, while relieving wretchedness and bringing gleams of

hope into otherwise rayless lives. The labor of the second division would, of course, be vastly more important. Upon its committees and the individuals employed would devolve the duty of carrying on the most critical and scientific investigation of the various aspects of life in the submerged world that has ever been attempted. The work in this department should be divided into several sections; the duty of each section to collect data, statistics, and facts relating to crime and poverty. All arrests should be noted, the cause and, as nearly as possible, the expense of each case, as well as the penalties imposed; the history of criminals, their antecedents, the causes which led to crime; the approximate influence of competition, unjust economic conditions, intemperance, and other evils, as well as the influence exhibited by environment and the law of heredity, in each case examined. Criminology must be studied as a science—so must life in the slums—before we can get the authoritative data essential for a victorious crusade. We must obtain indisputable facts, be able to assign to each evil its proper place, classify the cardinal causes of poverty and crime, and the relation each bears to the sum total. Once set in motion this machinery, and an educational agitation will be inaugurated as irresistible as the Reformation, ushered in by Luther, in Europe, or the twenty years' anti-slavery agitation of Wilberforce, in England. Monthly meetings should be held, where all important data and information gathered should be classified and incorporated in carefully prepared reports; and ministers should devote at least one sermon a month to this great work, presenting the facts gathered in the most effective manner. Collections should be taken up regularly, and each congregation or community canvassed for subscriptions for the effective and vigorous carrying on of the work. Carefully prepared bulletins containing tables of statistics and data obtained and the central facts secured, should be published at least every three months. In this manner the conscience of our civilization would be stirred to its profoundest depths.

If this great question is to be solved peaceably, it must be solved at an early day; and if the solution is to come from above, it will be essential to have absolute facts upon which to base the indictments and carry on the agitation. Mere sentimentality will not answer. We must have incon-

trovertible data upon which to base our arguments. And to secure this, it is necessary to have *organization and concerted action*, *money* to properly prosecute the work, and *men and women* willing to devote their lives to the noblest crusade for the emancipation of our fellow-men ever undertaken.

I have a firm and abiding faith in the future. I believe that the education which has become so general, the inventions which have woven a world into a family, and the strides of science, with its multitudinous blessings, have brought civilization to the threshold of a new day, in which brotherhood will triumph over class or condition; in which the ideas of ancient days, which have enslaved the brains of men, favored the development of the selfish and sensual side of man's life, and degraded the position of women, will disappear. I believe, despite the sneers of self-satisfied conservatism, that the heart-hunger of the age for a higher, broader, and purer life is a prophecy of the accomplishment of that vision of the ages of which prophets, philosophers, and sages have caught luminous glimpses, and which every aspiring soul, since the morning of our race, in moments of holy exaltation, has yearned to enthrone in the royal chamber of the mind—that ideal life which, held on the sensitive plate of human thought, is, generation by generation, being rapidly developed, until even now we behold a splendid prophecy of a dawning reality.

But while entertaining this firm conviction, I do not for a moment lose sight of the more vital truth that upon us devolves the responsibility of ushering in this approaching day by prompt, conscientious, and persistent labor for the elevation of the children of the social cellar; for the emancipation and redemption of civilization's miserales, and securing for all who are oppressed that full-orbed justice embraced in the golden rule, and without which there can be no enduring civilization.

## THE LAKE DWELLERS OF SWITZERLAND.

BY WM. D. MCCrackAN, A. M.

THE earliest traces of man's existence which have been found in the territory covered by modern Switzerland, are represented by some fragments of basket-work imbedded in a lignite formation at Wetzikon, near Zürich. Geologists recognize two glacial eras as having passed over the country, and this lignite is the vegetation, now carbonized, which sprang up after the retreat of the first ice and before the advance of the second, so that the presence of man in these regions has been established during a period the antiquity of which can only be estimated by geological formulas.

Man's next appearance dates from the time when the second glacial era was on the wane, and the outskirts of the country were already free from ice. Traces of a primitive people, known to antiquarians as *Troglodytes*, have been discovered in a few isolated caves at the foot of the Salève near Geneva, at Villeneuve, and notably at Thayngen near Schaffhausen. At this last place a cave has been exhaustively examined, and has amply rewarded the pains expended upon it; for besides a mass of flint and bone implements, the searchers came upon a bone fragment upon which the image of a reindeer was engraved. The drawing is so good, that there was some excuse for the incredulity with which its appearance was popularly received. Amongst the contemporary fauna may be mentioned the mammoth, the woolly haired rhinoceros, two species of wild bull, the elk, the cave bear, and the hyena, besides a number of animals still existing in Switzerland. These *Troglodytes* knew the use of fire, but not that of metals. As for their origin and subsequent fate, both are absolutely unknown; there is little doubt, however, that they belonged to the same race which has left similar traces over the whole of Western Europe.

After an interval of many centuries, during which the climate changed to something like its present condition, and the animals enumerated above, vanished or emigrated, the so-

called Lake Dwellers made their appearance. Probably the transition from Cave Dwellers to Lake Dwellers came about through a complete change of race, for even the earliest lake dwellings bear evidence that their inhabitants were many degrees in advance of their predecessors in everything that constitutes civilization.

The discovery of these lake dwellings in Switzerland ranks amongst the most notable achievements of modern antiquarian science. From time to time during the first part of this century, and even earlier, ancient wooden stakes and stone implements of finished workmanship had been noticed along the shores of the Lakes of Zürich and Constance. They were objects of wonder for awhile, but were soon forgotten. Finally, during the severe winter of 1853-54, a peculiar circumstance forced the whole subject upon public attention. In that year the lakes and rivers of Switzerland were unusually low, and the receding waters left great stretches of bottom-land exposed to view. The inhabitants of Obermeilen, a village on the Lake of Zürich, profiting by this rare opportunity, set to work reclaiming as much as possible of the uncovered ground for gardens and quays. In the course of their labors they came upon piles driven deep into the soil, and presenting every appearance of great age; while scattered about in the immediate vicinity lay stags' horns and stone utensils. Fortunately the village school-master, Herr Aepli, was sufficiently impressed by these finds to notify the Antiquarian Association of Zürich; and so it was that Dr. Ferdinand Keller, the president of that society, repaired to Obermeilen, and, having examined the remains, announced the discovery of prehistoric lake dwellings.

As compared with some of the great tourist show-places of Switzerland, the Lake of Zürich cannot perhaps claim to possess exceptional beauty of scenery. It has neither the romantic loveliness of the Lake of Luzern, enhanced as that is by historical and legendary traditions, nor the wealth of color and the majestic sweep of Lake Lemman; but the discovery of the first lake dwellings upon its shores has secured it an imperishable name in the annals of science. By searching the shores of other lakes in Switzerland, similar remains were found in great quantities, grouped in stations or villages, the number of which has now grown to more than two hundred. Usually, however, the most important discoveries were made

by accident, like that of Obermeilen, when dredging operations were in progress, or piers were being built in the water. Some years ago the Swiss government inaugurated a great engineering enterprise, known as the "*Correction des Eaux du Jura*," which was designed to drain a district of marshland lying between the Lakes of Neuchatel, Bienne, and Morat, and marked upon the map as the "*Grosse Moos*." This undertaking is now practically complete, and the level of the three lakes has been lowered some six or eight feet, unexpectedly revealing the existence of numerous lake-dwelling villages along the shores, which had heretofore been hidden under water. In the same way interesting finds were made at Zürich when the beautiful new promenades were being built along the lake front.

These discoveries in Switzerland stimulated antiquarian researches in other parts of Europe, so that traces of lake dwellings have been found throughout an area extending from the British Isles to the great rivers of the Black Sea, and from Scandinavia to Northern Italy. Besides the typical lake dwellings, such as are found in Switzerland, there are other varieties: the *crannogs* of Ireland and Scotland, the *terp-mounds* of Holland, and the *palafittes* and *terramare* of Italy, all bearing witness to the extent to which this curious manner of building obtained at one period of man's development.

The only references to these lake dwellings which have come down to us in literature are contained in two passing notices of Herodotus and Hippocrates. Says Herodotus: "And they likewise who inhabited Lake Prasias [near the mouth of the Struma in Macedonia] were not conquered by Megabazus. He sought, indeed, to subdue the dwellers upon the lake, but could not effect his purpose. Their manner of living is the following: Platforms supported upon tall piles stand in the middle of the lake, which are approached from the land by a single narrow bridge. . . . Each has his own hut, wherein he dwells, upon one of the platforms, and each has also a trapdoor giving access to the lake beneath; and their wont is to tie their baby children by the foot with a string to save them from rolling into the water."

Hippocrates' account is confined to a few lines, and refers to settlements along the River Phasis, to the east of the Black Sea.

Fortunately, however, for the cause of science, the deposits which had gathered under the dwellings in the course of centuries, have been preserved for the inspection of antiquarians, by the mud in which they were imbedded. It has, therefore, been possible to examine these layers or *Kulturschichten*, as the Germans so aptly call them, and to reconstruct a certain amount of the history of these ancient Lake Dwellers.

The writer does not intend to present a complete and finished picture of this early civilization, especially as the whole subject has recently been exhaustively treated by an archæologist of note, Mr. Robert Munro, in "The Lake Dwellings of Europe." But for the sake of those who do not care to enter so deeply into the matter, let me sum up the principal discoveries which have been made, and the theories to which they have given rise.

Taking all the settlements together, they have demonstrated in a very striking manner the correctness of the classification of prehistoric remains into the great periods of stone, bronze, and iron, which antiquarians had made before the discovery of lake dwellings. There are stations where only stone and bone implements have been found, and no vestige of metal appears; others in which copper and bronze utensils begin to show themselves in small quantities; others, again, where bronze predominates, and faint traces of iron are to be seen; and finally there is one settlement, at least, La Tène, in which iron reigns supreme. Some stations even passed through several successive stages, but in general those situated in the eastern part of Switzerland did not long survive the first appearance of metal, while those of the western part continued through the bronze and into the dawn of the iron ages.

Amongst the chief articles found in the deposits under the dwellings, the following will give an idea of the truly astonishing advance in civilization which this mysterious race had made.

There are hearthstones, corn-crushers, spindle-whorls, sickles, scissors, needles, harpoons, fish-hooks, crucibles, axes of various descriptions, flint-saws, arrow-heads, lance-heads, clubs, daggers, and swords; parts of a chariot, of horse-bits and bridles, a wooden yoke, a canoe, basket-work, and a bow of yew-wood; for personal adornment there are bracelets, arm-bands, rings, hair-pins, beads of amber, glass, and gold, combs



of wood and bronze, and girdles; specimens of woven cloth, of fish-nets, mats, thread, ropes, even of embroideries and checked muslin. As for examples of pottery, they are of all kinds and of all degrees of fineness; but it is noteworthy that while the Troglodytes decorated their implements with images of real objects, as, for instance, of a reindeer, the Lake Dwellers drew only imaginary designs, such as geometrical patterns and arabesques. A few rude plastic images of animals have been discovered, but no drawings of them. Owing to the fact that most of the lake dwellings were burned down, a number of perishable articles were carbonized and thus preserved for inspection much in the same way as similar remains at Pompeii. In this manner antiquarians have been able to identify samples of wheat, oats, millet, flax, poppy, etc., as well as apples, hazel-nuts, plums, strawberries, raspberries, pease, lentils, and other vegetable substances; they have also found the bones of horses, cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, dogs, and cats, and of bears, deer, beaver, swans, geese, and various species of fish.

For a long time there was a great deal of speculation about the appearance of the lake dwellings, until the fortunate discovery of a hut at Schüßenried in Württemberg, in a very fair state of preservation, threw light upon the subject. It is a rectangular wooden structure, measuring some ten by seven metres, divided into two rooms, one of which only had a door giving access to the exterior. In the first and smaller room were discovered the remains of a stone hearth; the flooring was made of round logs laid side by side, while the walls were constructed of split logs. During the stone age the platforms upon which these huts rested were considerably smaller and nearer the land than in the succeeding ages. Narrow bridges connected the platforms with the land, and ladders led down to the water's surface.

Of human remains there is not a very large collection, but the few skulls and skeletons found in the cemeteries or in the deposits, reveal that the race of the Lake Dwellers was probably smaller than our own, although well formed, and in no sense inferior to us in anatomical structure.

Many questions naturally arise in regard to the origin and fate of this curious people, which cannot be answered with absolute certainty. There is still room for endless speculation. Dr. Ferdinand Keller was of the opinion that the



remnants he examined at Obermeilen were of Celtic origin, but his theory has not been confirmed by subsequent discoveries. It is now generally conceded that the earliest Lake Dwellers, at all events, belong to a more primitive race. Mr. Robert Munro states it as his conclusion that the original founders of the settlements were immigrants who penetrated into Europe from the East during the neolithic period. He thinks that they spread from the regions surrounding the Black Sea and the shores of the Mediterranean, up the Danube and its tributaries into Styria, into the valley of the Po, and to the Swiss lakes, and that the Scotch and Irish crannogs, with analogous remains in other countries, are the cases of the system cropping up in out-of-the-way corners after the great lake-dwelling centres had already collapsed. Although it is impossible to fix upon precise dates for this lake-dwelling era, the approximate age of the earliest settlements has been computed as perhaps 2000 or 3000 B. C. and the latest as 800 or 1000 B. C.

No very definite explanation has yet been given of the reason why these people invariably built their homes over the water. Some writers ascribe this practice to a desire for protection; others to the primeval forests which covered the available land, or to the facilities for communication and for fishing. Personally I am inclined to think that it was a racial custom which they brought with them from their homes in the swamps of Asia, and which had become a fixed tradition amongst them.

As for the subsequent history of the Lake Dwellers, it is shrouded in complete mystery; for when we next hear of the territory occupied by modern Switzerland, it is described as inhabited by Celts, living in towns and villages on the land. This strange race, therefore, returns to the darkness from which the discoveries of Obermeilen momentarily caused it to emerge.

## THREE ENGLISH POETS.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

It is not often that three volumes by well-known poets are issued almost simultaneously, as has lately been the case, when new books by William Morris, Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith), and Sir Edwin Arnold appeared within a few days of each other. Of these three singers there can be no question as to which is the poet *par excellence*. The high gods gave their royal largesse to William Morris at his birth; and though he may choose to be decorator, printer, or socialist, he cannot resign his divine inheritance—he must be always and above all a poet. What is the spell that from first to last makes one his captive?—how impossible it would be to put it into words! It is something remote from the present world; for when he writes of social problems and the clamorous issues of the time, he ceases for the nonce to be a poet, and we are no longer his thralls. But when he returns to his true *metier*, he carries us with him, and bears us on to regions east of the sun and west of the moon—to the dreams and the visions of long ago.

Of all Morris's books, I have been wont to prefer, hitherto, "The Defence of Guenevere"; and not even in "Poems by the Way" do I find anything so absolutely compelling and unforgettable as is "The Haystack in the Floods," in that earliest volume. But in his latest work Morris seems to have gone back again to the old days and their magic; and this present volume belongs, in spirit, to his earliest, divinest epoch. What shall I say of it? How can I fitly express its glamour and its charm? The lark and the nightingale sing in it together. It is Norse in its spirit,—so far as it belongs to any people on this earth,—but it is, above all, William Morris; and he has no forerunner, and I fancy he will have no successor.

In his song there is no note of complaint or of repining; but there is the tender, pervasive sadness of him who has looked into the eyes of Fate, and learned that death is neigh-

bor to love and life. How subtly these minor chords are touched in the opening poem, where the poet dreams of waking, with his love, on some morn of spring,—

Glad at heart of everything,

and wandering on among the meads, till from very stress of joy they long for rest, and sit down in the porch of the sun-god; and there, at last, the desire for the great sea stirs in them,

And the spring day gins to lack  
That fresh hope that once it had.

What shall I say of "The Wooing of Hallbiorn, the Strong," or of "The Raven and the King's Daughter," of "Hildebrand and Hellelil," of "The Háll and the Wood," "Love's Reward," and many another, all of which are too long for quotation, but full of the rare bewitchment that makes the reader's eyes grow dim with that delight in beauty which is so keen as to be almost pain. Though it is by the incomparable loveliness of these longer poems that one is most deeply moved, there are those among the slighter verses that have the same beguiling individuality, and could have been written only by William Morris. Read, for instance:—

#### A GARDEN BY THE SEA.

I know a little garden close,  
Set thick with lily and red rose,  
Where I would wander, if I might,  
From dewy morn to dewy night,  
And have one with me wandering.

And though within it no birds sing,  
And though no pillared house is there,  
And though the apple boughs are bare  
Of fruit and blossom, would to God  
Her feet upon the green grass trod,  
And I beheld them as before.

There comes a murmur from the shore,  
And in the close two fair streams are,  
Drawn from the purple hills afar,  
Drawn down unto the restless sea:  
Dark hills whose heath bloom feeds no bee,  
Dark shore no ship has ever seen,  
Tormented by the billows green  
Whose murmur comes unceasingly  
Unto the place for which I cry.

For which I cry both day and night,  
 For which I let slip all delight,  
 Whereby I grow both deaf and blind,  
 Careless to win, unskilled to find,  
 And quick to lose what all men seek.

Yet tottering as I am, and weak,  
 Still have I left a little breath  
 To seek within the jaws of death  
 An entrance to that happy place,  
 To seek the unforgotten face,  
 Once seen, once kissed, once reft from me  
 Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

I take up the last book by Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith) with a sense of personal bereavement, which makes its title, "Marah," seem singularly appropriate. How long, how very long ago it seems since I—a verse-loving girl—bought, one summer day, in a little blue and gold volume, the "Poems of Owen Meredith." The book lies before me now. It is very shabby, for I read it a great deal in those long-past days—not critically, but with a girl's eager delight in music and in sentiment. I learned by heart, I remember, "Aux Italiens," and "Madame la Marquise," and "At Home During the Ball"; and perhaps I cared most of all for "Astarte," that Don Juan lyric, in which the singer grieves for her—the one among the many:—

And again she comes, with all her silent graces,  
 The lost woman of my youth, yet unpossessed;  
 And her cold face so unlike the other faces  
 Of the women whose dead lips I since have prest.

And he consoles himself by thinking that he shall find her in the Hades to which lovers and poets go:—

If I fail to find her out by her gold tresses,  
 Brows and breast, and language of sweet strains,  
 I shall know her by the traces of dead kisses,  
 And that portion of myself which she retains.

Is it because I am older and colder now, I wonder, that nothing in "Marah" moves me as did the linked sweetness and melancholy of those earlier strains? Or is it that William Morris has put me out of tune with Lord Lytton, as an hour under the white enchantment of the moon, among the wide spaces of the night, might unfit one for the electric lights of the ballroom?

Yet, as I turn these Meredithian pages, I catch some hint of the old-time grace,—as one catches in the ball-room the flash of jewels, the odor of heliotrope, and the soft rustle of silken skirts—and I go back, as one led in a dream, to the emotions of that old time when first I read Owen Meredith. The title of “*Marah*” is amplified and emphasized in its

## PROLOGUE.

Lured by the promise of a better land,  
They wandered in the wilderness of Shur—  
Vagrants, from bondage fled, a weary band,  
Whose weariness each day made wearier;  
And waterless was all the desert sand,  
No wells at hand!

A place at last they reached, in sore distress,  
Where water flow'd, but from a bitter spring.  
Then cried they, “Here we die of thirst, unless  
God turn this bitter sweet!” and, murmuring,  
They called it “*Marah*,” nor can speech express  
More bitterness.

After this hint that the paths of love lead evermore to sorrow, the author goes on to string his own rosary of love lyrics. Here are two of the most graceful of them:—

## ABSENCE.

Not in my life, but yours, I live;  
And from myself I seem to be  
As far away, dear fugitive,  
As you are far from me.

Unlit by you, no light have I—  
A fainting lamp that's fed by none!  
The earth seems left without a sky,  
The sky without a sun.

Come back! Come back! and with you bring  
All that with you is gone away—  
Warmth, life, light, love, and everything  
That stays but where you stay!

And this other song I will copy for you, which is “*Marah*,” indeed:—

I gave her love; I gave her faith and truth;  
I gave her adoration, vassalage,  
And tribute of life's best: the dreams of youth,  
The deeds of manhood, and the stores of age.

She took my gifts, and turned them into pain;  
Each gift she made a bitter curse to be.  
Then, marred, she gave them back to me again,  
And this is all she ever gave to me.

If poets ever really meant anything that they sing, this book would lead one to imagine that Lord Lytton had tasted of love only its bitterness; but, somehow, one feels very sure as one reads, that these love poems were the outcome of his imagination and never, by any chance, the passionate cry of his heart. He tells us that he has her "dreadful letter, with its heartless close," and that his "wronged heart is tortured, as by a burning knife;" and many other "words to that effect;" but surely Lady Lytton, though she were the loyallest of ladies, could hardly have so complacently gathered up these vagrant flowers of song and offered them to the world of readers, had she not known that the soil from whence they sprang was not the living heart of a man, but only his sun-warmed and well-cultivated fancy.

The most really touching pages of this volume are certainly those with which it concludes; for they contain the last poem Lord Lytton ever wrote — of which, indeed, the ink was not dry when death seized him. It were impossible to read without a thrill of pitying pain the last words of this man who so loved his task that, like the swan, he sang even while dying.

From the sadness of Lord Lytton and his fate, it is a far cry to the mature friskiness of Sir Edwin Arnold, in "Potiphar's Wife and Other Poems." Does not the frank story of the fair Asenath, the wife of Potiphar, belong to "the locked book-case"? Surely no French novel was ever more "realistic." From this impassioned tale of her "who loved not wisely but too well," Sir Edwin skips to "A Pair of Egyptian Slippers" — "threes," he tells us, and "of gilded and stitched calf-skin." But these gilt "threes" have "outlived the Pharaohs."

The poet concludes the Egyptian section of his book with a really picturesque poem, "The Egyptian Princess," who lay dying: —

There in the palace hall where once her laugh had loudest been,  
Where but last Feast Day she had worn the wreath of beauty's queen,  
She lay a lost but lovely thing; the wreath was on her brow.  
Alas! the lotus could not match its chilly pallor now!

The second and longest division of Sir Edwin's book is devoted to "Japanese Poems"; and here he is as completely at home as if he had been born "in Komadzu Town." He tells, in true Japanese-wise, the story of "The Grateful Foxes" — he indites a poetical screed to "Fuji-Yama," the "fairest of his friends" — he pictures for us "The Musmee," with her small, brown face, her arched eyebrows, her teeth the pearl merchants might come leagues to see, and her hair that "could teach the raven's wing how to seem ebon." Really one does not wonder that Sir Edwin returned to Japan. Here is the song he sang, aforetime, when he sailed away from her shores: —

## AT SEA.

Tangled and torn, the white sea laces  
 Broider the breast of the Indian deep.  
 Lifted aloft, the strong screw races  
 To slacken and strain in the waves which leap.  
 The great sails swell, the broad bows shiver  
 To green and silver the purple sea;  
 And, down from the sunset, a dancing river  
 Flows, broken gold, where our ship goes free.

Too free! too fast! With memories laden  
 I gaze to the northward where lies Japan.  
 Oh, fair and pleasant, and soft-voiced maiden!  
 You are there, too distant! O Yoshi San!  
 You are under those clouds by the storm-winds shaken,  
 A thousand ri, as the sea-gull flies,  
 As lost as if Death, not Time, had taken  
 My eyes away from your beautiful eyes.

Yet, if it were Death, of friends my fairest!  
 He could not rend our spirits in twain:  
 They came too near to be less than nearest  
 In the world where true hearts mingle again.  
 But sad is the hour we sigh farewell in;  
 And for me, whenever they name Japan,  
 All grace, all charm, of the land you dwell in  
 Is spoken in saying "O Yoshi San!"

Let us hope that Yoshi San can read English!

In the third division of his book, entitled "Other Poems," Sir Edwin bestows a little attention on America. In "Mothers" he chronicles "A Dialogue at Boston, Mass., U. S. A.," which appears to have taken place between himself and one of those "Boston Girls," who, as he poetically says, "seem up to everything," anent a "noisy child," a "lit-

tle lambkin bleating, made for mint sauce," whom he, the poet, "would like to choke" Ah, but this is quite too hard hearted! He prints also what he entitles a "Sonnet to America"—a sonnet which does not quite conform to sonnet laws, but which makes amends by calling ours the "Land of Freedom's Bird" and the "land of all lands most fair and free and great," which is unusually generous for an Englishman.

Why is the wicked and witty *National Observer* severe on a poet so enthusiastic and so amiable as Sir Edwin? In its review of "Potiphar's Wife" this shrewd *Observer* refers to a recent book by Mr. Traill on Minor Poets, and remarks, unkindly: "Sir Edwin is a minor, no doubt, for Mr. Traill has included him in his famous list; but assuredly he is not a poet." The *Observer* amiably suggests that "perhaps, in Boston, U. S. A., there may be societies for the study of Sir Edwin"; though, from the *Observer's* own point of view the knightly poet writes verse "as a journalist," and is, in short, so completely akin to the *Daily Telegraph* that you "cannot read the verses and not feel that you are somehow in the same room with the journal." But at least in candor we must confess that the *Daily Telegraph* is a splendid popular success; and so, surely, is its wandering editor, Sir Edwin Arnold. And if in the present volume he is less purposeful and serious than usual, shall we not forgive him, in view of the intoxications of Japan, and the little feet, clad in white silk, that have danced with him "The 'No' Dance"?—and, by the way, it were ungracious not to say that "The 'No' Dance" is a really charming poem.



## THE BED ROCK OF PURE DEMOCRACY.

BY A. C. HOUSTON.

EVERY student of the times knows and feels that the present ferment of society, manifesting itself in a great industrial movement, is a condition that cannot be ignored, much less wrongfully opposed. Opposition to what is just will inflame and madden. Resistance to what is inevitable will increase impetus, and may magnify harmful result.

The great duty of the hour, therefore, is to recognize the true causes of trouble, and then, if possible, to determine some legal or economic principle of reform upon which to advance—a living principle that will not only furnish motive power, but a limit to effort.

The conservative intelligence of the country must do its work well, or some red-mouthed anarchist will do it badly. Responsibility cannot be avoided or shifted, much less the common lot of possible future evil. We are of each other, learned and unlearned, rich and poor.

When you undertake the work of diagnosis, when you thread your way from the cry to the locus of pain in the political body, you find a festering all along the line where the state and the individual come in closest contact, where their duties are made to overlap and their rights conflict. For example, in the great field of transportation,—a department of human activity which in this country, within recent years, has attained a wonderful magnitude; where the individual, under corporate rights granted by the state, is performing a public duty,—you find employers harassed, and employees restless and rebellious. There are oppressions and strikes: a contest on the road between laborers and Pinkerton detectives, the hired agents of the corporation; a contest in the courts between the citizen and the company; a contest before the state and interstate commissions for and against restraint, and a contest in legislative halls for and against greater rights and privileges. The statute books of the country are burdened with the results of these struggles, and the dockets of the courts crowded with the names of the

litigants. Colossal fortunes arise on the one hand, and on the other poverty and distress become common lot. The producer and the laborer, as a remedy for ills, are demanding government ownership; while the individuals behind their corporate powers, under the stimulus of enlarging opportunities and increasing wealth, are binding together their iron ways, and levying fresh tribute.

Is there any good cause for all this trouble? Is there anything wrong in principle underlying the operations concerned which inevitably produces evil? Let us see.

One hundred years ago there was but little division of labor. Each family within itself supplied nearly all its wants. Outside of official duties, the miller and the ferryman alone followed avocations "affected with a public interest." The framers of our Constitution made provision for the regulation of coastwise commerce; but overland, interstate trade was then a matter so trivial that it did not demand a thought. Natural development and civilization have wrought a great change. Wool is clipped in Texas to provide a shirt for a Michigan lumberman, and the manufacturer of Massachusetts lives upon wheat garnered from the fields of California. Product and interest have been diversified and interdependence increased, so that in time *distribution of product* became not only a public necessity, but a public duty. The question arose, Who shall perform it? The nation, driven to hesitation by the struggle that was going on between contending theories of government, shrank from the work, and transferred its right of eminent domain, and delegated the discharge of a public duty, to a metaphysical entity called a corporation and representing individuals. Later it gave these individuals a princely domain of public land, and supplied them with credit by governmental pledge. The experiment was a mistake. The act was wrong in principle. A public duty should be performed by a public servant, and the profit of his labor should result to the people. The seeds of monopoly were planted, and a harvest of oppression has been reaped.

Another example, in the department of finance: Here is the loudest cry, and the sternest preparation for the greatest battle between the classes. One demands an increase in the circulating medium and cheap money; the other contraction and dear money; the one bimetallism, the other monomet-

allism; the one loans on land and products at low interest; the other loans on national indebtedness, with the power to control the circulation; the one demands its money direct from the government; while the other demands the privilege of discharging the nation's duty, with the compensation of interest from the people.

Is there anything wrong in this financial system that necessitates trouble and makes oppression inevitable?

One hundred years ago, where mere barter did not obtain, gold, silver, and copper constituted the medium of exchange. The framers of our Constitution gave the federal government the power to "coin money," to put its stamp upon so many grains of metal. There was nothing else to be done. No one knew what the womb of the future held hidden. The miner dug the ore from the bowels of the earth, and the superscription of Caesar was added. The individual was the producer and the distributor, but overwhelming necessity forced the supplementing of this medium by "promises to pay." Paper with the government stamp upon it was made the equal of gold, and with this new development arose the necessity for the exercise of a new power by the government—the power and duty of *distribution*. Again the government shrank from the performance of its duty, and transferred its power to that metaphysical entity—a corporation representing individuals. A most iniquitous financial system was inaugurated, in which the essential features of tyranny and oppression inhered. Individuals were given absolute power over the circulating medium, and realized enormous profits from the exercise of a governmental duty which should cost the people nothing.

I have used only two examples (but they are typical) from the fields of transportation and finance.

In regard to the first, it is asked, with a terrible emphasis of truth: "If the market lie in the East, what does it profit me to raise wheat in Oregon, with a Wall Street speculator to determine the freight?"

With regard to the second, it is asked, with a still greater emphasis of truth: "What does it profit me to be a citizen of a free country, if my government forces me to borrow of a fellow-citizen the money which belongs to me in common with all, at a rate of interest determined by that citizen?"

If these things are true, what is the remedy? Manifestly,

*separate the state and the individual.* Make the state perform its whole duty to the citizen, shrinking from nothing but the violation of the rights of the individual. Make the state perform all public duties and the individual all private duties.

It is not difficult to determine the dividing line. Wherever the work is one "affected with a public interest," there lies the duty of the state. Wherever a doubt arises, give the "benefit of the doubt" to the individual.

Does this look like Nationalism? At first blush; but upon closer consideration, it appears the bed rock of democratic faith, securing a government of, for, and by the people.

It seems strange, when we come to look at it and think about it, that the masses of the people should so long have borne the tyranny and oppression of individuals, their own fellow-citizens, in the performance of public duties, and that they should have allowed these individuals, from the discharge of public functions, to reap a great profit which of right belonged to the people. And stranger still would it seem if they allowed this policy to continue after they have reached a point in their history when, with a good measure of truth, it can be determined how great is the evil that has resulted. Experience has taught us that state power, allied with that of the individual always creates a monopoly that oppresses the people. Especially in the history of municipal government we have learned that the town itself, through its own officers, can supply the public necessities of its citizens with greater economy and less oppression than when the discharge of these duties is transferred to individuals.

That which gives rise to oppression is the natural desire for profit; and the tendency, always on the part of the individual acting under corporate powers, is to reach the maximum of profit consistent with the continuation of the employment. This is the ruling principle in the management of all private corporations where they are discharging public duties. On the other hand, when the government, through its salaried agents, performs public duties, the object is to reach that minimum of cost to the public served, consistent with the expense attending the work. If a profit is made, it results, not to an individual, but to the people.

It is no experiment. The theory is old. The principle has been applied with success in almost every department of

national economy, and especially in representative governments, where a change of servants at the will of the people is possible. But even if it were an experiment, the objection loses its force where the converse of the proposition has been tried with evil result.

We now find our government, under a definite grant of power, discharging a great public duty in its post-office department, through salaried agents, for the people. All are satisfied, and not a thought of change is expressed. If one should attempt to have the service transferred from the government and the power delegated to a corporation of individuals, the indignation of the people would be overwhelming. But suppose for a moment that "post roads" had been established in our early history by individuals, and that they, usurping the rights of the state, had been performing the public duty of transporting the mails, and that now for the first time it was proposed that the government should undertake this work as a public duty. What an outcry would be raised by many. "What!" says the ranting objector, "do you propose to subject all our private affairs to government surveillance? Do you propose to put a hired official, a government spy, in every town, at every crossroads, to possess himself, when he sees fit, of our secret thoughts? Do you propose to settle a great army of locusts upon us, to eat up our substance? What is to hinder my enemy from conspiring with these hired officials to obtain the secrets of my business, to defraud me of my rights, and ruin my prosperity? Away with your proposition! It is incompatible with human freedom and the liberty of the people."

Now, when the question is asked by the Kansas farmer, "Why cannot the government transport to New York, at the minimum charge consistent with the expense, my corn as well as my letter, and with as much safety to me?" it is difficult to give a good reason. But if you were to offer constitutional objections, he would reply: "Then amend the Constitution if the welfare of the people demands it."

No jurist or political economist would maintain that our present system of laws is perfect. It has been a growth, a historic development. Each defined principle at its initiation was an experiment, and either has been or is now being tested. The growth in every department has not been uniform. Barbaric and despotic features still linger in our

laws, and grow by the side of principles that have already reached the full flower of equity and justice. And what is remarkable, legacies of wrong and oppression in some departments of governmental administration have a life and strength here that in the mother country, from which they descended to us, have long ago been overthrown and discarded. Along some lines of human freedom even despotic Europe has left free America to lag behind.

There are features of our social and political life that should fill us with alarm: the increasing concentration of power in the hands of individuals through iniquitous legislation, that makes it possible for them, by combination, to bring prosperity or ruin to whole sections of country or departments of industry, to build up or destroy fortunes in an hour; that, in short, renders them stronger than the government, stronger than the people—the aggregation of great wealth in the hands of a few, while the toiling masses grow poorer and more debt-ridden; and with all this an on-coming storm of indignation, on the part of the oppressed producers of wealth, that may, if the inevitable struggle be bitter, sweep in fury to the winds the accumulated glories of a century of national life.

It would seem that the only method by which to reach the cause of trouble and to pluck it up by the roots, is for the state to take back the rights and privileges it has wrongfully delegated to individuals, and to assume, of its own rightful power, the discharge of all its duties to the citizen.

Such a course, without violating any of the inalienable rights of the individual, which have cost so much blood and treasure to obtain, would put an end to private monopolies, prevent the aggregation of wealth in the hands of the few, and emancipate the toiling masses from wage slavery.

## A FLAW IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

THE idea is still a comparatively new one, that the community owes an education to each of its members; that it should furnish him with a good share of worldly experience, in order that he may properly fill his future place in society.

Even the strongest advocate of individualism cannot deny that this idea is a thoroughly socialistic one, since to allow people a share of the common stock of knowledge, for the sake of making them more useful as members of the community, is socialism, applied to learning.

As a civic institution, the public school is only about three hundred years old; but in that short time it has become a giant.

Although European countries had all the advantages of experience and scholarship; although they were dotted here and there with universities and colleges of much renown, whose teachers were looked upon with respect and veneration, and formed a caste by themselves, America has kept pace with Europe in the development of her public schools. In this respect the young republic stands second to no other country, even though, owing to her youth, she may be behind her elder sisters in scholarship and art.

It is not mere patriotic sentimentality nor vanity which prompts the assertion that our public schools are as good as, if not better than, any in the world. Unprejudiced comparison will demonstrate the fact. In making comparisons, two points must be kept in view.

1. That which is desirable in and applicable to one country may not be equally so in another.

2. Even the best-managed institutions may still be improved.

In comparing our schools with those of other countries, it is well to consider the liberality of the people in supporting them; the endeavor to give the poorest child the same advantages offered to the richest, and the jealous watchful-



ness of all citizens over the work of the public schools, which proves the love of the people for them.

It is true that the system of object-teaching originated in the old world, and that the idea that education means the development of the whole person, and not merely a part of him, has not been long indorsed in America; but both are now understood, and the teachers of this country will soon stand abreast with most modern educators, if they do not already keep pace with all.

But in the mechanism of our public schools, there is a flaw, seen by a few persons only; and even these few deem it unwise to direct public attention to it.

A flaw in a wheel or a shaft of iron—a spot where the particles of metal do not hold closely together, and the least exertion will cause a break—is the more dangerous, because it is hardly visible, is often unsuspected, and can only be repaired by smelting and recasting the metal.

The flaw in our educational system is *the overwhelming preponderance of women's influence in our public schools.*

No one is less likely than the writer to undervalue the ability of the female sex in any branch of science, literature, or art; no one would more readily concede to women equal rights with men; no one is less likely to propose to close against them a profession for which nature seems to have fitted them, in which they have achieved most brilliant success.

There is no avenue in life out of which men have been crowded by women almost completely, like that of teaching, and no profession to which women have shown themselves better adapted. Would it not, therefore, be wrong to close the career of a teacher to them? Would it not, on the contrary, be right to give them the few remaining places yet held by men, if they show the necessary qualifications? The female first assistant who teaches the class, in the absence of the master, with perfect satisfaction, ought to be entitled to a principalship in case of vacancy.

To utter a word, in these days, which may be construed into an attack upon the equality of the sexes, or as an expression of doubt as to woman's ability, not only to hold her own, but even to surpass the male sex in any line of activity, is in rather bad taste.

But the question at issue is one in which are concerned,



not the teachers only, but the children to be educated by them. It is not whether male or female teachers are preferable either to the other, but whether a child can be properly educated by either men or women alone. Are not both needed to produce a thoroughly successful educational result? That the profession of teaching has been, and is still, almost entirely in the hands of males in the European countries, is no proof that this is a wise arrangement or that it enhances educational results; nor is it at all certain that, because in this country more females are employed, our system is a good one.

So long as the word "education" represented a course of drilling, or cramming a certain number of facts into a child's cranium, and he who could read, write, and cipher, was familiar with geography and history, and could perhaps quote passages from popular authors was considered an educated man, it was immaterial whether the drill-master was male or female. Such an education was understood to be a lever, given to a person to lift him out from among the masses, who were obliged to earn their livelihood by manual labor, and to secure for him a position in which he could win a better income for himself with greater ease.

From that point of view, it is as immaterial who holds the text-book as who wields the rod; and a woman teaching, not only reaches the same result as her male competitor, but usually surpasses him in patience and endurance. If the sole aim of public-school education is to cram a child's memory with facts, a woman can do that and teach the rules of grammar, the multiplication tables, the names of rivers in Asia, or the alphabet, as well as a man.

But, fortunately, this standpoint is abandoned. Educating a child now means something far more than merely training his memory; the *whole* boy or girl is sent to school to be there put under educational influences. Equal care is bestowed upon the body as upon the mind, and the eye and the hand are to be trained, no less than the memory and the reason. Beyond and above all, the greatest care ought to be given to the formation of character, and all the slumbering forces in the human soul should be awakened. Education is no longer designed to be the privilege of any particular class of people, but all citizens have a right to demand for their children a full physical, mental, and moral unfoldment, so

that in time to come the community may receive the benefit of the work.

The consequence of the former conception of education was that it produced a class who were a burden to themselves and a greater one to the community; a class despising manual labor, yet unable to substitute brain work for it; a class of "literary proletarians."

With the newer idea of true education, it is evident that both male and female influences are needed for the full development of a child's nature; that girls need as much to be brought up under the influence of a man's mind as boys need to be influenced by female intellectuality. Either without the other gives one-sided results, and the education of the child is imperfect. Nature has shown the way, giving to a child both father and mother; and experience repeatedly teaches that a boy or girl, brought up by either father or mother solely, lacks a something indescribable, which leaves him or her imperfectly developed.

The care for the coming generation must be equally shared by male and female instructors, if the modern idea of education is accepted instead of the old one, which made a public school a mere memorizing machine.

Why have women won so complete a victory over men in the profession of teaching? Even allowing for their aptitude, enthusiasm, intelligence, and industry, their victory is due no less to the fact that they are able to sell their labor cheaper than men can in teaching, as in so many other branches of industry; so that labor unions begin to insist that a man's wages should be the standard of pay.

In the field of teaching as well, the salary received by male teachers should be the standard of pay for teaching by a woman. Under present conditions, men have withdrawn from the unequal struggle because they found it impossible to work for the salary for which female teachers offer their services.

There are many reasons why women are willing to work for less wages than men. Suffice it to mention one. A man chooses an occupation, with a view to the support of a family; while a woman usually selects hers as merely an incidental, for the time being, until she marries, or in order to gain independence as an unmarried woman, in either case having to consider only her own person.

From an economical standpoint, it may be said that such a consideration as that of the man for his family ought not to be of weight in the labor market; and that an employer has a perfect right to take advantage of the condition which makes it possible to procure the labor of one person cheaper than that of another, as one would buy a bale of hay in the market.

This may be, where labor represents muscular exertion. In a factory, the cloth, the shoe, the watch a woman makes, may be of the same value as that made by a man, who demands higher wages; but the same economic standard is by no means applicable to the profession of school-teaching. Here it *does* make a difference whether the future citizen is brought solely under the influence of women or not; it becomes a matter of necessity to bring upon the child the influence of an equal proportion of masculine mentality. To crowd out the male teacher simply because three excellent female teachers can be hired for the salary of one man, or that to hire an equal number of male and female instructors would cost three times as much as the present system, is highly dangerous to the educational development of future citizens.

The position of a teacher, to whom is to be entrusted the physical, mental, and moral welfare of our successors, is an exceptional one; and to be a teacher one should be a manly man or a womanly woman, with high intellectual powers and careful training. An inducement to choose the profession should be offered that would lead them to devote their life to it. A man should receive a salary which will enable him to lead an intellectual life and establish a family, and a woman should be given the same opportunities. A young person who shows aptitude and enthusiasm for the profession should be educated at public expense, kept from want, and cared for all his lifetime, and secured a pension when superannuated or unfit for work.

Sooner or later, unless the whole system of public schools is recast, the flaw in the mechanism, which cannot be remedied by any kind of patchwork, will surely cause a break in that weak spot.

## LIFE INSURANCE.

BY DAVID N. HOLWAY.

"It bids the heart whose sun is low, to borrow  
A smile upon the credit of a golden morrow."

THE eighteenth century was the experimental period in life-insurance history. During those hundred years the corner stones were wrought and laid. The nineteenth century has become the practical progressive era, and has already built thereon so marvellous a superstructure that the world pauses and thoughtfully admires what has been accomplished. And yet the most intelligent and philosophical can scarcely comprehend what has been done, and still less what the greater fruitage is yet to be. How few there are who realize that American life companies alone have already paid to the families of deceased members *six hundred and thirty-three millions of dollars*.

Is it among the possibilities for any of us to measure the refining, educational, home-preserving value of that vast sum as it was bestowed in blessed benediction upon five hundred thousand homes?

If every aspirational thought for another's benefit finds its sure response in the heart to which it is sent, how great must be the volume of benefaction that these five hundred thousand manly souls have bestowed upon their loved ones in addition to the absolute financial provision rendered.

Again: American life companies have already paid *one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars* in matured endowments to over sixty thousand persons who have thus found themselves enriched and made more independent as unproductive years came into view. The question may fairly be raised, How many of these recipients would have had this money if compulsory prudence had not induced them to methodically put the money into the hands of these corporations? The voluntary admissions of these policy-holders would indicate that it would have been an exceedingly small per cent.

The older countries of Europe founded, and were the first to put into practice, the great system of life insurance. This was particularly true of Great Britain, as we find at the present time that there are two companies within the kingdom that are one hundred and seventy-one years old, one that is one hundred and thirty-five years of age, while there are nine that range from eighty-two to one hundred and seven, and twenty-eight that are between fifty-seven and eighty-two years old. The average age of all the English companies is fifty-nine years.

The first half of the nineteenth century witnessed but a feeble expression of the value of the great idea. Prior to 1850 the entire amount of outstanding life insurance in the world was considerably less than the amount now issued in a single year in America.

From 1850 to the breaking out of our civil war, American companies were gradually feeling their way toward a practical development of the business. An inventory of the world's life insurance taken at that time (1861) shows that the entire amount outstanding was \$1,195,000,000. Great Britain held \$850,000,000 of it while the continent of Europe had \$168,000,000 and the United States \$177,000,000. The mere statement of these facts demonstrates how much in advance of the rest of the world Great Britain was in inaugurating the life-insurance idea, and fostering it until it became a large factor in the national life.

History attests that the sturdy Saxon pushes to practical conclusions the most important things in the world's progress. Life insurance has proved no exception. The sons of the fathers became pioneers in American life, and the Anglo-Saxon element reasserted itself with an increased intensity in our midst. When we again inventory the world's life insurance at the end of the next decade (1871), these astonishing results appear:—

Amount outstanding in Great Britain . . . . .	\$1,455,000,000
Amount outstanding on continent of Europe . . . . .	606,000,000
Amount outstanding in United States . . . . .	2,186,000,000
Grand aggregate . . . . .	<hr/> \$4,247,000,000

The civilized world within this brief period accepted the principle and philosophy involved in the system of life insurance as never before. The advancement made in Great

Britain and the continent of Europe demonstrated a healthy progress, while the amount attained in the United States was phenomenal. This exceeded by more than *two billions of dollars* the amount existing ten years before, and was fifty per cent in excess of the amount held by the mother country at that time.

The next decade (1871-1881) witnessed the unprecedented financial panic of 1873 in America, and the disastrous results that commercially and financially followed from it. As a natural consequence the ability to purchase life insurance was temporarily limited. In 1881 the world's life insurance was as follows:—

Amount outstanding in Great Britain (including Canada and Australia)	\$2,506,000,000
Amount outstanding on continent of Europe	1,497,000,000
Amount outstanding in United States	1,594,000,000
Grand aggregate	\$5,597,000,000

While we were enduring the stringency of this panic it is pleasant to note that the beneficence of the system was being incorporated more fully than ever among other nations.

Amidst the sunshine of prosperity in which America rejoiced during the succeeding ten years, results were reached that are interesting to record.

The world's outstanding life insurance at the beginning of 1891 was as follows:—

Amount in Great Britain (including Canada and Australia)	\$3,077,000,000
Amount on continent of Europe	2,715,000,000
Amount in the United States	4,101,000,000
Grand Total	\$9,893,000,000

Within this decade the world's life insurance increased in volume *seventy-five per cent*, while the volume in the United States increased *two hundred and sixty per cent*, or \$2,507,000,000 in amount. These figures eloquently declare how universally men are acknowledging that their financial obligations to posterity and their estates find easier and completer fulfilment through life insurance than through any other form of investment.

At the beginning of 1892 the insurance in force throughout the world is found to be as follows:—

Great Britain (including Canada and Australia) . . . . .	\$3,218,000,000
The Continent of Europe . . . . .	3,015,000,000
The United States . . . . .	4,447,000,000
Grand Total of World's Life Insurance . . . . .	\$10,680,000,000

From the figures just given it appears that during 1891 the life insurance of the world was increased by the substantial sum of *seven hundred and eighty-seven millions of dollars*. Of this amount Great Britain contributed \$141,000,000; the continent of Europe, \$300,000,000; and the United States, \$346,000,000. The gain in this country was made against much of a depressing character. Aside from the various forms of disturbance in commerce and finance, one of the largest American companies was subjected to an exceedingly rigid investigation. In a certain sense all American companies shared in it. The fact, however, that it emerged therefrom with unquestionable financial strength, and that prompt and effective measures of reform in every department were inaugurated, is pleasing evidence of the remedy always at hand through state supervision, and the absorbing interest of the company's own policy-holders to guard against disaster. The growing public sentiment of the country in regard to life insurance is fast becoming a tremendous power, and will largely aid in maintaining the integrity of the business in the future. The management of American companies was never more efficient and honorable than now, and a distinct tendency exists toward the most careful and conservative methods of securing and maintaining the business.

Of the \$4,447,000,000 which American companies have in force at this time, \$495,000,000 has been placed in foreign countries. The amount existing upon citizens of the United States is therefore \$3,952,000,000. This great volume is divided into two distinct parts. *First*,—\$3,470,000,000 upon about one million four hundred thousand people whose policies average \$2,500 each. These have been mostly issued upon persons in financial, commercial and professional life. The death claims under them in 1891 were 19,600 in number and \$48,946,000 in amount. *Second*,—\$481,000,000 upon over four millions of wage-earners of the country. This



is fittingly called Industrial Insurance. The average amount of each policy is one hundred and twenty-one dollars. It forms the A, B, C of American Life Insurance. All the members of a family insure each for a small amount secured by weekly payments. In this way they mutually protect each other. The amount of death claims paid under this form of insurance in 1891 was \$7,725,000 upon 63,900 policies. Aside from the direct and incalculable benefit which the bestowal of this large amount among so many households afforded, the educational process whereby this vast number of people are taught the value of self-sacrifice for the benefit of others, and to fully realize that there is a system whereby they can surely do it, is of immeasurable value to the future of the republic. Instead of being a blind force of uneducated power, they become conservatives because they represent property. They range themselves on the side of law and order. To many of them is thus exemplified for the first time the beautiful sentiment that has come down the centuries, "Bear ye one another's burdens," and they find pleasure in expressing it in this practical way. As these persons rise in the social scale and become supervisors, inventors and proprietors in the world's great affairs, they will increase their insurance, and thus become patrons in an enlightened sense of the companies which practice the ordinary methods. There is therefore no clashing of interests between the two plans of conducting the business, but rather a mutual helping of each other forward toward an ever enlarging success.

The number of American life companies corresponds very closely to the states in the Federal Union. While they are strong and unique in their individuality, each forming a little republic by itself, they are bound together by common ties like the states of the Union. The wholesome restraints of competition, and the establishment of state laws governing non-forfeiture, reserves, and surrender values, has lifted the entire business to a higher plane of action than formerly, while the formation of a large number of Life Underwriters' Associations in different sections of the country has brought together in pleasant and profitable fraternity the field managers and workers of the various companies. The result of these associations is also felt in the enlightenment of the public upon many matters appertaining to the business

through the attendance at their gatherings of leading citizens, and quite a list of carefully prepared papers that have been very widely read.

The fact that Hon. John Wanamaker, post master general of the United States, has \$1,550,000 of life insurance, provokes this natural question: How largely ought any American citizen, under any circumstances to insure? The query is an important one, and deserves a candid answer.

In fire and marine insurance the amount placed upon buildings, ships, or merchandise corresponds to the value of each. Ordinarily the actual value determines the maximum amount. We cannot apply this to persons. Human life cannot be valued. The earning power of human life, however, is a well-known factor. The average duration of human life, from any given age, is also an equally well-known factor. If the person *lives*, he will bestow upon himself and those about him the amount which is obtained by multiplying the income by the number of years that people of his age will live on an average. It is the business of life insurance to provide for the sure payment of such an amount as will put his estate at his death in the same condition as he would have provided if he had lived. It is the duty and privilege of the healthy citizen to do this, and he has but to deduct such an amount as would cover his own personal maintenance during those years from the amount already indicated, and the balance clearly is the sum for which insurance should be effected. When this is done, people will proceed as judiciously in providing for their posterity or estates as they now provide against loss from fire or shipwreck. Whenever this occurs the charities of the present time, under the wise guidance of the donor, can be fully carried out, as the pressure for accumulation is largely anticipated by having the insurance. Financial credit is thus maintained, and all rude shocks to business interests avoided. The man himself lives a truer, grander, longer life.

In placing this large amount upon Mr. Wanamaker, it was found that American life companies unitedly could carry but a little over half of it, and the balance was obliged to be placed in leading foreign corporations.

With the constant increase in wealth, and the ability of many, in special ways, to earn much more than formerly in this country, it becomes an interesting question whether any

American citizen of sufficient health should not have the privilege of placing at least *one million dollars* of genuine life insurance in companies organized and managed by Americans.

Life insurance is purely a scientific financial procedure. It guesses at nothing. It assumes that mortality, interest, and expense (the three important factors) may each year in the future prove disappointing. The amount charged for each thousand dollars of insurance is a strictly scientific premium. Under the mutual plan, upon which nearly all American business is conducted, whatever saving is made from year to year, belongs to the policy-holders, and is returned to them at stated periods. If extraordinary mortality, unusual expense, or sudden change in interest occur, the margin is there as an emergency fund to meet it. The paramount duty is to always know, beyond a peradventure, that every policy will absolutely be paid, under any form of contract, and under any combination of circumstances.

An object lesson in this regard, drawn from actual experience, will best illustrate what I mean.

In 1870 the amount of outstanding life insurance in the United States was . . . .	\$1,981,915,000
The assets were . . . . .	262,808,000
The surplus was . . . . .	29,781,000
Ten years later (the panic of 1873 having intervened) at the beginning of 1880, the same American companies had in outstanding insurance . . . . .	\$1,975,878,000
The assets were . . . . .	509,559,000
The surplus was . . . . .	54,000,000

It will be noted that almost exactly the same amount of insurance was in force in 1880 as in 1870. The assets however, had nearly doubled, increasing from \$262,808,000 to \$509,559,000, and the surplus from \$29,781,000 to \$54,000,000. The scientific premium performed its duty. During these ten years it had paid all the accruing death claims, amounting to \$215,864,000; also the maturing endowments, besides returning many millions of surplus to reduce the cost of insurance, and provided this larger amount of assets for the sure coming increase of mortality, resulting from the fact that so large a proportion of the policy-holders were older. Indeed, all companies must provide for two things yearly:

First, the actual death losses. Second, such a reserve as together with the future payments, will meet all future losses.

At the opening of 1892, American life companies held in outstanding Insurance	\$4,447,000,000
The assets were . . . . .	846,330,000
The surplus was . . . . .	102,820,000

Within the past twelve years the amount of insurance in force has increased two hundred and twenty-five per cent, and the assets one hundred and sixty-five per cent; while the surplus has nearly doubled. This is also strictly scientific. The past ten years have witnessed a much larger net increase of business in force. Consequently the proportion of new to old business is very much greater than in the former comparison. It needs no explanation to make clear the fact that the proportion of assets to the amount in force must be in accordance with the average age of the policies.

The history of the fifty American life companies, now actively engaged in business, extends over an average period of twenty-eight years. Holding each of them strictly accountable for their financial transactions, the aggregate result is found to be as follows:—

<i>First</i> : the gross amount paid to their policy-holders since organization . . . . .	\$1,447,453,137
The amount of present assets Jan. 1, 1892 . . . . .	846,430,678
Payments to policy-holders plus present assets . . . . .	\$2,293,910,815
<i>Second</i> : gross amount of premiums received since organization . . . . .	2,147,104,177
<i>Excess of payments to policy-holders plus present assets over premiums received.</i> . . . .	\$ 146,749,638

This accounting still further illustrates the efficiency with which the scientific premium, to which allusion has already been made, performed its work. It also illustrates the prudence and skill with which the business has been conducted. With such a wonderful *beginning*, what must the future be?

There is a universal law of sympathy in the human heart. It is God-given and ennobling. It only needs to be touched by the right talisman to spring into immediate action for the benefit of others. Over much of the long past it has slumbered, or, if temporarily kindled, found no adequate form

of expression towards those other lives to whom they were bound by the most sacred ties. With the advent of the life-insurance idea, came the ability to put in practice this inborn principle. But humanity was busy. Each was absorbed in his own work, and apprehended not the golden opportunity open to him. The sunshine was there, but the clouds of circumstance veiled his eyes. But the world's needs find final fulfilment through instrumentalities specially provided for the service, who appear at the right time. The history of life-insurance procedure forms no exception. During the past thirty years a gradually increasing force of soliciting specialists have been developed, that have proved to be the talismen that have touched the inherent sympathetic vein of the American heart, and the result has been the creation of a business in volume and quality unequalled elsewhere in the world's history. This American life-insurance solicitor is the peer of any class among the large list of specialists for which this country is noted, in intelligence, patience, perseverance, and honor. His work attests it. The future of life-insurance progress would be of little moment without him. Both the companies that employ him, and the public whom he serves and teaches, acknowledge it. We have only to add that in 1891 this army of specialists placed *one billion one hundred and seventy-eight millions* of dollars of new business in American companies to demonstrate the vastness and importance of the work they are carrying forward.

It is indeed a great business which has systematically and conservatively arranged for the future payment of nearly *eleven thousand millions of dollars* to twenty million beneficiaries throughout the civilized world; which during 1891 paid six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars *daily* to policy-holders and those beneficiaries whose "hearts were full to bursting of the sorrow none may share;" and during the same year issued new insurance to the amount of *one billion seven hundred and seventy-eight millions of dollars*. With all its enormous achievements, however, it is only at the threshold of a much more enormous future. To quote the words of an officer of one of the leading American companies: "Life insurance is only beginning to touch the homes and lives of the people. Its horizon is still expanding. We have only begun to realize how much of a factor it is to become in the

economy of that better civilization into which we are daily growing."

Life insurance is the world's financial democracy. It unites all classes under a protecting, ameliorating power greater and better than the world has hitherto known. Its mission of practical beneficence finds expression when all else fails. As an eminent statesman recently said, "It is solving this matter of socialism."

That quickening power which is fast dominating human thought and action during these closing years of the nineteenth century will animate mankind everywhere to clearer apprehensions of the scope and power of life insurance, and thus an ever-increasing number of persons will be set free from the annoyances of worry and emboldened to

"Act, act in the living present  
Heart within and God o'erhead"

as never before. Thereby shall the world's progress be enhanced and enlarged, and we may safely predict that this gracious service of mutual help shall have so multiplied among all peoples, that when the twentieth century dawns the outstanding volume shall be at least *twenty billions*, more than half of which shall be credited to America.

## "AUTOMATIC" WRITING.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

IN writing this article my main object is to encourage the careful study of a class of phenomena from which most people stand aloof because the subject seems to them uncanny and hardly a proper one for scientific or even serious investigation.

Camille Flammarion, the astronomer, who in his youth was a medium, and who wrote automatically the chapter entitled "Genesis" in Allen-Kardec's "General Uranography," has thus stated in *THE ARENA* the difference between automatic writing and ordinary writing:—

"In the normal state, when we wish to write a sentence, we mentally construct that sentence—if not the whole of it, at least a part of it—before writing the words. The pen and the hand obey the creative thought. It is not so when one writes mediumistically. One rests one hand motionless but docile on a sheet of paper, and then writes. After a little while, the hand begins to move and to form letters, words, and phrases. One does not create these sentences, as in the normal state, but waits for them to produce themselves."

With some it is necessary to give attention to the writing, else it becomes incoherent; but others write just as well or even better when their normal mental powers are otherwise employed.

Alfred Binet, in his essay on "Double Consciousness," says that automatic writing "may be described under the general name of unconscious movements produced by ideas." The ordinary consciousness "furnishes the idea, and the second consciousness determines the manner in which the idea shall be expressed; there is accordingly a concurrence of the two consciousnesses, a collaboration of the two egos for one common task."

It is certain that the movements of the hand form no part of the activity which can be properly classed under habit or instinct. They are performed by a conscious personality



that has ideas, emotions, and mental peculiarities. *The writing is not, in fact, automatic.* Automatic actions are those, the frequent repetition of which during a long time has caused the nerve groupings to become closely organized in the brain centres. Such actions are performed unconsciously. As mental processes become automatic, we act not from volition, but from the force of habit; memory, reason, and feeling disappear, and the acts are performed without thought, without consciousness. That the brain has automatic power, there is, I presume, no doubt; and this probably enters into all the processes of the secret mechanism of thought. Dr. Carpenter says that this power, which he calls "unconscious cerebration," has its origin in the previous habit, and that its conclusions are mainly the resultant of the previous mental action and discipline. While several have written learnedly in regard to the unconscious, automatic mental power, M. Ribot declares that all unconscious actions of the organism are purely physiological phenomena. Be this as it may, the writing wrongly called automatic is not directed by an unconscious intelligence, nor are the thoughts written derived from an unconscious source. This is certain.

Charles Richet, professor of physiology in the Faculty of medicine in Paris, some years ago advanced the hypothesis of an unconscious ego which gives attention, perceives, reflects, and reasons, unknown to the conscious self. This supposition in no way helps to explain thought and movements which show consciousness as evidently as does ordinary writing or speaking. Connected words and sentences, philosophical reflections, intelligent replies to questions and rhythmical verses, leave no room for doubt that their source is conscious intelligence with directive volition. Sometimes when the last word of a sentence has been written, or in the middle of a sentence, the hand moves backward or upward, stops at a word, and erases and substitutes for it or adds to it another word or clause. When questions are asked, not infrequently the pen in the hand is moved to words already written, which, connected in thought, serve as answers to the inquiries, thus saving time and effort. Often there is hesitation, and sometimes a few words are written, then erased, and a new sentence begun.

Automatic writing by Mrs. Underwood, who related some of her psychic experiences in the August ARENA, I have

observed closely for nearly two years. During the writing her mental condition is entirely normal, and there is nothing unusual or peculiar in her physical appearance—in her expression or manner. She questions and criticises as freely as I do. When she or I ask a question she writes it down in her own usual handwriting, and then waits for the answer, which is written rapidly under the question. The sentences, written without conscious effort on her part, either in the composition or the movements of the pen, are often written much more rapidly than she is able to write by her own volition, and in handwritings the style of which is in marked contrast to her own. The theories and opinions presented in these writings are more often at variance than in accord with our own. They are often expressed in an oracular manner. Direct dissent from or vigorous criticism of statements made are often met with replies to the effect that the limitation of sense perceptions makes our conceptions of things, as they actually are, inadequate and distorted. With some of our adverse comments upon unverifiable statements, more petulance than patience is shown; but generally the spirit exhibited is kindly and generous. I in no way consciously contribute, directly or indirectly, either to the writing or to the thought expressed in these answers, except by my presence, and generally, but not always, by my attention and questioning, which are invariably invited by the controlling intelligence. I have no mediumistic powers, and never had. Years ago when I attended spiritistic circles, a number of times I was told by the managers that I was "positive"; and in order to make the conditions magnetically and spiritually harmonious, I was usually assigned a seat where the opportunities for testing the genuineness of the performances were the poorest. But my presence has been and is now one of the conditions of Mrs. Underwood's getting connected and coherent writing. Only a few words and a sentence or two have been written occasionally in my absence. Once when I was absent from home the peculiar sensation which had always been felt in Mrs. Underwood's right hand before the writing began, was felt in the left hand, with which a name was written with letters reversed, and she could read it only when impressed to do so. She held it before the mirror. It was the name of a person two hundred miles distant, who was still alive, but, as was subsequently learned, in an uncon-

scious state at the time, and very near death, which occurred two or three days afterwards.

The word "death" is never used except with "so-called" before it, or "which is a new birth," or some other explanatory or qualifying expression. The writing purports to be from extra-mediumistic and extra-mundane sources — from invisible human beings who once inhabited this earth. The writing always, whether purporting to be from a person of high or low degree, claims that the controlling intelligence is a spirit — a discarnate human being. Any intimation that the communicating intelligence may be the medium's sub-conscious ego, a fraction of which only rises to the level of conscious knowledge, is met with responses to the effect that it is strange anybody can believe such a vagary. One claim, to which there has never been exception in any writing purporting to be a message, is that a "spirit," a discarnate human being, moves the hand that holds the pen. Generally names and dates are not given; and when they are, they are as liable to be wrong as correct. In answer to questions as to the reason of this, it has been said substantially that memories and reminiscences are only gathered up as the departed are able to come in contact with persons and objects of earth. Strange as it may seem, I get tired and nervous when this writing is prolonged; it exhausts me much more than it does Mrs. Underwood, on whom it never leaves any depressing influence.

To me the wonderful thing is that the intelligence operates without conscious effort or participation on the part of the person whose hand holds the pen. There must be a consciousness of the thought and composition and of the effort to produce them involved in this writing, but it is certainly a consciousness not included in the chain of memory and psychical activities that belong to the waking state, even though it be a part of the total consciousness of the same personality.

The intelligence which seems to be extraneous, which invariably claims to be a departed spirit, now one, now another, is sometimes inferior intellectually to the medium; at other times, in certain lines of thought, in the use of words, and in the statement of facts, the intelligence that directs the pen evinces larger knowledge than Mrs. Underwood consciously possesses. The spelling is sometimes dif-

ferent from her own, and the style is often stilted, courtly, and even grandiose, while her style is simple and natural. In some cases the writing relates to what is entirely unknown to the writer,—to her ordinary consciousness,—though in some of these cases I can conceive it as possible, and deem it probable, that the writing relates to what has been noted or learned by the passive consciousness, and is evoked therefrom, even though there is no recognition of its having been included in the person's experience. But in other cases the writing has contained evidence of knowledge that Mrs. Underwood never could have obtained in any known way. She gave one or two instances in the August ARENA. I will relate another of her experiences which, in my opinion, proves that there are supernatural methods of obtaining knowledge.

One morning, a message purporting to be from a young man recently deceased was received. Neither Mrs. U. nor I had ever seen his handwriting. We knew his name only as William S. The message was signed "Z. W. S." At the time, I remarked that I did not believe there was any Z in his name, and in this opinion Mrs. U. concurred. A few days afterwards we met the father and the mother of the young man, who were so impressed with the resemblance between the handwriting and that of their son that they wished to take the writing with them. There was a Z in the name, but it was the initial of his second name, and not of the first, as it was written. In the presence of the young man's mother, Mrs. U.'s hand was moved to write, and the lady asked if her father would give a test by writing his name. The first name, Solomon, was written slowly; and after a pause, the surname was written very quickly. Mrs. U. did not know and never had known the name, which was written correctly; and Mr. S., who is a lawyer and a man of critical and discriminating mind, and his wife both declared that the signature closely resembled that of the old gentleman. Some days ago I wrote to Mr. S., asking him whether, after further reflection, he could suggest a possible explanation of what Mrs. U. wrote without recourse to any occult theory. He replied and referred to the message purporting to be from his son, thus: "I have compared it with signatures of our boy. As I told you in Chicago at the time, the writing bears a *very* strong resemblance to his writing. Mrs. U. did not, in my opinion, either consciously or uncon-

sciously, have any knowledge of Will's full name. The writing, while quite similar to Will's, is very different from Mrs. Underwood's." My wife's father's name had not been mentioned at all. Never had been in Mrs. U.'s presence. I don't think she had ever met a member of Mrs. S.'s family by that name, yet she certainly wrote the name of Mrs. S.'s father, Solomon M., very plainly, when asked to write the name of the person who had just written that he had something to say. This writing was also *very, very* similar to the handwriting of the old gentleman. The test, to my mind, was quite convincing — more so than almost anything I ever saw; yet I have no fixed or positive opinion as to how it was done. Still, I must, in justice to my own intelligence, record myself as against the theory of subconscious action on the part of Mrs. U. on the ground that she never knew, consciously or otherwise, enough on the subject to write what she did. Telepathy might apply to Mrs. S.'s father's name because she was thinking strongly of him at the time; still, the theory, in my opinion, falls very far below what I would call proof of telepathy, though I am quite a believer in telepathy as an established fact."

Fully aware that incidents long forgotten may be recalled, that possibly no lapse of memory is irrevocable, and that under certain conditions from the submerged self may be sent up memories which cannot be distinguished from newly acquired knowledge, still, I am confident that Mrs. Underwood's hand has written names and statements of facts not only once, but several times, which were not and never had been any part of her conscious knowledge.

Professor Stainton Moses, editor of *Light* (London), says: "I have written automatically precise statements of facts, subsequently verified and found to be exact, such facts being demonstrably outside of my own knowledge." This is a correct statement, also, of Mrs. Underwood's experience, be the explanation what it may.

In most of the automatic writing I have seen by different persons, there is a general sameness of thought, and even of expression. We are accustomed to regard our personal consciousness as a closed individuality, insulated from other individualities; but it may be that intelligences interpenetrate one another; that the subconscious self is susceptible to a common psychical influence, a certain stratum of the

*Zeitgeist*, to use an expression of Professor James, — and this may explain the similarity in the thought and style of trance speaking and automatic writing; for as Professor William James says, “the odd thing is that persons unexposed to spiritualist traditions will so often act in the same way when they become entranced, speak in the name of the departed, go through the motions of their several death agonies, send messages about their happy home in the summer land, and describe the ailments of those present. I have no theory to publish of these cases, several of which I have personally seen.”

Dr. E. Von Hartmann in his “*Der Spiritismus*” has recourse, to explain some of the alleged spirit phenomena, to a supposed hidden consciousness, somnambulic in its nature, which exists throughout the normal life of the subject which possesses telepathic power, and may see the entire past and present of another’s life — a consciousness that sometimes becomes clairvoyant, and, bringing the subject into relation with absolute being, enables him to know whatever is or has been. But I cannot regard this as anything more than a mere fanciful hypothesis, though an ingenious one, with which some of the psychical experiences are consistent enough.

Those who have accepted the spiritistic theory to account for automatic writing, or are investigating the subject, should at least acquaint themselves with the conclusions which have been reached by French physiological psychologists. Ribot classes automatic writing with the phenomena of double consciousness. He advances the theory that organic individuality is the basis of all the different forms of personality; that the ego is the resultant of a cohesion and co-ordination of states, conscious or unconscious; that certain states of consciousness, by reason of alienation, may come to be regarded by the ego as no part of itself, but as objective, and as a distinct, independent foreign existence. There are thus two egos existing in the same person. It is certain that we have authentic records of patients who, at certain critical periods, passed into the condition of secondary consciousness which lasted months, and was connected by memory, not with the ordinary consciousness, but with the previous secondary consciousness. There was, to all appearances, entire lack of fusion between two periods of psychic life. Facts

like these lead Binet to assume that there may exist in hysterical persons two rational faculties that are unknown to each other. Indeed, after referring to the case of Férida, described by Dr. Azam of Bordeaux, and others who presented two successive lives with two different characters and two different chains of memory, Binet says: "We have established, almost with certainty, in fact, that on such subjects there exists, side by side with the principal personality, a secondary personality, which is unknown by the first; which sees, hears, reflects, reasons, and acts."

Most "automatic" writers are entirely normal when they write, and many of them are in health, have never been hypnotized, have never suffered mentally from any physical derangement; the intelligence that directs the hand is not a partial or incomplete personality, but an intelligence equal to that of the person whose hand is moved; and during this writing, there are no indications in such person of any impairment of intellectual power, as would doubtless be the case if the controlling intelligence were an alienation from the personality of the automatic writer. But the works of Ribot, Binet, and Richet contain a large amount of information on the subject of double consciousness, and a knowledge of these writings is only necessary to satisfy any intelligent person that much which passes current among spiritualists as due to the agency of disembody spirits, is clearly nothing of the kind.

I take the liberty to give the following suggestive passage from a letter which I received a few weeks ago from the eminent philosopher Dr. Edmund Montgomery: "As regards the seeming and all but unconsciously expressed views through automatic writing, I think we have not far to seek for analogical phenomena of a well-known kind; namely, the familiar dramatic performances that take place with such lifelike appearance in our dreams. Other persons, not friends, but perfect strangers, are most vividly and distinctly perceived, and utter, audible to our understanding, sentences that nowise seem our own, but, on the contrary, quite foreign to our mode of thinking or even to our conscious knowledge. Not mere memory is here to play, but a new creation of forms, incidents, and thoughts. I have always believed that Shakespeare must have possessed the faculty of controlling at will and when awake the course of dramatic performances of the very kind that are so char-



acteristically played in our dreams beyond our will. The same theory that would explain the dramas of dreamland, enacted by persons or beings not consciously forming part of ourselves, seemingly moving in a sphere outside our own personality; the same theory that would explain this every-day occurrence, would also suffice to explain the nature of automatic writing."

These dramatic performances, which occur in dreams while the ordinary consciousness is partially anæsthetized by sleep, seem to be, nevertheless, a portion of the experience of this consciousness; but in automatic writing the ordinary consciousness, though fully awake, appears to take no part in producing the writing. Furthermore, dreamland experiences do not include the learning or uttering of what is no part of the knowledge acquired in the waking state; or so far as they do, they imply supernormal means of obtaining knowledge, and are no more explained than is automatic writing.

A very common statement is to the effect that so-called automatic writing is one of the forms in which neurosis manifests itself; but this explains nothing, for neurosis is a term of such wide meaning that it cannot be applied exclusively to any class of psychical activities. Many writers, from Seneca to Lombroso, Moreau, and Ribot (not to mention Dryden), have written in regard to the relationship between genius and insanity. J. F. Nesbit, in his recent work, "The Insanity of Genius," applying what is now known in regard to the localization of brain functions and the kinship of many mental and nervous disorders to the life histories of hundreds of the greatest geniuses, reaches the conclusion that genius and insanity, although at opposite poles of the intellect, are but different phases of neurosis; that genius, whether considered as the creative gift in literature and art, or that native ability which is necessary to excellence in any given sphere of thought or activity, is a manifestation of nerve energy due to nervous sensibility of, or lack of balance in, the cerebro-spinal system; that all special aptitudes depend upon the fact that certain areas of the brain have a greater supply of nerve force than other areas, and possess, therefore, more vivid recollections and more enduring records. "Both the man of genius and the madman owe their thought and action to the excessive stimulation, the de-

pression, or the excitability of certain regions of their brain." The difference between them is not in the degree of susceptibility, but in the area that is supplied with nerve force. The explanation of the genius of Shakespeare is that he was a victim of neurotic disease! And yet of genius Oliver Wendell Holmes says it is "the Zeus that kindled the rage of Achilles; it is the muse of Homer; it is the demon of Socrates; it is the inspiration of the seer; it comes to the least of us as a voice that will be heard; it lends a sudden gleam of sense and eloquence to the dullest of us all; we wonder at ourselves, or, rather, not at ourselves, but at the divine visitor who chooses our brain as his dwelling-place, and invests our naked thoughts with the purple of the kings of speech or song."

I do not accept the spiritistic hypothesis, but I know of no other hypothesis that is satisfactory in helping us to explain the facts. Automatic writing belongs to a class of phenomena, the investigation of which may show that personality is larger and more inclusive than we have believed. "I entirely agree with you," says a well-known man of science in a private letter, "that there are latent powers in the human personality more profoundly significant, more vastly comprehensive, than are expressed in the common run of life by our discursive thought and action." The significance and comprehensiveness of these powers can be understood only by a study of all the facts of that class to which automatic writing belongs. I believe that automatic writing has been an important factor in the world's religious thought and history; that in Egypt, India, and Judea it was believed to be communications divinely dictated or inspired; and that in modern times it has led to belief in special revelations and to the inauguration of great religious movements. The phenomenon should be no longer ignored; it should be made the subject of the most careful and thorough scientific examination.

## THE TRUE BASIS OF CURRENCY.

BY MILES M. DAWSON.

THE most stubborn superstition we have inherited is that gold is a precious metal. Its high price or exchange value was originally occasioned by the admiration of primitive men for its color. In the same way brilliant glass beads are said to command a high price among African savages at the present time. The one-time scarcity of the metal operated to preserve the fictitious value thus originally placed upon gold. To have something one's neighbor could not possess was then, as now, too often deemed a mark of superiority, served as a criterion of class distinction and social caste. Many metals, including silver, now considered dross, and many stones now esteemed common pebbles were in early days similarly overvalued. Naturally an article upon which so high a price was originally set, found few uses other than personal ornament; in fact, any real use was considered an extravagance. This is yet so far the case that it is difficult to name the uses other than ornament which might be made of gold. Because it does not tarnish, it is excellent material for tableware, for a watch case, for a tooth-pick. Because it does not dissolve into poisonous salts under the action of saliva, it answers well to repair decayed teeth. Because of its color, it does to letter a sign, gild a frame, and fill some small offices in art. The sciences also find use for a very little.

Among civilized men, gold is of itself an ornament no longer; it has become too cheap and common a commodity to distinguish the most vulgar noble from the vulgar herd. To be sure, the metal is still used as a setting for jewels.

The scarcity of gold, necessary to render desirable its use as an ornament, is now entirely fictitious, since the demand for currency purposes takes much the larger part of the supply. That demand is constant and insatiable, calling for many times more than can be produced. If gold were not used as coin and the large demand for currency purposes should cease, the overstock of the market would surely

render its use for personal adornment almost impossible. The price, therefore, ought to fall to a figure fixed by the demand for actual uses; in which case it seems clear that it would hardly command one tenth the present price, that the amount of gold now contained in a dollar would hardly exchange for one tenth a bushel of wheat.

It might seem that this excessive demand for currency should have created and sustained a price high enough to continue its use for ornament. But arbitrary demands, with the privilege or possibility of substitution, do not always result that way. At most times, a fixed proportion has been sustained by arbitrary custom between the values of gold and silver, and at that proportion, substitution was permitted. The issuance of bills has also operated to subdue the craving; and in various ways a constant upward tendency of the price of gold has been avoided. The practical retirement of gold ornaments evidences the fact that in spite of the great artificial demand, and also despite the apparent rise in value by the standard of the price of silver, the price of gold has really declined. This fact is disguised by the fact of the era of cheap production of things of real value, the price of such articles declining perhaps much more than that of gold. The natural result of such an era would have been a large apparent enhancement of the value of gold even if it was stationary in reality, because of the depreciation of that with which it is compared. Moreover, the impetus given to production and the multiplication of exchanges, and of articles to exchange should have created by the enormously increased demand a higher value for gold and silver. Credit, a fiction founded on a fiction, a promise to pay gold which you have not and cannot get, and which would be worth but little if it were paid, alone prevents the artificial scarcity from exceeding the actual scarcity of olden times. Governments and banks of issue are solvent only because the world does not ask them to pay their debts; to ask them to do so would cause a rise in gold to panic prices. Yet the actual value must be small; that the world can spare the larger part of the supply for currency purposes, argues that the actual uses are few and unimportant, and the value for use, therefore, small. That the world can and does make use of many other things for currency, including flimsy and ridiculous promises, proves that the metals are inadequate to per-

form the offices of money — that by themselves they would rather impede than facilitate exchanges — that they in no sense automatically balance the production of other commodities so as to avoid inflation and contraction, the two euphemisms for fluctuations of the value of the unit of money.

The evils of such fluctuations are very sensible, in that it is no little hardship to repay a loan on your farm, originally equivalent to one thousand bushels of its produce, by a payment equivalent to two thousand bushels. Likewise is it unpleasant to have the position reversed, if you happen to be caught by the shifting of values and robbed of one half your dues. Exchange values of course always fluctuate or appear to do so even when stable, quite as the land seems to move when you look from a railway car. But that the actual value of a circulating medium should fluctuate is altogether a different matter, as witness the awful crises of the commercial world. That it is possible for it thus to fluctuate is clearly demonstrated by financial history, and is conclusive proof that the currency is on a false basis and does not represent absolute value or the "prime utility," as the Austrian school of economists would phrase it. The friends of a gold basis only claim for it that it is "the least fluctuating of commodities," a claim, comparatively modest, to be sure, but not borne out by investigation.

The Austrian terms are very apt and suggestive. It is plain that some one sort of commodity there must be, which men would always prefer to all others, if they could obtain but the one. It seems equally plain that the commodity sure to be thus chosen has absolute value, stable and unvarying, is the article without which none other would be called into being, or would be of value if produced. Such a commodity when found should be a natural measure of values, the ideal basis for currency. Other things are of no value when by men's greatest efforts the prime utility can barely be obtained; they begin to be of value, in fact to be produced, only when there is no great difficulty in obtaining the prime utility. Therefore, the surplus of the prime utility over the requirements of its owners balances all other commodities, and also, which is of the greatest importance, controls and limits the possibilities of production. All other commodities have been in their turn final utilities, that is to say, the last article which the abundance of the prime utility has made it

possible to produce, and which men have chosen to produce rather than another. Such commodities are not necessarily of little value or small price. On the contrary, each must originally have been esteemed worth the quantity of prime utility foregone to accomplish its making, and that is often large. But the value of such commodities is evidently insecure and unstable. To the later utilities — that is, to those furthest removed from prime utility — belong all articles of ease and luxury; and far down the list come the so-called precious metals, disqualified by their excessive tendency to fluctuation from acting *per se* as currency. That this is true is plain from recent events; for despite Europe's great hunger for gold, the hunger for bread has turned the flood back across the Atlantic. The people stood in need of an utility of far more stable and real value than gold.

In the nature of things money must represent this prime utility. Gold is but one of the counters, with the value of which as a counter the intrinsic value of the metal has nothing whatsoever to do. The whole currency at all times represents the part of the prime utility which can be foregone by its possessors in order to obtain for themselves other commodities. This quantity fluctuates but its units are of stable and absolute value. The volume of the world's currency, that is the number of nominal units, fluctuates somewhat, but by no sort of conjunction or correspondence with the fluctuations of the units of prime utility. Suppose the volume of currency to be stationary, which might very well be for a short time. Let the currency volume be 100  $x$ ; and the volume of prime utility vary, being at one time 100  $y$ , at a second 150  $y$ , and at a third 50  $y$ . Then in the first instance, according to algebra

$$100\ x = 100\ y$$

$$\therefore x = y.$$

In the second

$$100\ x = 150\ y$$

$$\therefore x = \frac{3}{2} y$$

In the third

$$100\ x = 50\ y$$

$$\therefore x = \frac{y}{2}$$

These crude illustrations roughly illustrate the fluctuation of the value of currency units, occasioned by the fact that while all the currency must represent the varying quantity of units of prime utility, the number of currency units does not vary with the number of units of the utility.

The illustration assumes the number of units of currency to be fixed, which of course is not the fact, though by the present system the volume of currency in circulation varies but little. Whether the times be good or bad, there is about the same amount of money in the world. The quantity which is performing the primary and principal function of money varies greatly, however, and thus intensifies rather than causes hard times while at other times preventing the advent of prosperous seasons. It has not escaped observation that when the farmers have plenty of money, it is a harbinger of brisk business and good times for all. The natural trend of the circulation of currency is toward the town from the country, a flow which is reversed only when the products of the farm are sent to market. The flood of money from the farms to the shops carries with it to each person a potential control over the prime utility, which renders it possible for him to produce something else. If that flood is scanty, commerce and industries languish, and sometimes grim want stalks through the avenues of trade and manufacture. If, for some reason, the money is denied the farmer by means of "low prices," the anomaly of "over production" teaches man that none is so poor as he who has too much. The natural starting-point of all exchanges is the farm; the increase of its products means an increased demand for currency, a diminution means a reduced demand for currency. At some time during the year every dollar of real money exchanges for food products; for food is the prime utility, and the surplus food product the natural currency.

Many have assumed that labor is the true cause of value and natural basis for currency. But the wild apple may taste as juicy as the fruit of the orchard; the flesh of the deer may be sweeter than that of the ox. The proletarian civilization with its wage system has done much to make plausible the conception of labor as a basis, since wages are commonly paid for a fixed number of hours of labor, instead of for a certain quota of production. But labor can be wasted, and it is by no means sure that its product will



repay the outlay. At the best the quantity of labor could determine nothing more than the cost price below which an article will not be again produced. In that way, it would, of course, be an element in determining the price. But in endeavoring to use labor as an unit of currency, it would be necessary to take into account the efficiency as well as the amount of labor. The amount is easily determined by time measurement, but the efficiency can only be determined by reference to the concrete product. Thus the concrete commodity becomes the measure of the measure, and the labor standard is shown to be secondary, requiring a reference to another standard. This in its turn is secondary, and a variable, unless it chances to be the prime utility. For only when the world can afford it—that is when the prime utility is so abundant as to allow of the production of all things which men prefer to it, and yet have enough left to support those who produce it—can it be produced, or will men think it of value. Indirectly through its various products, labor is measured by units of the prime utility, and by the same its powers are directed upon the production of other commodities. The amount of labor that can be expended on other things is strictly limited by the surplus of the prime utility; since if mankind by united effort could obtain but the prime utility, all energy must be devoted to that.

Within the limits to production set by this surplusage, there is room for human choice on the part of whosoever has potential control of the surplus. Articles approaching the prime utility in usefulness and necessity are, of course, first produced, and then articles of comfort and ease as the surplus permits. The original price of each article so produced is fixed by the necessary quantity of the prime utility required by the toilers who produce it; such toilers will, of course, require to be as well repaid as if they had labored to produce the prime utility unless some monopoly has shut them from the possibility of laboring in that way. In that case, slavery of a more or less irksome sort supervenes, and of course interferes with the natural cost of the articles they produce. But from the simplest of the commodities, commonly termed "necessaries of life," to the last luxury that plenteous food has made possible, it is possible and natural to express the value of other products in terms of food. By that standard only can prices be properly computed and cost

of production estimated; for food is the prime utility and surplus food the natural balance of the possibilities of diversified productions.

The occasion for the use of money is not primarily exchange but diversity of industry. The barter which took place of old between sheikhs and patriarchs, trading one possession for another, really required no medium of exchange. The growth of a system of travelling hucksters induced the use of metals as an actual commodity for exchange, most desirable to the huckster because of their convenient weight. The barbaric love for display made them valuable, and the huckster made his gains by playing on the vices of men. But to measure actual values no standard was required, for commerce was yet to be. The prices put upon the luxuries and gewgaws, which were articles of barter, were all fantastic and whimsical, the creatures of casual lusts. But when commerce began and industries sprang up, gold and silver had become the commodities which most readily passed current among the rich. The control of the necessities of life was in the hands of the rich. The laborers, therefore, were ready to accept that for their products which would buy bread from the rich who controlled it. It was bread they required; and had the rich who usurped the right to the earth and its fruits demanded any other commodity in exchange for food, that commodity would, perforce, have been money. Whatever represented food and would secure food for a man was money.

In the earlier history of the world when the earth was less crowded, the problem of existence was too simple to require deep study or systematic arrangement. Food was obtained by hunting, fishing, or very rude and even careless attempts at tillage. A large surplus over the producers' wants was easily obtained when desired; but in the main no great need of such a surplus was apparent. The wants of mankind were simple and for some centuries perhaps the only diversity of labor was in the family. The very abundance of the prime utility prevented men from understanding that only when farmers produce enough beyond their own needs to feed others can there be diversity of employments and the volume of all other products is limited and balanced by the current quantity of surplus food.

But that is clearly the case. If the united labor of all

men could scarcely produce sufficient food to sustain the lives of all men, no other commodity would be produced, no other article be of value. The savage did not tan the skin of the beast until he was sated with its flesh. Just so many men can engage in other occupations as can be supported by the food which the others produce beyond their own needs. In a community of three, no raiment will any one have until he can get food to live upon while he plays the tailor; only when one has shown special skill at tailoring and also when two are able to supply food for the three, can any one set up as a tailor; he in his turn would not accept such a change unless he was fed while making garments for himself as well as the others. In other words the standard of living is raised and man no longer lives by bread alone. Commercially the clothing he produces is the equivalent of the surplus food they produce, and each garment can be readily expressed in terms of food. The exigencies of a more complex commerce of course involve this transaction; but every problem of production can be reduced into the same elements, and all values be resolved into food units in the last reduction. Food is the sole common denominator of commodities; it is that which creates values, alone permits values, and by its own scarcity destroys values. If coin or bills paid out in the process of production could not buy food, it might buy everything else but would buy nothing worth the having.

The food measure is automatic, self-adjusting to the requirements of production and exchange; for exchange depends upon production and production upon the surplus of food. The rule admits of no exception for it is the rule of causation. The food unit is fitted to the office of a standard; for alone among commodities it is of stable and constant value. Whether abundant or scarce, in times of plenty or famine, a bushel of wheat supports life equally long; its intrinsic or absolute value is the same. The abundance of food should mean prosperous days for all, extended production, greater diversity of industry, a larger quantity of other commodities. The standard of living should become higher, and the individual should enjoy a greater measure of comfort. A rise in wages — that is, an increase in the number of food units placed in the workman's power — should follow a considerable increase in the surplus food product. Such a rise would of course increase the cost of commodities pro-

portionately, but would augment the demand for commodities, and encourage the activities of production. That such is not the case argues the existence of an imperfect currency which does not properly perform its function of facilitating exchanges. That one set of men should be compelled to use corn for fuel in Kansas, while at that very hour another set of men skilled in coal mining starved in enforced idleness at the very mouths of mines rich in coal, is proof positive that something must have ailed the medium of exchange. Such an exchange would have taken place, had there been no money whatsoever; in the most primitive days the common sense of mankind would have urged that the corn of Kansas be traded for the coal of Pennsylvania. The money of the world not only did not facilitate the barter, it actually impeded it. The difficulties in the way of the exchange were in no sense the result of combinations among mine owners. Such conspiracies are indeed criminal, and in all cases largely augment the distress of the poor; but they are only effective against those who have succeeded in exchanging their own productions for money. That was precisely what the poor Kansan had not succeeded in doing. The price of coal was, after all, of little consequence, so long as corn brought no price at all.

Yet at that time, as at all times, the currency really represented the surplus food product. But the units of currency were seeking a new adjustment to the units they represented; the volume of the currency was nearly stationary while the volume of surplus food was enormously increased; the unit of currency had greatly increased in real value in the hands of its possessor, and the unit of food product had correspondingly shrunk in the hands of its possessor. Low prices and a glutted market prevailed both in coal and corn, not because no miner was hungry and no farmer cold, but because in all this "over production" the possessor of currency needed no more food and no more coal than before. The potential control over the farmer's corn is in the hands of those who have control over the currency; the wants of the farmer and miner, though such as could be supplied by each other to mutual advantage, are nothing to the possessor of gold unless he sees a desire of his own to be sated.

How completely unnatural such a situation is, one can readily see if he will but imagine it to exist in a simple com-

munity during the infancy of exchange. Suppose four persons to constitute such a community; that, when at an earlier date it became possible for three to produce food enough for all, the love of display caused the three to set the fourth at gold-digging. Assume that now that it is found possible to spare one more from food-producing, all four have become so blinded that they are each unwilling to trade for anything but gold, except when hunger forces the miser to give up his hoard. Diversification of industry would stop at gold mining, and even if the passion for the yellow dirt relented sufficiently to make industries possible, the control and direction of the forces of production would have passed from the hands of the farmers to the hands of the owners of gold. From that day the labors of mankind would minister primarily to their wants; the needs of others would be secondary and subordinate. Thus by a foolish determination to trade for but one thing, the birthright of humanity, the right to freely exchange products, is sold for a mess of pottage. The requirements and desires of the farmers are the fountains of the world's industries, and for the good of mankind, the potential control over the surplus food product should be in their hands. As this product is the natural measure of possible production of other commodities, of the possible magnitude of commerce, of the number that can be spared and supported in other employments, of the standard of living, and the accession of comforts, and in short of the prosperity in material things of mankind, it alone really performs the true office of currency, that of facilitating and regulating commerce. A currency predicated upon the food in their hands should be issued direct to the farmers in the form of warehouse receipts, certifying the quantity and quality of the products warehoused. Such money would be solid and of definite value, and would flow out from the farmers to enliven the processes of production, each unit in due time returning to the government for redemption. Just enough and none too great would be the volume of the currency at all times, for the quantity would accurately represent the amount of production other than agriculture possible for men to accomplish. As in the creation of other industries the production of food must of necessity take the initiative, so the initial or starting point of currency should be not the mine but the farm.

## CONFESSIONS—I. THE PHYSICIAN.

ANONYMOUS SERIES.

I AM proud of my profession as a physician, and therefore interested in its glory and its shame. Its shame—which is the common shame of our selfish humanity in all pursuits—is an inheritance from dark ages, embodied and castled in corporations, and therefore very persistent; its glory is the wellspring of tenderness in human hearts, which responds to human suffering, and the heroism that fights and dies in defence of society against pestilence, leading the best and bravest to early deaths, and making our profession the most short-lived of all that assist society. “There,” said an old doctor, “look at my books,—there are \$20,000 recorded that I shall never see,—what an amount of toil that represents, what long rides, what broken rest, what night vigils, what wearing anxiety, and doubt, and despair! I shall never go through it again; it is time for me to rest,” and in a few years he reached his final rest. That man was a social benefactor as well as he knew how to be. He did not lead; he did not investigate; he simply toiled like a soldier under orders. The *authorities* of the profession were enough for him; he trusted and obeyed. They told him to despise heresy and innovation, and he ignored the best investigations of his time. The brightest truths that dawned in his vicinity were nothing to him; he hardly knew of their existence. Calomel, aloes and rhubarb, tartar emetic, and salts, quinine, opium and the lancet were ninety-nine hundredths of his dispensations. It was all honestly done, following illustrious examples, for Sir Astley Cooper gained a lordly income out of a barbarous practice, in which he confessed to using only five remedies. If the old doctor’s mortality of patients was great, it was no worse than that of his neighbors, and he believed it was the best result possible. He disbelieved all marvellous cures, and took no interest in new remedies.

But, says the optimist, the old doctor exists now only in

fossil remains—he is an extinct species. This I might believe if I had not encountered so many surviving specimens, and sometimes rescued the patients whom they had pronounced hopeless.

Why is it that after the correct treatment of a disease has been discovered, it requires from twenty to a hundred years to induce the profession generally to adopt it? It took about one hundred and sixty years for the rational and successful treatment of scurvy to be adopted in the British navy, and during all those years of official stolidity and indifference, which now seem criminal, scurvy was the terror of the ocean, more deadly than a naval war; indeed, I remember reading the following in a well-known cyclopædia: “It is believed that more seamen perished from scurvy alone than from all other causes combined, whether sickness, tempest, or battle.” And yet the adoption of the correct treatment, which was made known as far back as 1636, virtually abolished the disease by arresting its very commencement. Who is guilty of all the suffering and death between 1636 and 1795, when the authorities condescended to admit of a rational treatment?

Is there any crime greater than that of the sentinels who sleep or loiter on their posts, and refuse to listen to the loudest warnings, when the diseases against which they are supposed to guard are decimating society? If I were addressing a professional audience, I might occupy hours in the sad narrative of many scores of instances in which diseases really curable in ninety or ninety-five per cent of the cases have been allowed to ravage the world with a mortality of from thirty to seventy-five per cent—the deadly practice being not only maintained, but sternly enforced to prevent all dissent or criticism, by the unrelenting authority of colleges and societies, which enforce their creeds by professional extermination of heretics.

This is the SHAME of the profession. I am confessing for others, not for myself. It is due to the selfish motives which lead young men to fall in with whatever is current in society, and attach themselves to majorities without stopping to inquire if they are right or wrong. Until a more conscientious principle shall prevail, the profession must advance slowly. We depend upon the integrity of the young men, and that depends upon the instruction and examples of par-



ents. The moral sentiment is the foundation of all real progress.

I confess to falling in with the throng, and attending a college of the old-fashioned sort, for nothing better was within my reach. If I had followed the dogmatic practice of the professor of therapeutics, I shudder to think now of the number of deaths for which I would have been responsible. I firmly believe that nine tenths of his practice was accomplished with three remedies, and that calomel was the majority of his prescriptions in both number and quantity; but he was an honest dogmatist. Peace to his ashes.

The love of freedom being my ruling passion, I have looked into all systems. All have their merits; all have their faults. But above all systems is THE MAN who applies them. I would not say, as Pope said of governments, "that which is best administered is best," for a system may be so faulty that no administration can make it beneficent. But those horrid systems are dying out everywhere, and in the present status of medical science, all systems are so far advanced beyond what was current in my younger days, that a competent man is *generally* safe, no matter what school he comes from; but I would not accept for myself or my family any man who had not attained independence of all schools, and learned to follow clinical experience without regard to theories. All physicians claim to follow clinical experience, but it is a very poor experience which is limited to one school and to their own limited personal observations.

The true physician is an experimental inquirer and a laborious student of modern progress in all schools, and this faithful study alone is enough to impair his vital energy, and take a few years from his life, even if he kept out of the atmosphere of disease and night practice. The profession is the defensive army of society; its members must expect suffering, and a death too early, if they keep in service, and in such a heroic life they should have higher motives than the soldier who simply fights for pay, and I think many do attain the heroic level of action.

But, above all, the true physician is the man who is competent to detect and understand disease. If he is not competent to do this, he ought not to be allowed to enter the profession, for he must enter it as an impostor—as a blind blunderer whom all the colleges in the world could not make

a successful physician, any more than a blind man could be a painter. The faculty for detecting and comprehending morbid conditions generally depends on a distinct innate faculty, as much as music, poetry, or marksmanship; for human diseases are the most complex and indescribable of all things under the sun. Disease is to be sought and detected by a peculiar intuitive perception, which cannot be explained or taught. It is like the skill of the Indian hunter, or the trailing power of the bloodhound, or the skill with which some men can shoot a dollar or shatter a glass ball thrown in the air, not even taking aim. This faculty no college can give; in fact, the colleges seem to know nothing about it, and I personally knew some of the most famous and learned medical lecturers to be peculiarly defective in it, and really unfit for the practice which came to them in consequence of their official positions.

The man who has this faculty is the born doctor, divinely commissioned to battle with disease, because he knows *where it is and how it is*, and very little teaching or study will make him a skilful physician. The man who has it not should not be allowed to enter the profession, for his practice will be full of blunders and fatalities. It is such blunders that have disgraced the profession in all ages, and brought upon it the sarcasm of all wits. Many a woman, many a nurse, many a farmer, has been able to see through these professional blunders, and, if educated, they would have made good physicians.

Dr. Buchanan calls this faculty PSYCHOMETRY, and I had the good fortune before the war to receive his instructions and those of his colleagues at Cincinnati; for they represented one branch of the profession of which they founded the parent school. I admired his teaching, and he convinced me that I possessed this faculty, and taught me to use it in many ways; and to that instruction I owe the best results of all my professional labors. I have trained the faculty to accuracy; and when I go into a consultation, I care not what others think, or how many they are. I know that I am right; I speak the truth, and they generally acquiesce; or if they are stubborn, the result proves them wrong by the autopsy or the recovery. My correctness in diagnosis compels them to respect the unbounded freedom and peculiarity of my practice. I have found a few whom nature has thus

qualified for the profession, and I have taught them as I was taught by Buchanan, to the great benefit of the communities in which they live.

This brings me to the one great measure for elevating the medical profession which neither colleges nor medical journals would favor or even tolerate; hence I have not urged it. But under cover of the anonymous papers of THE ARENA, I feel free to say that the pompous talk about elevating the profession by Greek and Latin, by prolonged terms of study, by adding to the interminable scholastic cramming of the memory with soon-to-be-forgotten details, and giving the colleges an absolute, exclusive monopoly of the healing art for their over-crammed pupils, who are afraid to develop an independent opinion, is the height of folly; for it substitutes memory and dogmatic scholasticism for practical intellect, and gives us a brood of doctors *indiscriminately picked up*, many of whom would be no more competent to diagnose a difficult case than a lapdog to engage in a fox hunt, and would fall short of some of the most ignorant country doctors in practical success. The only way to secure an able and competent corps is to *weed out the incompetent* as we do with army recruits; do not let them enter the college. Never mind their literary accomplishments,—there are thousands of good doctors who cannot spell correctly,—but test their capacity for diagnosis, and make sure they can distinguish between pregnancy and a fibroid tumor, or between disease of the heart and disease of the brain, and will not pronounce death imminent from consumption or cardiac disease when digestive disorder is the only trouble, or order a dangerous surgical operation when it is entirely unnecessary.

I trust my suggestions will not wait as long for adoption as the cure of scurvy proposed and proved in 1636; but I see no prospect of action in any direction, for the colleges know nothing about this faculty of psychometric diagnosis, and will probably treat it as a vagrant fancy. Nevertheless, what I have said is true, and truth must in time be recognized. But in the trades-union policy, which governs the profession, what college would cut off any portion of its own patronage, even if convinced of the truth as I have stated, by rejecting as students men unfit for practice. Nevertheless, a false system that afflicts society, and has afflicted it with malpractice ever since medical schools have been in

existence, cannot endure forever; and these suggestions, based on a long experience, will set some to thinking.

That the psychometric faculty, as Buchanan styles it, or the diagnostic faculty, as I call it, or the sixth sense, as many term it, does exist among thousands, and that certain persons without medical education do make a correct diagnosis of any disease, is well known to all who have prosecuted their studies or observations in this direction; but this knowledge is most carefully excluded from the pupils of all colleges, so that their graduates smother their own intuitions, and try to judge of disease, exclusively by formal symptoms described in the books, until necessity forces them to develop their natural powers.

On the other hand, I have known physicians who understood and used this faculty to rise most rapidly to eminence, and I am sure there are no very successful practitioners anywhere who do not owe their superior success to this faculty, giving them superior diagnostic power.

When individuals, possessing this innate diagnostic genius, discover the condition of a patient laboring under malpractice, and are able to suggest a remedy, why should not they do so, and be honored for their skill? Has not every man a right to give valuable information on any subject to his neighbor and to receive pay for it, if the neighbor is willing to pay? and who has any moral right to interfere in such a transaction between two adult citizens who are competent to make their own contracts. It is a matter beyond the legitimate jurisdiction of government. It is the function of government to protect each from injury by others, not to interfere with one's liberty in the "pursuit of happiness" in his own way.

It is no part of the glory of the medical profession, but its damning shame, that for the sake of monopolizing fees, it is willing, or at least its legislative lobbyists are willing, to punish with vindictive malice every effort of personal benevolence in the relief of suffering which is independent of collegiate authority. I rejoice to see such benevolence in private life. I recollect that our materia medica was chiefly built up by contributions of that kind, by acts which legislatures have forbidden, by experienced or intuitive people learning the use of plants, and proving their value in practice. We have borrowed from the people largely. Let

them go on, and we may learn still more from them. Freedom of competition never injured any science or art, but the suppression of competition has a paralyzing effect. Germany gives free competition, and we ought to be ashamed that the *avarice* of our profession has placed the United States behind Europe, and *made benevolence a crime*.

The practice of medicine depends on a correct diagnosis of the patient's disease and a correct understanding of remedies, and the people have been our benefactors in this line heretofore; but now-a-days the druggists are pushing the profession along in spite of the grumbling of the old fogies. I recollect when the president of a state medical society assailed them, vigorously denouncing them for crowding new remedies on the profession. But these follies are passing away with the antiquated ignorance which sustained them. That higher evolution, which to the religious mind appears a millennium, is approaching—from a great distance; and as it approaches, men become enlightened, Christian sects cease to fight each other, and become willing to co-operate, and medical sects do the same. Sectarianism is a mark of ignorance, jealousy, or depravity. It marks all the past history of medicine. It has been very prevalent and intense in this country through the greater part of this century; but its decline is just beginning, and by the end of the next century the profession will be ashamed of its sectarian history, and will know what the colleges do not know now, that the healing art should be trusted to those alone whom the ruler of the universe has specially qualified; and if a majority of these should prove to be of the gentler sex, which is very probable, what man who honors his mother would have any objection?

## WHY SHE DID IT.

BY FREDERICK TAYLOR, F. R. G. S.

AFRICAN expeditions and explorations have occupied considerable public attention for some years. In many cases the results have been dubious, despite attending great loss of human life and enormous expenditure of money.

Eighteen months since, the press of the world announced the interesting news that an American woman, Mrs. M. French-Sheldon, the celebrated authoress, a woman of undeniable culture and refinement, surrounded by everything calculated to make life desirable, proposed to organize and carry out at her own expense, as sole leader and commander, unattended or supported by white or other lieutenants, an expedition into East Africa, to the country of the savage Masai, at the northern limit of Kilimanjaro, the so-called "Mount Olympus of Africa."

After much discussion upon the visionary character of this enterprise, came suggestions, editorially and otherwise, that the English and German governments, holding possessions in East Africa, should employ prohibitory measures to prevent this daring lady's suicidal course.

A universal prophecy predicted that the project of her expedition was utterly beyond the pale of woman's possibility, and, like too many of the sterner sex, she would sacrifice her life in Africa. She must be mad.

What was her project? She was not a representative of any philanthropic, religious, scientific, journalistic, or governmental body; then what were her motives?

Success, distinction, fortune, and happiness were hers; then why engage in such a hazardous, irrational venture?

Those who knew were silent, and speculation ran riot with the facts as known to Mrs. M. French-Sheldon's self; and for the first time since her *début* as an "African lunatic," and her triumphal success, is it possible to fully and accurately state the true inwardness of "Why she did it" without surmise. And the following statements I may term Mrs. M. French-Sheldon's own "confession of purpose."

"From my earliest girlhood I have been interested beyond expression in travels and explorations, it made no matter by whom undertaken or where the compass pointed. Circumstances have permitted to me an extensive acquaintance and, in many instances, friendship with a large number of the most famous men of my day who have contributed so much to the enlightenment of the world.

To be brief, having journeyed much to gratify an inherent love for travel, and having had a training which fitted me for a life in the "open," the African stride was not, to my own mind, so very wide afield.

The entailed study necessary before I could convey the intricacies of Flaubert's "Salammbô" into equivalent English created the aspiration to attempt an original English work of a similar character. As the work gradually crystallized in my brain, I found the *mise en scene* required the study of primitive people, pure and simple, removed from the touch of Christian religion or civilization. As my romance was African, naturally, in harmony with the fact, I must seek local color and African primitives in Africa. Where, then, were my ideals to be sought, was the problem for me to cautiously solve.

Some years rolled around, during the period of which I made indefatigable research in order to know how to prepare myself if I should be able to visit African primitives. With omnivorous greed I devoured everything written upon Africa, gleaned all I possibly could from renowned explorers which would serve my secret purpose, and determined to benefit by their mistakes. Finally my mental equipment seemed to be comparatively thorough, my general plans matured so that I could formulate them in a rational statement.

Then, and not until then, did I broach the subject to those who had the power to balk my heart-centred scheme by refusal.

This road-making through the affections and apprehensions of those close knit to me by dearest ties was the most difficult feat of exploration and engineering ever undertaken on my part. Suffice I won after a Titanic struggle.

The magnitude and seriousness of my unique experiences soon over-vaulted my original plan; i. e., of merely making a close study of the habits and customs of natives—men,



women, and children — in their primitive home. Advantages and opportunities came to me from all the tribes I met in East Africa; even those pronounced as most hostile treated me as though a goddess or potentate of unequalled rank. They called me "*Bébé Bwana*," "Master Woman," "White Queen." Nothing, however sacred or secret, was withheld from me; as the result I am now filled with the desire to contribute in a substantial way to the amelioration of the condition and general enlightenment of the natives of East Africa, and I hope the truths concerning them which I shall embody in my forthcoming book \* may win from the world the meed of consideration they are entitled to.

My circumnavigation of Lake Chala was incidental. However, I am none the less proud of it.

My success without bloodshed I attribute to three things:

1. Absolutism of purpose.
2. Discipline, adaptation, peace.
3. Knowing how to do it.

As a daughter of the Republic, I was enabled to achieve what might have been forbidden a loyal subject of monarchies. As a woman more than as a man, for subtle reasons, have I become the friend of East Africa."

BÉBÉ BWANA. (M. FRENCH-SHELDON.)

HOTEL CAMBRIDGE, NEW YORK, April 10, 1892.

In reviewing the unique achievements of this intrepid American woman, it is conclusive that her journey was not undertaken at hazard, but with serious consideration and a thorough, tireless study of possible obstacles; a full facing of the consequent hardships and dangers; then, wisest of all, by gleaning a consensus of the experiences of famous travellers and explorers. These things, allied to her own personality and strongly marked mental attributes, her resolution, courage, tact, indifference to hardships, training, and her "absolutism of idea," faculty of organization, and gift of command, crowned her efforts with a success unrivalled in the history of daring deeds of women. She is truly all that the natives' cognomen for her, *Bébé Bwana* (Woman Master) implies, and her fame will have a fitting place in history to the glory of her sex.

\* "Sultan to Sultan: My Adventures among the Masai and other Native Tribes of East Africa." By M. French-Sheldon (*Bébé Bwana*). In press. ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston.

## A SPOIL OF OFFICE.

### A STORY OF THE MODERN WEST.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

#### PART V.

##### VI.

It had been snowing all the afternoon, and the shrubbery hung heavy and silent with heaped, clinging, feathery snow, dazzling white by contrast with the dark sustaining branches, and the yellow lamps flamed warmly amid the all-surrounding steely blue and glistening white. The damp pavements, where the snow had melted, were banded with gold and crimson from the reflected light of the lamps and the warming glare of car and carriage lights.

As Bradley breathed the pure air, and walked soundlessly along the narrow paths, and looked across the unflecked, untrodden snow up to the vast and silent dome, he shuddered in wordless delight. He hungered to share it with Ida. It was like fairyland — so far removed from daylight reality; and yet the sound of sleigh-bells, the occasional shouts of coasters, and the laughter of girls added a familiar human quality to it all, and added an ache to the mysterious shuddering delight of it all. It was so evanescent; it would decay so quickly. The wind, the morning sun, would destroy it.

He walked up to the lonely esplanade, and saw the city's lights shine below him like rubies and amethysts, and saw far beyond the snow-heaped highlands, above which Jupiter hung poised, serene and lone, the king of the western sky.

How far away all this seemed from the brazen declamation, the monotonous reiterations of the reading-clerk, and from the sharp clank of the speaker's gavel. His ear wearied, his heart sick of the whole life of the farcical legislature, with its flood of corrupt bills, got back serenity and youth and repose in the presence of the snows, the silences, and the stars.

Again the impulse seized him to write to Ida and show her his whole soul; to dare, and end once for all his ache of suspense. He went back to his room, and seized pen and paper. Everything he wrote seemed too formal or too presumptuous. At last he finished a short letter.

*Dear Miss Wilbur :—*

I do not know how to begin to say what I want to say. I am afraid of losing you out of my life by not writing, and I'm afraid if I write, I will lose you. It is impossible for me to say what you've done for me. I never would have been anything more than a poor farmer, only for you. I don't want to apologize to you for telling you how much you are to me. I want to appeal to you to give me a chance to work for you; that's all. I want you to give me some hope, if you can.

I know I am asking a great deal even in that. I realize how unreasonable it is. You've only seen me a few times; and yet I'm not going to apologize for it. I must have it over with; I can't go on in this way. Won't you write to me and tell me that I can look forward to the future with hope?

Yours sincerely,

BRADLEY TALCOTT.

For the next ten days Bradley was of little service to his country except the day he made his speech on the tariff question. It was his first set speech, and he had twenty minutes yielded to him by the gentleman from Missouri, who had charge of the bill. He had the close attention of the House, not only for his thoughts, which were fresh and direct, but also for the natural manner in which he spoke. He had lost a good deal of his "oratory," but had gained a powerful, flexible, and colloquial style which made most of the orators around him seem absurd. The fine shadings of emotion and of thought in his voice struck upon the ear wearied with raucous yells and monotonous brazen declamations, with a cool and restful effect. At the close, the members crowded about to congratulate him upon his efforts, and for the moment he felt quite satisfied with himself.

It gave him a shock to see that fateful letter lying upon the hat rack in his boarding-house, where it had been pawed over by the whole household. He hastened to his room, and dropped into a chair with that familiar terrible numbness in his limbs, and with his heart beating so hard it shortened his breathing. He was like a man breathless with running. When his eyes fell on the writing, his hands ceased to shake, and his quick breathing fell away into a long, shuddering inspiration. He read the first page twice without moving a muscle. Then he turned the page, and finished it. It was not long, but it was very direct.

*Dear Mr. Talcott :—*

Your letter has moved me deeply, very deeply. I would have prevented its being written if I could. It is the greatest tribute—save one—that has ever come to me; and yet I wish I had not read it. I'm not free to make you any promise. I am not free to correspond with you any more now. I've been trying to find a way to tell you so indirectly, but your letter makes it necessary for me to do so directly.

The rest of the letter was an attempt to soften the blow, but it fell upon him very hard.

He sank lower in the shadow than ever before in his life. He

did not go down to dinner, but sat in his room till late; then when hunger compelled, he went out to a vast café, where he could be more alone. It seemed that night as if all incentive to live were gone; but he went to the session next day in a mechanical sort of a way, and each day thereafter in the same way, though he took no interest in the proceedings. His friends noticed his gloom and inquired its cause, but he refused to reply.

But nature slowly reasserted itself, and as the weeks went by he regained his interest in the work; but the sparkle, the allurements of life, was gone, and he went about with more of the purely mechanical in his actions.

He read now every available bit of news relating to the farmers' rising in the West, in the hope that Ida's work would be mentioned in it. The papers were getting savage in their attack upon the movement in Kansas. It was said to mean repudiation; that it was a movement of the shiftless and unscrupulous citizens which destroyed the credit of the state and disturbed social conditions wantonly. The West seemed on the point of upheaval, and Kansas seemed to be the centre of the feeling of unrest.

## VII.

As spring came on, the question of re-election began to trouble some of the members. They began to get "leave of absence on important business," and went home to fix up their political fences. There was no sign of adjournment. It was the policy of the Republicans to keep the Democrats out of the field. Bradley did not think particularly about his re-election until he received a letter from the judge asking him to come home and attend to the convention.

"It's just as well to be on the ground," the judge wrote; "there is a good deal of opposition developing in the northwest district. Larson wants the nomination for the Legislature, and he is trying to swing the Scandinavians for Fishbein. They are making a good deal of your attitude on the pension bill, and that interview on the oleo business where you go back on your legislative vote is being circulated to do you harm."

This letter alarmed Bradley, and showed him what a fight the judge was making. Suddenly he woke to the fact that defeat would be unwelcomed. Congress had come at last to have a weird fascination, and he loved the city and its noble buildings, its theatres, and its libraries. Since that fatal letter from Ida he had been forced to go more often to the theatres and concerts, and the thought of going back to private life was not at all pleasant. He therefore got leave of absence, and took the train for Rock River.

It was a magnificent thing to step off the Chicago sleeper into the broad morning at Rock River. Soaring streamers of red and flame-color arched the eastern sky like the dome of a mighty pagoda. Birds were singing in the cool, sweet hush; roosters were crowing; the air was full of the scent of fresh leaves and succulent, springing grain. Bradley abandoned himself to the spring, and his walk up the quiet street was a keen delight. The town seemed wofully small and shabby and lifeless; but it had trees and birds and earth-smell to compensate for other things.

The judge and Mrs. Brown met him with more direct expression of delight and love than ever before; their growing age was taking away some of their rigidity of manner. The judge plunged at once into the situation, which was critical, but, in his view, quite hopeful.

The convention had been called at Cedarville, in order to keep some useful people in the fold; and on the day named Bradley and the judge drove off up the road in a one-horse buggy. The judge talked spasmodically; but Bradley was silent, looking about him with half-shut eyes. The wheat had almost clothed the brown fields; crows were flying through the soft mist that dimmed the light of the sun, but did not intercept its heat. Each hill and tree glimmered across the waves of warm air, and seemed to pulse as if alive. Blackbirds and robins and sparrows everywhere gave voice to the ecstasy which the men felt, but could not express.

The judge roused up, slapping the horse with the reins. "It's going to be a fight; but Fishbein will be left on the first ballot by twenty-five votes."

When they rode home that night, they were silent for another cause. They had been defeated on the tenth ballot, and bitter things had been said by both sides.

It was again beautiful around them, but they did not notice it. The low sun flung its level red rays of light across the springing grain, and lighted every western window-pane into burning squares of crimson. The train carrying the successful Waterville crowd passed them, and they waved their hats in return to their opponents' salute.

The judge was as badly defeated as Bradley. He took it very hard. It seemed to give the lie to all his prophecies of Democratic progress. It seemed to him a defeat of Jeffersonian principle. He consoled himself by saying:—

"Those fellows don't represent the people. The thing to do is to bolt the convention;" and then he went on planning an independent campaign.

Bradley maintained gloomy silence. The comment of his

friends hurt him more than his defeat. Their tone of pity cut him, and left him raw to the gibes of his opponents. The fact that an honorable, honest man could have enemies in his own party was borne in upon him with merciless force. What had he done that men should yell in hell-like ferocity of glee over his defeat?

He fled away, a few days later, from Rock River to escape his friends, and yet he dreaded the comment of his colleagues at Washington even more; he hardly dared read the newspapers, for fear of some reporter's cutting paragraph. He had consented to allow the judge to put his name to a card announcing his candidacy on the bolting ticket, but it was really against his will.

A few days after arriving in Washington he met Radbourn. "Well," Radbourn said, "I see by the papers that your defeat in the convention was due to your advocacy of 'cranky notions.' I told you the advocacy of heresies was dangerous; I have no comfort for you. You had your choice before you. You can be a hypocrite and knuckle down to every monopoly or special act, or you can be an individual and go out of office."

As the hot weather came on, the city became almost as quiet as Rock River itself. Save taking care of the few tourists who drifted through, there was very little doing. The cars ground along ever more thinly until they might be called occasional. The trees put forth their abundance of leaf, and under them the city seemed to sleep. Congress itself had settled down into a dull and drowsy succession of daily adjournments and filibustering. The speaker ruled remorselessly, counting the hats in the cloakroom to make up his quorum.

Nothing was doing, but vast accumulations of appropriations were piling up, waiting the hurried action of the last few days of the session. The members dawdled in and out dressed in the thinnest clothing; the House looked sparse and ineffectual.

Bradley grew depressed, and at last he became positively ill. He was depressed by the attacks made upon him through the *Waterville Patriot*, and by his apparently hopeless outlook. The *Patriot* called him "an anarchist and a socialist, a fit leader for the repudiating gang of *alleged* farmers in Kansas."

Radbourn became alarmed for him, and advised him to get indefinite leave of absence, and go home. "Go back into the haying-field; that's what you need; they won't miss you here. Go home and go out of politics, and stay out till the revolution comes; then go out and chalk death on your enemies' door."

Bradley knew the advice to go home was good, and he took it. The judge and Mrs. Brown were alarmed at his appearance. He was pale and dull, and walked with a stoop. He said he was all right. All he needed was Mrs. Brown's cooking and the West-

ern air; and, in fact, he did improve physically at once. He went out and stayed with Councill a few days, working in the haying-fields. He did not realize how soft his muscles had become until he woke the next morning, after doing a little pitching in the field. He was so sore he could scarcely move. It taught him how unnatural was the life he had been leading.

But the mental stagnation of the life of Rock River settled down on him gloomily. There were days when he walked the floor of the office, wild with dismay over his prospect. How could he settle down again to this life of the country lawyer? The honors and ease that accompanied his office, the larger horizon of Washington, had ruined him for life in Rock River. Love might have enabled him to bear it, but he had given up the thought of marriage.

There was a sorrowful scene when the judge read for the first time Bradley's letter of withdrawal from the canvass in the cause. The judge was deeply hurt because he had not been consulted, and was depressed by Bradley's despair. He tried to reason with him, but Bradley was in no mood to reason.

"I'm out of it, judge; it ain't any use to go on; I'm beaten; that's all there is about it; we'd only get a minority vote, and show how weak we are; I'm a failure as a politician, and every other way. I give it up."

"If I felt sure of that, Mrs. Brown," the judge said, in answer to her suggestion; "if I knew it was only chagrin at his defeat, but I don't. All ambition seems to have gone out of him. I hate to acknowledge myself mistaken in the man. I've believed in Brad. I am alarmed about him. He ain't right; I've a good mind to send him down to St. Louis and Kansas City on some collection cases."

"I think he'd better do that, Mr. Brown, if he will go."

"Oh, he'll go; he wants to get away from the campaign; it seems to wear upon him some way; he avoids everybody, and won't speak of it at all if he can help it."

As a matter of fact, Bradley was very glad to accept the offer, and made himself ready to go with more of his old-time interest than he had shown since his sickness. The judge brightened up also, and said to him, as he was about to step into the train: "Now, Brad, don't hurry back; take your time, and enjoy yourself. Go around by Chicago, if you feel like it."

After the train pulled out, and they were riding home, the judge said to his wife: "Mrs. Brown, you must take good care of me now. I want to live to see a party grow up to the level of that young man's ideas. This firm is crippled, but it ain't in the hands of a receiver, Mrs. Brown."

"I'll be the receiver," Mrs. Brown said.



The judge shifted the lines into his left hand. The horse fell into a walk. "Mrs. Brown, if this weren't a public road, I'd be tempted to put my strong right arm around you, and give you a squeeze."

"I don't see any one looking," she said, and her eyes took on a pathetic suggestion of the roguishness her face must have worn in girlhood.

He put his arm over her shoulder, and gave her a great hug. After that she laid her head against his shoulder, and cried a little; the judge sighed.

"Well, we'll have to get reconciled to being alone, I suppose; we can't expect to keep him always."

#### PART VI. THE GREAT ROUND UP.

##### I.

In St. Louis and Kansas City Bradley found the papers filled with the Alliance movement in Kansas, of which he knew very little.

He looked even for Ida's name each morning, and saw that she was in the western part of the state, but moving eastward; and when he saw her announced in the Kansas City morning papers to speak at the great "round up" at Chiquita, he packed his valise on the sudden impulse, and started on the next train, determined to hear her speak once more at least.

It was just noon when Bradley alighted from the train at Chiquita. The day was dry, hazy, resplendent October—a genuine Western day. The wind was strong but amiable, and was full of the smell of corn and of that warm, pungent, smoky odor which forms the Indian summer atmosphere of the West. The wind rushed up the broad street past Bradley, carrying the dust and leaves in its powerful clutches, and laying strong hands upon his broad back. The sky was absolutely without speck, but a pale mist seemed to dim the radiance of the sun, and lent a milky-white tone to the blue of the sky.

As he moved slowly off up the street, he studied the town and the people from the standpoint his life in the East had given him. Everywhere was an air of security. Men moved slower. Their faces were less anxious and more placid; they had leisure to talk as they met at the shop door. The *boss* seemed farther away. But all this security did not conceal the poverty which he now saw everywhere. The houses were mainly low, unpainted buildings, containing only three or four cramped rooms. They were a little smarter in appearance than the country type, but not much more commodious.

"I wonder if you are one of the speakers here to-day," said a voice behind him.

Bradley turned, and saw a small man with a stubby mustache, under whose derby hat rim a pair of round black eyes shone with a keen glitter.

"No, sir, I'm not."

"Beg pardon, no harm done. Saw you get off with your valise; knew you weren't a native by the cut o' y'r jib. Excuse me, I hope?"

"Certainly; I'm just on to see some friends here."

"Precisely; I'm up from Kansas City to see the big 'round up,' as they call it. Here's my card. I represent what our Alliance friends call the 'plutoeratic press.'" His card stated that his name was Mr. Davis, and that he represented the *Chronicle*. "I'm afraid the parade must be over by this time, but I missed my train. Perhaps we had better step along a little."

They had reached the main street, a broad avenue which ran north and south across a gentle swell in the prairie. There were a great many people on the sidewalks, and teams were moving in various directions slowly and in apparent confusion.

"Let's go over here to the Commercial House; that's the headquarters of all the brethren," said Davis.

They went across the street to the Commercial House, which they found full of men in groups, talking very earnestly but quietly. Most of them were farmer-like looking figures, big and brown, and dressed in worn, faded clothing. Here and there was a young man with a broad white hat, a gay handkerchief knotted loosely about his neck. On all sides could be heard the same soft, slightly-drawling speech of the Kansan.

They went up to a little balcony which projected over a walk. There were four or five other young fellows seated there already. They all wore the wide, straight brim hats, with the crowns unerushed, which struck Bradley as being a characteristic Kansas hat. Some of them were magnificent-looking fellows, keen, wholesome, and picturesque in their dress.

"Excuse me now, gentlemen," said Davis, whipping out his note-book. "I'm the reporter, and here they come."

Up the broad street, under that soaring sky, from their homes upon a magnificently fertile soil, came the long procession of revolting farmers. There were no bands to lead them; no fluttering of gay flags; no cheers from the bystanders. They rode in grim silence for the most part, as if at a funeral of their dead hopes — as if their mere presence were a protest.

Everywhere the same color predominated — a russet brown. Their faces were bronzed and thin. Their beards were long and faded, and tangled like autumn corn silk. Their gaunt, gnarled, and knotted hands held the reins over their equally sad and sober teams. The women looked worn and thin, and sat bent forward

over the children in their laps. The dust had settled upon their ill-fitting dresses. There were no smart carriages, no touch of gay paint, no glittering new harnesses; the whole procession was keyed down among the most desolate and sorrowful grays, browns, and drabs.

Slowly they moved past. In some of the wagons, banners, rudely painted on cotton cloth, uttered the farmers' protest in words.

"Good God!" said Davis, as he dashed away at his writing, "Did you ever see such a funeral in your life? See that banner!"

#### NO MORE FOURTEEN-CENT CORN.

"Go on voting for the monopolists in the Republican party, and you'll have ten-cent corn," Davis growled to the farmer who carried the banner.

LET US LEGISLATE FOR THE POOR, NOT FOR THE BANKERS.

"That's the ticket. *Suppose* we do try that awhile."

#### DOWN WITH MONOPOLIES.

"All right, down with them; you're the doctor."

#### FREE TRADE, FREE LAND, MONEY AT COST, TRANSPORTATION AT COST.

"Now you *are* shouting, brother. See that old woman in the sun bonnet carrying that banner! Now, don't make no mistake; the old girl knows just what that means; that's *right*! They're all reading these days, even the babies. See that old father in Israel with a faded beard wagging up and down!"

#### IF WE DON'T OWN THE RAILWAYS, THE RAIL- WAYS WILL OWN US.

"Cert. That's right, daddy; stick to your text."

#### ABOLISH THE NATIONAL BANKS.

"I guess you've got to wipe out *both* old parties to do that," said Davis, writing away furiously.

"That's *right*!" said one of the young fellows on the balcony, "and we'll do it in 1892."

"All right, I don't care a continental tee-cumpsy."

#### EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL IS AS DEAR TO THE HEART OF THE FARMER AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

"Well, now, sure you mean that—that's all. Stop talking, and act. If you'll go ahead and carry out that motto, you'll do a work that has never been done in America or any other country on the face of the earth," said Davis. "That's the end of it; let's go down on the street."

Bradley had remained perfectly silent through it all. As these farmers passed before his eyes, there came into his mind vast conceptions that thrilled him till he shuddered—a realization that here was an army of veterans, men grown old in the ferocious struggle against injustice and the apparent niggardliness of nature,—a grim and terrible battle-line. It was made up, throughout its entire length, of old or middle-aged men and women with stooping shoulders, and eyes dim with toil and suffering. There was nothing of lovely girlhood or elastic, smiling boyhood; not a touch of color or grace in the whole line of march. It was sombre, silent, ominous, and resolute.

It appeared to him the most pathetic, tragic, and desperate revolt against oppression and wrong ever made by the American farmer. It was the Grange movement broadened, deepened, and made more desperate and wide reaching by changing conditions.

"Well! if they ain't a calamity crowd," sneered a flashily dressed man who stood in the doorway of a jeweler shop.

Bradley's indignation flared out against him. He stammered in trying to speak. "Calamity!—What right have *you* got to sneer at men like that? A man that can sneer at such an exhibition of poverty and hard work and poor pay as that, is a damned scoundrel."

"That's right," cheered Davis, "all they needed in that procession was a few cannon or cans of dynamite. Then the parasites and boomers of this state wouldn't be so chipper in their remarks."

At Davis' suggestion they went off down the street, joining the crowd on the sidewalk, which was streaming away towards the fair grounds. A roasted ox was to be served there, and speeches were to follow. The road kept on to the south down over the gentle slope, and turned aside under the jack-oaks, and led through a wooden gate into an enclosure which was used for the county fair. Down under the great shed by the side of the race-track the people swarmed in thousands.

When Bradley came near he saw that they were all standing about the rude tables under the shed, behind which were men and women busily hewing off great lumps of beef and mutton, and slicing fat slabs of bread, which were snatched and carried away in little paper plates by the hungry people. Here and there beside their wagons, families were eating a dinner of their own.

He was accustomed to gatherings of farmers, but these crowds appealed to him in a strange way.

The same sober color predominated. There was a little more life and gayety in their speech here. Their grim, harsh faces relaxed a little, and now and then broke into unwonted smiles as they stood about devouring their food and discussing the meeting,

which they counted a success. Everywhere were hearty hand-shaking and fraternal greetings.

All about the ground there stood feeble women in ill-fitting clothes, with tired children in their aching arms, a dull pain in their weakened loins. Bradley did nothing but absorb it all and wonder why such festivals had ever seemed mirthful and happy to him. He wondered if there used to be so many tired faces at the Grange picnics in Iowa. Were the farmers really less comfortable and happy, or had he simply grown clear sighted? He ended by believing in both causes.

Kansas as it stood there was Democratic. Poverty has few distinctions among its victims. The negro stood close beside his white brother in adversity, and there was a certain relation and resemblance in their stiffened walk, poor clothing, and dumb, imploring, empty hands. There lay in the whole scene something tremendous, something pathetic. It had the majesty, if not the volcanic energy, of the rise of the peasants of the Vendée.

After the dinner was eaten, the people gradually took their seats on the grandstand, facing a platform upon which the people were already assembled. Bradley looked about for Ida, but she had not come. The choir amused the people with a few Alliance songs, whose character may be indicated by their titles: "Join the Alliance Step," "Get off the Fence, Brother," "We're Marching Along," etc.

The people were watching eagerly for Ida's appearance; and when she came in view, escorted by the chairman and by the far-famed farmer-legislator of Kansas, they broke into applause so hearty, there could be no doubt of their love for her and for the Sage of Medicine Lodge. The people on the platform swarmed about to greet them, and hid her from sight.

As Ida rose to speak now, it was in the broad light of the present day. No dapple of shadows, no rustle of leaves, no green, mossy trunks of trees. She stood there on a platform facing five thousand faces under a shed-like roof. There was poetry here, but it was one of the modern contemporaneous sort. It was in the significance of this rebellion, in the attention of these people turned toward her.

She was changed too. She was now a mature woman. There was nothing girlish about her talk or her manner. There was decision in the tones of her voice, and a sense of power in the poise of her head and in the lofty gesture of her hand. She no longer made a speech. She talked straight at her audiences.

"I wish the whole world could see this meeting," she said, "and understand it for what it is. It is an *expression* of a movement, not the movement itself. It is a demand; but the revolt that lies back of the demand is greater than the expression of it.

The demand, the expression, may change, the form of our whole movement may pass away; but the spirit that makes it great, that carries it forward, is invincible and imperishable. All the ages have contributed to this movement. It is an outgrowth of the past.

"The heart and centre of this movement is a demand for justice, not for ourselves alone, but for the toiling poor wherever found. If this movement is higher and deeper and broader than the Grange was, it is because its sympathies are broader. With me, it is no longer a question of legislating for the farmer; it is a question of the abolition of industrial slavery."

The tremendous cheer which broke forth at this point showed that the conception of the movement had widened in the minds of the people themselves; it was no longer a class movement. It stirred Bradley as if some vast electric wind blew upon him.

"Wherever a man is robbed, wherever a man toils and the fruits of his toil are taken from him; wherever the frosty lash of winter stings or the tear of poverty scalds, there the principle of our order reaches. [Applause, and cries, "That's right!" "Justice!"]

"Yes, justice is our plea. Justice to the coal miners, justice to the mechanics, justice to women, and justice to the negro. I tell you, my friends, we're just coming to see what our movement means. We're just coming to understand what the fundamental principle of our order means: *Equal rights to all, and special privileges to none.*

"My Democratic brother," she cried, turning to her right as if talking to Bradley, "you're fond of stating that principle, but do you know what it means? Think of it a moment,—Equal rights to all, special privileges to none. That means no more national banks [the cheering at this point was deafening and prolonged]; no more special privileges to issue money based on the nation's indebtedness. It means money issued direct from the government and based upon the nation's resources. [Cheers and cries of "That's right!" from all over the vast audience.]

"Equal rights to all means no more land grants to railways; no more giving away of franchises; no more monopolies of the city streets; no more charters given to railway kings and telephone magnates. It means that the monopoly of food and intelligence must cease.

"Equal rights to all! That means equal rights to the natural world, and to the value produced by the aggregation of men. It means no more lumber kings [applause], coal kings, and oil kings—we propose to dethrone them all."

The people turned to each other with shining faces. She was thrilling them by her passionate, simple utterance of their innermost thoughts.

"Equal rights to all! That means equal rights to women, to the negro, to the Chinese, to the Irish, to everybody that to-day is hedged in by class prejudice or by the walls of caste."

While she spoke Bradley had eyes for nothing else; but when she sat down to wild applause, and the choir rose to sing, he turned his eyes back over the audience banked there in rows on the hard, wooden seats, and got again the same thrill of majesty and of desolation. There was the same absence of beauty, youth, color, and grace that he had noticed in the procession. Everywhere worn and weary women in sombre dresses, a wistful light in their faces, as if they felt dimly the difference between the lithe and beautiful figure of the girl and their own stiffened joints and emaciated forms.

The crowd as a whole sat silent, listening intently, their eyes fixed upon the speaker. They were there for a purpose: they were there to find out why it was that their toil, their sobriety, their rigid economy, their deprivation, left them at middle life with distorted and stiffened limbs, gray hair, and empty hands. They were terribly in earnest. Here was poverty without liquor. There was no trace of it to be seen or smelled. Never before in the history of the world had such a meeting been seen, and something of its mighty significance got hold of Bradley as his eyes rolled over the faces before him.

The music which set them wild with enthusiasm was of the simplest and most stirring sort. The fact that it pleased them so much showed how barren their lives were of music and color and light.

After the applause had subsided, the chairman came forward to make an announcement: "To-night we'll have with us again the famous son of the soil, *our* Jerry—Jerry Simpson, the Sockless Sage of Medicine Lodge." This brought out a round of cheers for Jerry, and the meeting rose.

## II.

The people pressed forward to speak a word to Ida; and Bradley, yielding to the pressure of the crowd, was carried forward with it. It stirred him very deeply to see the love and admiration they all felt for her. On all sides he heard words of affection which came straight from the heart. Their utter sincerity could not be doubted. He knew he ought to turn and go away before she saw him, but he could not.

Something in his face attracted a grizzly old farmer, who was moving along beside him, and he turned with a beaming look. "How's that for a speech, eh? Did y' ever hear the like of it?"

"No, I never did. It was great."

"Ain't she a wonder, now? D' you s'pose there's another woman like her in the world?"



Bradley shook his head. He was sure of that.

A gaunt old woman who wore a dark green-check sun bonnet hanging at the back of her head, put in a word.

"Shows what a woman can do if y' give 'er a chance."

"Hello, Sister Slocum, you're always on hand."

"Like a sore thumb, Brother Tobey, an' I don't know of any one got a bigger interest in downin' the plutes than the farmers' wives, do you?"

It was pathetic, it was unforgettable, to see these people as they stood beside the rounded, supple, splendid figure of the speaker and took her strong, smooth hand in their work-scarred, leathery palms — these women of many children and never-ending work, bent by toil above the wash-tub and the churn, shut out from all things that humanize and make living something more than a brute struggle against hunger and cold.

They clung to the girl's hand, gazing at her with wistful eyes. It seemed as if they could not bear to let her go out of their lives again. Ida greeted them smilingly, but her face was quivering with a sadness which she could hardly control. She had not yet seen Bradley's approach. At length, as the crowd began to thin out, he pushed up and thrust his long arm in over the shoulders of the women.

"Won't you shake hands with me, too?" he said, and his voice trembled.

She turned quickly, and her face flashed into a smile — a smile different, somehow, from that with which she had greeted the others, and they saw it. It warmed his melancholy soul like a sudden ray of June sunlight.

Her hand met his, strong and firm in its grasp. "Ah! Mr. Talcott, I'm glad to see you."

The farmers' wives began to leave, saying good by over and over again, clinging to her hand as if they could not let her go — as they would cling to sunlight.

"We may never see you again, dearie," one old lady said, "but we never'll forgit yeh. You've helped us. I reckon life won't seem quite so tough now. We kind o' see a glimmer of a way out."

The tears were on her face, and Ida put her arms about the old lady's neck and kissed her, and then turned away unable to speak. The chairman, followed by Bradley and Ida, made his way down the steps and out on the grounds, where the streams of people were setting back towards the city. The chairman placed Miss Wilbur in a carriage, and said, "I'll see you at the hotel."

"Won't you ride?" she asked.

"No, thank you," he replied, with a jovial gleam in his eyes, and Ida said no more in protest.

"Well, Brother Talcott, what do you think of such a meeting as that?" she asked, after the carriage started, turning upon him with sudden intensity.

"It was like that first meeting of the Grange, when I heard you speak first, only this is more earnest—more desperate, I should say."

"Yes, these people *are* desperate. It is impossible for the world to realize the earnestness of these farmers. Just see the interest the women folks take in it! No other movement in history—not even the anti-slavery cause—appealed to the women like this movement here in Kansas. Why, its—sometimes I go home and walk the floor like a crazy woman—I get so wrought up over it. While our two great parties split hairs on the tariff, people starve. The time has come for rebellion."

Bradley was silent. He sympathized with her feeling, but he could not see very much hope in a revolt. \*

Her eyes glowed with the fire of prophecy. Bradley gazed at her with apprehensive eyes. She seemed unwholesomely excited. But she broke into a hearty laugh, and said: "You stare. Well, I won't lecture any more to you. How did you leave everything back in dear old Iowa?"

"Why aren't you back there? Don't our farmers need you there just the same as they do here?"

"No, this is the state to work in this year. Next year in Iowa. What did you do in Washington?"

"Nothing," he replied; and there was something silencing in his voice.

She glanced at his face sharply. She hesitated an instant, then asked:—

"Do you go back?"

"No, my political career is ended. I was knifed in the convention."

"You are young."

"I'm not young enough to outgrow such a defeat as that. I'm done."

This mood seemed singularly unlike him, as she had known him before. She seized upon the situation.

"Come with us. There is more wool and flax in the fields," she quoted.

"I can't. I don't see things as you do—I mean I don't see any cure."

She laid her hand on his arm. "I'm going to convert you. Will you attend one more meeting with me?"

"I'll go wherever you say," he answered, inconsistently.

"That's very pleasant, but it hardly becomes your character," she replied, gravely. "Call at the hotel to-morrow night, and I'll

take you with me. It'll show you what the people are doing, and what I'm doing. You're to ask no questions, but just make yourself ready to go."

Bradley's mind was in a whirl. Ida seemed so different — not at all like that last letter he had received from her. An unaccountable and unreasonable exultation filled his eyes with light. In the privacy of his room he sang a few notes before he realized it. His gloomy sky had let fall a ray of sunshine.

### III.

He did not see her till the next afternoon. She came out into the ante-room in the hotel looking so lovely he could hardly believe his good fortune.

"Now you are in my hands, Mr. Talcott."

He noticed that she did not call him "brother." He was as boyish and timid as ever, subdued by her presence. He followed her out to the "bus" in a daze of delight. He really had nothing to say. The poverty of his mind was astounding to him. He had forgotten all his ideas, but he was very content to have it so.

She, however, did not seem at all conscious. She wore a large cloak and warm gloves, and under the wide rim of her black hat her face was like silver and her eyes like stars. A delicate perfume came from her dress, and reached him across the carriage. He had taken a seat opposite her, and gazed at her in speechless contentment.

"It takes about an hour to go down," she said, as they alighted from the "bus" and stood waiting for the train, "and then the college is some distance away from the station."

It was an unspeakable pleasure to sit beside her in the train and listen to her talk. It was one of the things he had dreamed of so many times, but had really never dared to expect.

"The reason I want you to attend this meeting is because the schoolhouse, after all, is the place where a real reform among the farmers must have its base. It is work in the schoolhouses that has prepared the way for the overturn in Kansas this year. I'd like to see you working with us," she said, turning suddenly toward him.

"I would if I felt as you do about it, but I can't."

"Why not? You're really one of us. Your letters showed me that. Why can't you work with us?"

"Because I" — he hesitated for a moment. "You see I began by being a Republican; then I went into the Independent Republican Convention; then into the Democratic Independent Convention; then I ran for Congress as a Democrat. I was elected to stay at home, as you know, because I was too 'radical' for Democracy. I tried to put principle above spoils, I'm a

Democrat to-day, but they won't have me; so I'm done. I can't go into your party."

"That doesn't appeal to me as a reason," she insisted. She wanted his real reason.

"Well, I'll tell you: because it looks like a last resort. It would look as though, after having been kicked out of both parties, I had gone into the third party out of revenge."

"Well, I see some force in that. But still, there isn't any other place for a man who really thinks, except in a reform party. Do you know, I think it was providential that you were defeated." She turned to him now, and there was something in the nearness of her face that awed him. "Your letters to me told me more than you knew. I read beneath the lines; I saw how nearly the atmosphere of Congress had ruined you. The greed of office had got hold of you, now hadn't it?"

He dropped his eyes. "Something got hold of me," he said, at length, "but I can't indorse the principles of your party, and you wouldn't have me" —

"Can't you indorse any of them?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, then, be with us to that extent."

"I couldn't do that. I couldn't work for a party whose principles" —

"Can you indorse *all* of the Democratic platform?"

"No," he confessed, after a pause.

"Then, it seems to me you're inconsistent. Why do you hold out against us? Now, that seems to me like the 'woman's talk' men are always flinging up at us."

Bradley was silent. His action, like his reasons, would not bear close inspection. He felt that she had driven him into a close corner.

Ida took a new direction. "Oh, it's glorious to be in such a revolution. I never was so happy in my life. Happy and sad too! I never was so sad. Now *that's* like a woman, isn't it? What I really mean is that I never saw so clearly the poverty and helplessness of the people before, and that makes me all the happier to think I can do something for them." She laid her hand on his arm. "Do you know what is the matter with you? I do. You've trusted politicians. You think all is destroyed because they've failed you. You think, even to-night, that they move things; but I tell you, brother, they're only the puppets. When the people really begin to think, they'll sweep these puppets from the boards, and rise to the stage of action themselves."

Her voice took on the touch of the orator's oratund as she spoke, but there was a look of deep sincerity of conviction that

was almost prophecy on her face, which seemed to grow paler with the intensity of her utterance.

Bradley sat silently looking at her with his big brown eyes. He was wishing she wouldn't call him brother, and take that impersonal tone with him.

She colored a little, and dropped her eyes suddenly. "There I go again! I *must* keep the oratorical tone out of my voice. I don't like to hear it myself; but it's election time, you see, and we're all tense with the excitement of it. Don't mind my preaching at you, will you?"

"I like it," said Bradley, smiling. He had a beautiful smile, she noticed; and he looked so big and strong and thoughtful, she suddenly grew a little afraid of him. Perhaps he had some unspoken reasons why he had not joined the movement.

"What do you think is our strongest point?" she asked.

He considered a moment. "I guess your strongest point is the fact that women are interested and working for its success."

The warning whistle of the engine announced they were nearing a station, and the brakeman shouted in the door, "Muddy Brook, *Muddy Brook!*"

The wind was strong and cold. It was nearly six o'clock, and quite dark. They stood for a few moments in the lee of the one-room station, looking about in the obscurity.

"Well, what are we to do now?" Bradley inquired.

She seemed at a loss. "Really, I don't know. Colonel Barker was to meet me here, I believe."

Bradley took her arm. "There's a light up there in the cold," he said. "Let's go for that; and if you'll tell me the name of the schoolhouse, I'll see that we get a team, and get out there."

She resigned herself to his custody at once, and Bradley's spirits rose. He grew quite facetious and talkative for him.

"It seems to me that's a store up there; must be a town near by. Perhaps *this* is a town. Two houses on one side and three houses on the other make a town in the West. We must get some supper, too; any provision for that?"

"No, I left the whole matter in Colonel Barker's hands."

The road ran up the huge treeless swell of prairie toward the lighted windows of a grocery store.

"Somebody alive in the store; let's go in, and ask for Colonel Barker."

They stumbled over the frozen ground to the door, and entered.

The store smelled of apples, onions, codfish, and kerosene, in the usual way, and was dimly lighted with lamps placed on brackets against the shelves. There were several farmers standing by the stove, while the salesman hustled about. Bradley asked if Colonel Barker had been in.

"Hain't seen him," replied one old farmer, eyeing Ida closely.

"Is there a place to get a bit of supper near?"

"Yes, sir," the salesman said, with emphasis; "right across the road at the hotel. You can't get a better meal in the state for the same amount of money."

Bradley again took Ida's arm, and they crossed the street and entered a gate on which was a sign, "Hotel; meals twenty-five cents." Bradley knocked on the door, but there was no reply.

After waiting a decent while, he said, "If it's a hotel, we might as well go right in without knocking."

They entered a bare little room whose only resemblance to a hotel barroom was its rusty cannon stove set in the midst of a box of sawdust, and a map of Kansas hanging on the wall. Bradley knocked on the inner door, and it was opened by a faded little woman with a sad face.

"We'd like supper for two," Bradley said, in a loud voice. Someway he felt that the woman must be hard of hearing.

"All right!" she replied, and moved forward to the stove, which she rattled in order to give her time to scrutinize Ida, who sat on the lounge by the window. "Lay off your things, won't yeh?"

Bradley helped Ida to lay off her cloak. It was incredible what pleasure it gave him to do these little things for her. He left her a few minutes to go out and look up the matter of the team. When he came back, he found her listening to the old woman, who was asking her if she ever happened to know John Weldon.

"Don't s'pose you do; but you go round so much, I didn't know but what you'd come acrost him. He's my sister Ann's husband. Last I heard of him he was in Iowa, somewhere."

She talked like a clock. Each word followed the other at regular intervals and without any special emphasis. Ida was really not hearing her. She was seeing her. After she went out, Ida turned to Bradley.

"Poor soul! Generations of toil and lonely life are in that woman's mind and body; and look at this room! The great majority of farmhouses I go into are like this: bare walls, with scarcely a single beautiful thing in them. Any sober, industrious person can get a home—like this!" she ended, bitterly. "When I was a girl, I didn't notice these things. I don't think farm-life was so hard; anyhow, I had no comparative ideas on the matter."

"You can come right out to supper!" announced the landlady; and they went out into the kitchen, where the table sat. It was lighted with a kerosene lamp that threw dull-blue shadows among the dishes and dazzled the eyes of the eaters with its horizontal rays of light. The table had a large quantity of boiled beef and

potatoes, and butter, which each person was evidently expected to hew off for himself. The dessert was pumpkin pie, which they both greeted with smiles.

"Ah, that looks like the pie mother made," Ida exulted, as the landlady put it down.

"Wall, I'd know. Seems to me the crust is a leetle too short. I've ben havin' pretty good luck lately; but this pumpkin weren't just the very best. It was one of them thin-rinded ones, you know. Pumpkins weren't extry good; weren't tender enough, I guess, this summer."

After supper Bradley went out, leaving Ida with the landlady, who was delighted with her listener. Ida, however, only sat studying her work-worn frame.

"Here's our team," called Bradley, coming to Ida's relief. The mistress of the house had got launched on a description of her sister's family in Des Moines, and was apparently good for the entire evening.

"It ain't a very gay rig; but it's the best I could do," Bradley explained, as he helped her in and tucked the quilts about her. "I had to skirmish in two or three houses to get these quilts, for the wind is sharp; you'll need them."

"Thank you; I'm afraid you've given me more than my share."

There was only one seat, and Bradley took his place beside Ida, while the driver crouched on the bottom of the clattering old democrat wagon. Ida was concerned for him.

"Haven't you another seat?" she inquired.

"No'm. I don't need any," he replied, in a slow drawl. "I tried to borrow one from Sam Smalley, but they're all usin' theirs. I'd jest as soon set here."

There was something singularly attractive in his voice—a simplicity and candor like a child's, and a suggestion of weakness that went straight to Ida's womanly heart. She could not see how he looked; only his shapeless hat, which hung limply about his temples, could be seen.

"But you'll get cold."

"Oh, no'm; I'm used to it. Half the time I don't wear no gloves in winter 'less I'm handlin' things with snow on 'em," he said, to reassure her.

They moved off down the side hill to the north, the keen wind in their faces. There was no moon, and it was very dark, notwithstanding the light of the stars.

"How beautiful it is to-night!" said Ida, in a low voice.

"Magnificent!" Bradley replied; but he meant more than the stars. The team started up, and the worn old seat swayed from side to side perilously. Bradley put his arm around, and grasped the end of the seat on the other side.



"I'm afraid you'll fall out," he hastened to explain. She said nothing, and they rode on.

The driver babbled away in his childlike fashion, telling them of his life and the work he was doing. He showed that the Alliance education had reached him, and that he had found time to attend many such meetings, though he could find little time to read.

They climbed the slope on the other side of the bridge, and entered upon the vast rolling prairie, whose dim swells rose and fell against the stars. The roads were frightful — gullied with rain, and full of boulders on the hillside. The darkness added a sort of wild charm and mystery to it all.

"How lonesome it all is! What a terrible place to live!" said Ida, with a shudder.

"Civilization hasn't made much of an impress here, that's sure. How long has this prairie been settled?" he asked the driver.

"'Bout twenty-two years."

"Twenty-two years! Good Heavens! It looks as if it hadn't been settled two years."

"And these farms are mortgaged, too?" said Ida.

"Most of 'em," said the driver. "But it ain't s' bad here as it is out in Lane County. They're *all* mortgaged out there. I lost a farm out there; I sunk nine hundred and fifty dollars out there!"

He said this as if it were a million that he had lost, and he prattled away, telling his pitiful, tragic life — a life of incessant toil and hardship. Men cheated and trampled upon him; society and government ignored him; science and religion never knew him, and cared nothing for him — and yet he bore it all with uncomplaining heroism.

There was something in his way of telling his story that made the hearts of his hearers ache. Ida glanced up at Bradley now and then, at the most dramatic point, and they seemed to grow nearer together in their sympathy.

"There's the schoolhouse," said the driver, suddenly pointing at a dim red light ahead. It looked to be on the other side of a wide ravine. They had been riding for nearly an hour across the treeless swells of prairie, and the wind had penetrated their very blood. Ida was shivering, and Bradley was suffering with her out of sympathy. Suddenly the schoolhouse loomed upon their eyes. It was only a few rods away, but in the darkness it had seemed farther. It was a bare little box, set on the wind-swept crest of a hill, not a tree to shelter it from the winds of winter or the sun of summer. Teams were hitched about at the fences, and others could be heard on the hard ground, clattering

along the lanes. Men coming across the fields on foot could be heard talking. The plain seemed cold and desolate and illimitable.

Bradley helped Ida to alight, and hurried her towards the open door, from which a dull red light streamed and the hum of talk came forth. They found the room full of men and women — the women all on one side of the room and the men mainly on the other, or standing about the huge cannon stove, that was filled with soft coal, sending out a flood of heat and gas. The people stopped talking when they saw these strangers enter, and gazed at them curiously.

Then a tall man, with a military cut of beard, pushed his way forward.

"Good evenin', Sisto' Wilboo, I'm right glad to see you."

"I am glad to see you, Brother Barker."

"I must apologize fo' not coming myself."

"This is Mr. Talcott," Ida interrupted, introducing Bradley.

"Glad to meet you, Brotho' Talcott. As I was sayin', Sisto' Wilboo, I was late, and so I sent Brotho' Williams. I am ver' sawry" —

"Oh, no matter; we got here."

Colonel Barker introduced them to the people who stood near. The crowded condition of the room did not allow of a general introduction, although they all looked longingly at Ida, whom they knew by reputation.

At first glance the effect was unpromising. Most of the men had their hats on — the wide wool hats of the Kansas type. Most of them were fresh from the corn-fields, and their hands were hard as leather, and cracked and seamed, and lumpy with great muscles. Everybody wore cots upon their fingers, which were worn to the quick with husking. Everywhere was a certain unkempt look, and everywhere color was in low tones: browns, grays, drabs; nothing light and gay about dress or bearing. Bradley noticed a few girls in the middle seats, but only a few.

It looked like an uncouth audience for Ida to address. But he suddenly found himself seated beside a young farmer in a brown hat whose face startled him. He was in rough dress, and his hands were bludgeons; but his eyes were beautiful and his face very handsome. There was a seriousness and delicacy about his face and in the tone of his low, soft voice that drew Bradley to him.

"It's a cold night to come out to a political meeting," Bradley began, by way of opening conversation.

"We don't stop f'r cold," replied the young fellow. "Some o' these people are from six or eight miles away. They'd go ten to

hear Miss Wilbur, if they could get in. They won't be able to get in to-night."

He spoke with fine directness and force as he went on, showing much thought and reading. Others joined in, and Bradley soon found himself forced to do his best thinking. They were armed at all points.

"Say, Dan, you ought to git up and give 'em a speech," said one of the listeners.

Colonel Barker called the meeting to order, and made an astonishingly able and dignified speech. He then asked Brother Williams to say a word.

Brother Williams was a middle-aged farmer with unkempt hair. His clothes were faded to a russet brown, and his collarless neck was like wrinkled leather, and his fingers were covered with cots; but he was a most impressive orator. His words were well chosen, and his gestures almost majestic. He spoke in a conversational way, but with great power and sincerity. Bradley was astonished, and said so to Ida, who sat behind him.

"There are hundreds of farmers who can talk like that," she said. "This is one of the 'shock-headed farmers' the plutocratic press are fond of ridiculing."

Ida began to speak in a strictly conversational tone: "Brothers and sisters, this is not the first time I've driven across the Western prairies in a wagon to speak at such a meeting as this, and it isn't the last time. I expect to do so just as long as there is a wrong to be righted, just as long as it does you good to have me come."

"That will be while you live," said the colonel gallantly.

"I hope not," she replied, quickly. "I hope to see our reform established before the gray comes into my hair. It will be accomplished if we are true to ourselves; if our leaders are true to themselves; if they do not become spoils of office [she looked at Bradley, and the others followed her glance; she saw her mistake, and colored a little as she went on]; if they are true to their best convictions, and speak the new thoughts that come to them."

Bradley studied their applause to see if it would not betray them. It showed that the money monopoly was nearest to them, but that any wrong received their condemnation. The expression of their applause showed nobility of purpose.

Ida closed by saying: "We have with us to-night a very distinguished young Democrat from Iowa, — the Honorable Mr. Talcott. He has something to say to you, and I will yield the floor to him."

While the people stamped and clapped hands, Ida went over to Bradley and said: "You *must* talk to them. Tell them just what you think."

Bradley rose. He would have done more had she asked it. He began by speaking of the Grange and its effect, and then passed to the Alliance and Reform party.

"I've been studying this question, Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen, more during the last few days than ever before. It is possible that a third party is necessary whenever a distinct work is to be done; but," he said, checking the applause, "I am not quite convinced the time has come for this movement. If I was I'd join it, even though some of the planks in your platform were objectionable, for I am a farmer. My people for generations have been tillers of the soil. They have always been poor. They got nothing for their toil. All the blood in my heart goes out, therefore, towards the farmer and the farmers' movement. It seems a hopeless thing to fight the old organizations, with all their power and money. It can be done, but it can be done only by union among all the poor of every class. Since coming to your state, since day before yesterday, my mind has been changed. I suppose (to be perfectly candid) that my defeat for renomination had something to do with liberalizing me." As he paused he caught Ida's eyes shining into his, and on a sudden impulse he said, "But no matter! now I'm with you from this time forward." He ended there, but he stood for a moment numb, and tingling with his emotion. He had uttered a vast resolution.

The people seemed to realize the importance of this confession on the part of the speaker. There was a thrilling intensity in the tone of his voice, which every listener felt, and they broke out in wild applause as he sat down.

Ida, with her eyes shining and wet, reached forward over the seat, and clasped his hand, and held it. "Glorious! Now you're with us, heart and soul!" In their exaltation it did not occur to either of them what a strange place this little schoolhouse was for such a start.

Out under the vast skies again, into the crisp air, Bradley turned and looked back upon the little schoolhouse, packed to suffocation; it would always remain a memorable place in this wild land. His heart swelled with the pity, the significance, of it all.

"Oh, you've done them good — more than you can tell!" Ida said.

"I begin to believe it is the beginning of the greatest agrarian movement in history," he said, at last. "They are searching for the truth; and whenever any great body of men search for the truth, they find it, and the finding of it is tremendous. Its effect reaches every quarter of the earth."

They mounted to their perilous seat once more, and moved out into the night. The wind seemed to have gone down. There was a deep hush in the air, as if the high stars listened in their

illimitable spaces. The plain seemed as lonely and as unlighted as the Arctic Ocean. Even the barking of a dog had a wolfish and wild suggestiveness.

They rode in silence. Ida sighed deeply. At last she said: "It's only an incident with us. We go back to our pleasant and varied lives; they go back to their lonely homes, and to their bleak corn-fields."

"But the Alliance has given them something to hope for, something to think of," Bradley said, seeking comfort.

"Yes, that is the only comfort I can seem to get out of it. This movement has come into their lives like a new religion. It is a new religion—the religion of humanity. It does help them to forget mud and rain and cold and monotony."

Again Bradley's arm seemed necessary to her safety, but this time it closed around her, strong and resolute, yet he dared not say a word. He was not sure of her. It seemed impossible that this wonderful, beautiful, and intellectual woman should care for him; and yet, when he was speaking, her eyes had said something new to him.

The driver talked on about his experiences, but his companions were silent. Under cover of listening they were both dreaming. Bradley was forecasting his life, and wondering how much she would make up of it; wondering if she would make more of it than she had of his past life. How far off she had always seemed to him, and yet she had always been a part of his inner life. Now she sat beside him, in the circle of his arm, and yet she seemed hopelessly out of his reach. She liked him as a friend and brother reformer—that was all. Besides he had no right to hope now, when his fortunes had all turned against him.

She was thinking of him. She was deeply gratified to think he had entered the great movement, and that she had been instrumental in converting him. Her heart warmed to him strangely for his honesty and his sincerity; and then he was so fine and clean souled and strong limbed! The pressure of his arm at her side stirred her, and she smiled at herself. Unlike Bradley, she was self-analytical; she knew what all these things meant.

"There's the station," the driver broke out, indicating some colored lights in the valley below them.

At his word the picture of it all, and the significance of it all, rushed over Ida—the serene majesty of the stars, the splendor and unused wealth of the prairies, the barriers to their use, the limitless robbery of the poor, in both city and country.

"Oh, the pathos, the tragedy of it all! Nature is so good and generous, and men are so ignorant and selfish. Can it be remedied? It *must* be remedied. Every thinking, sympathizing soul must help us."

Bradley's voice touched Ida deeply as he said, slowly, "Henceforward I shall work for these people and all who suffer. My life shall be given to this work."

A great, sudden resolution flashed into Ida's eyes. She laid her hand on his and clasped it. There was a little pause, in which, as if by some occult sense, their minds read each other.

"We'll work *together*, Bradley," she said; and the unconscious driver did not see the light caress which Bradley put upon her lips as a sign of his unspeakable great joy.

CONCLUSION. — WASHINGTON AGAIN.

Bradley and Ida went down the hills together on the way to the theatre. It was the fourth week of the short session of Bradley's term. Ida had returned with him to stay the winter. They paused in the midst of the grounds where the shrubbery was the thickest; where, to Bradley's mind, it conveyed a faint suggestion of mid-forest. His love for nature had intensified during his city life. They turned, as they always did, to look at the dome. The untracked snow swept in shadowless white to the Capitol, which rose out of it hardly less white and seamless. The yellow flare of the lamps only flung the snow and the marble walls into more cold and glittering relief.

They gazed at it in silence, listening to the jingle of bells, the soft voices of the negro drivers, the laughter of children coasting on the winding mall, and the roll of cassettes.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" said Ida.

"Yes, but I can't think of it without its antithesis, the home of the working man and the hut of the poor negro."

They moved on in silence, arm in arm. The darky newsboys, shivering with cold, met them on every corner, holding out in their stiffened hands their evening papers. "Styah? papah?"

"We hear a great deal about the indolence and shiftlessness of the negro," said Bradley, "but I have never met a people more pathetically eager to earn a living than these same negroes."

Swarms of people loitered along the store fronts. Negroes in ragged, faded garments, and men with chin beards, in Western or Southern hats, went streaming past. The old man with the cough medicine met them again. They could repeat his sing-song cry: "*Doc-ter Fergusson's double-ex celebrated, Philadelphia cough drops, for coughs or colds, sore throat or hoarseness; five cents a package.*"

They soon struck into the gayer streams of people making their way towards the theatre; and when they took their seats on the crowded balcony, poverty was lost sight of.

"There! who says this is not a bright and gay world?" said

Ida, looking about. "No poor, no aged, no infirm, no cold or hungry people here."

"This is the bright side of the moon," replied Bradley gravely. They looked around, and studied it with a mental comparison with other crowds they had seen on the far prairies of Kansas and Iowa. There were girls with eyes full of liquid light, with dainty bonnets nestling on their soft hair; their faces were like petals of flowers; the curves of their chins were more beautiful than chalices of lilies; their dresses, soft, shapely, of exquisite tones and texture, draped their perfect bodies. Their dainty fingers held gold and pearl opera glasses. The young men who sat beside them wore the latest fashions in clothing and of the finest texture. Heavy men with brutal faces slouched beside their dainty daughters, the purple blotches on their bloated and lumpy faces showing how politics or business had debauched and undermined them. Everywhere were the rustle of drapery and soft, musical speech.

The curtain rose upon the fair at Nottinghamshire; and while the music appealed to the imagination, the gay lads and lassies of far romance sang and danced under the trees in garments upon which the rain had never fallen, and unflecked with dust. Knights in splendid dress of silver and green, with graceful swords and sashes, came and went, while the merry peasant youths circled and flourished their gay scarves and sang.

The scene changed to Sherwood Forest; and there in the land of Robin Hood, where snow never falls, where rains never slant through the shuddering leaves, the jocund foresters met to sing and drink October ale. There came Little John and Will Scarlet and Alan-a-Dale in glittering garments, with care-free brows and tuneful voices, to circle and sing. Fadeless and untarnished was each magnificent cloak and doublet, slashed with green or purple; straight and fair and supple was every back and limb. No marks of toil anywhere, no lines of care, no hopeless hunger, no threatening task; nothing to do but to sing and dance and drink after the hunt among the delightfully dry and commodious forest wilds—a glorious, free life, a beautiful, child-like, dream-like, pagan-like life.

As they looked, and while the music, imaginative, sweet, and persuasive, called to them, a shadow fell upon Ida and Bradley. That world of care-free, changeless youth, that world of love and comradeship, threw into painful relief the actual world from which they came. It brought up with terrible force the low cottage in the lonely forest of Wisconsin or the equally lonely cabin on the Kansas plain. When the curtain fell, they rose and went sombrely out. When they reached the street, Ida pressed Bradley's arm.



"Oh, it was beautiful, *painfully* beautiful! Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes," replied Bradley simply.

"O Bradley! if we only could discover a land like that to which all the poor could go at once and be happy—a land of song and plenty, with no greed and no grinding need!"

"Yes," Bradley sighed, "I am afraid you and I will never taste anything again that will be perfectly sweet. There will always be a dash of bitter in it."

"Yes, we are born to feel other's cares. The worst of it is we could have that land in America if we only would. Our forefathers thought it was coming, but instead of it"—she did not finish, and they walked on in deep thought.

"Yes," said Bradley, "we could have it; but the way is long and weary, and thousands and millions of us must die on the road, I am afraid."

As they walked on, Bradley could hear the occasional deep-sighing breath of the heart-burdened woman beside him. Again they passed by the cold and stately palace of the government, lifting its dome against the glittering sky. The moon had swung high into the air, giving a whiter tinge to the blue, and dimming the brilliancy of the stars; but it was still beautiful. The crusty snow sparkled like a cloth of diamonds, and each snow-burdened branch took on unearthly charm. It was very still and peaceful and remote, as if no city were near. They stood in silence until Ida shivered with cold; then without a word Bradley touched her arm, and they walked on.

When they arrived at their room, Ida sat down in a chair by the fire without removing her things; and when Bradley came in from the hall, she still sat there, her eyes shaded by her hat, her chin resting on her arm, her gloves in her lap. He knew her too well to interrupt her, and sat down near her, waiting for her to speak.

At last she turned abruptly, and said, "Bradley, I'm going home."

It made him catch his breath. "Oh, no, I can't let you do that, Ida."

"But you must; I can't stay here. That play to-night has awakened my sleeping conscience. I must go back to the West."

"But, Ida, you've only been here three weeks; I don't see why"—

"Because my people need me. I am cursed. I can't enjoy this life any more, because I can't forget those poor souls on the lonely farm grinding out their lives in gloomy toil; I must go back and help them; I feel like a thief to be enjoying this beautiful room, and these plays and concerts, when *they* are shut out from them."

"But we have done our best, haven't we?"

"Yes, but we must continue to do our best right along, and I am of no use here; there's nothing I can do here; the battle is only half won yet, and I've enlisted to the end; besides," she said, looking up at him with a faint smile, "I've got to go right into your district and pave the way for your re-election by the people's party, you know. If you expect to do your part here, I must do my part in electing you. I'll leave you here, and go back. You know how much good it does the poor wives and mothers to meet me and to hear me. Now, we mustn't be selfish, dear; you've got your work to do here, and I've got my work to do there."

They sat in silence again. Bradley looked at the fire; there was a burning pain in his staring eyes; his throat hurt him. To be left alone in this way was hard, and yet he saw it was consistent. When he spoke again, it was in his apparently passionless way. "All right, Ida; we enlisted for the whole war." He was able to smile a little as he looked up at her.

She rose and came to him, and put her arm about his neck. "As a matter of fact, you'll fight better here without me, and then at the end of your term, when you come home, there will be two years that we can work together."

THE END.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HELEN GARDENER'S NEW NOVEL, PRAY YOU, SIR, WHOSE  
DAUGHTER? \*

"PRAY YOU, SIR, WHOSE DAUGHTER?" Such is the striking title of Helen H. Gardener's new novel, a story which, in my judgment, is the most finished and, in many respects, the strongest work which has yet come from the pen of this gifted lady. Helen Gardener possesses in a rare degree the power of holding the interest of the reader, while she emphasizes in a most telling and effective manner truths of vital moment to civilization. The present is pre-eminently the age of purposeful fiction. Against this innovation conventionalism has raised its voice. The old slogan cry, "Art for art's sake," is being drowned in the new and vital watchword, "Art for truth." The great political, social, economic, ethical, and religious problems of to-day are being most effectively presented under the veil of fiction. Few writers, however, possess the power of subordinating the lesson to the story in a sufficient degree to hold the interest and thrill and impress the average reader, who is merely looking for something entertaining. Thus many writers of modern fiction in this new age of unrest and growth defeat their purpose by preaching where they should picture. Miss Gardener while somewhat more didactic than Mr. Garland, and possessing less of the rugged power of vivid portrayal, is less relentless, and thus will impress the reader as being more human. This story deals with expanding womanhood. It is the legitimate product of the present growing age. It is in perfect touch with the thought of the hour. Incidentally the cause of the very poor in our great cities is touched upon, and in one chapter we have a prose etching of an apartment in the slums, which is painfully true to life. The great cardinal thought, from the side of utility, is the picture of the crime against girlhood tolerated by our present "age of consent laws." In Victor Hugo's masterpiece it will be remembered that he sought to picture man's struggle with unjust law. In Miss Gardener's new book she paints most vividly the struggle of girlhood with unjust social conditions. Like Hugo, Miss Gardener also deals in types. Gertrude Foster, Frances King, and Ettie Burton are types, but they possess nothing of the colossal nature of Hugo's or Shakespeare's great creations.

Dickens also dealt in types, but he intensified them until they often resembled caricatures. Not so with Miss Gardener. While typing young womanhood of to-day, she does so with such perfect naturalism that one

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\* "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" A novel of to-day, by H. H. Gardener. Published by ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

feels that the story is something more than fiction. Each character lives, and we feel while reading that we are being acquainted with the happenings of real persons. This, of course, is the art of the realist; and, indeed, while Miss Gardener is in no way writing history in "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" she is narrating episodes and incidents which are happening every day in every great centre of life.

There is no plot in the story; but the interest of the reader is held from cover to cover. The most delicate subjects are dealt with; but they are so handled as not to offend any healthy imagination, while the atmosphere of the book is pure and lofty. In Gertrude Foster we have a magnificent picture of the modern girl: free, educated, untrammelled, with strong and positive individuality; the broad-minded, noble-souled modern girl, who dares to think and to act up to her highest convictions of right regardless of consequences. There are to-day hundreds of Gertrude Fosters, and they are the advance guard of the twentieth-century womanhood. I wish every young woman in America could read this book, if it were for nothing else than to catch inspiration from this splendid creation. In the other two typical girls, Ettie Burton and Frances King, we have strong, natural, lifelike reproductions of thousands of young women who may be found to-day in every great city. Beautiful, ill-starred little Ettie! How the heart of every true man and woman will go out in love and sympathy for her! and in her fate it should not be forgotten that we read the fate of thousands of maidens, who, through accursed laws, fall victims to something far worse than death while they have scarcely crossed the threshold of womanhood—laws originated by moral lepers for the protection of the most heinous forms of licentiousness, and from year to year discussed in secret sessions in various legislatures, where systematic attempts are constantly being made to lower the age which renders a moral leper exempt from a crime far more colossal than murder. Even *this year* a bill was introduced in the New York legislature to lower the age of consent from sixteen to thirteen years! and had it not been for the vigorous efforts of some stalwart friends of purity, doubtless the measure would have passed.

It is well here to note the fact that "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" is not history in the literal sense; thus the passage of the bill referred to in the story did not actually take place in New York, owing to the vigilance of a few who are not yet dragged down to the level of several politicians who represent every commonwealth in America to-day. There is no disguising the fact that our legislatures to-day are rife with persons no more fit to occupy the seats of lawmakers than a child of six is qualified to pass on the merit of Shakespeare; men who are the willing vassals of the saloon power,—and whose tastes, occupations, and life lead them into the moral sewer; men who have no high ideals, who scoff at virtue, who sneer at true nobility, who have no conception of what justice is, and whose association with others leads them to have

a most degraded idea of manhood and womanhood. In order to illustrate exactly what I mean, and because some persons who know little about our legislative bodies to-day may think that Messrs. King and Burton are overdrawn, I will reproduce from the *New York Sun* a few lines descriptive of the action and unspeakable words of one man whom New York City delights to honor. The measure under discussion was a bill to permit women the right of suffrage:—

The Hon. Mr. Wissig has been in the habit for some years of making a questionable speech in opposition to the Woman Suffrage Bill. His idea of female morality is not high, and he has taken this annual occasion to express it. To-day the speech surpassed anything he has previously said on the bill, and the assembly promptly expunged it.

"I am tired of hearing talk about the refining and elevating influence of women," said the Hon. Mr. Wissig. "Members have been making speeches about how much good women would do and how they would prevent political corruption. These members seemed to think that it is the man who does the corrupting and the woman who is corrupted. Women are responsible for more corruption than men. They lead men astray, and I do not see why the men should have to take the responsibility for it all the time. Committees of women come up here and say they do not get their rights. They have plenty of rights now."

The rest of the Hon. Mr. Wissig's speech cannot well be printed verbatim. He gave illustrations in support of his argument, and said several things that might be construed in more than one way.

At the conclusion of the Hon. Mr. Wissig's speech there was a consultation of the leading members of the assembly as to what should be done. Some of the members were in favor of a formal resolution of censure, but it was thought that this would only tend to call more attention to the speech. Mr. Webster introduced a resolution that all reference to the speech and all record of it, either in the journal or on the stenographer's report, should be expunged. The resolution was adopted at once on a *vide roce* vote by a majority that was so large that the friends of the Hon. Mr. Wissig did not ask for a division.

The *New York World* thus commented on this speech:—

It remained for Assemblyman "Phil" Wissig, of "de Ate," to offend every woman in the chamber and to disgust every decent man on the floor. It has been Wissig's annual custom, whenever a woman suffrage question was under discussion in the assembly, to imitate the unspeakable Cannon, and open his mouth to allow a stream of vulgarity to flow through it. He outdid his previous efforts to-day.

Men like the gentleman above named, and persons of the stamp of Messrs. Burton and King, in Miss Gardener's novel, will continue to obstruct justice and insult decency so long as women are denied the right of franchise. It is possible that Mr. Wissig spoke what he believed to be true when he, Adam-like, tried to blacken womanhood; for his experience may have been wholly or chiefly with that unfortunate class of women who, having been betrayed or debauched by men, have sunken to the lowest social depth, and from below influence certain men whose tastes lead them to seek the society of women who corrupt men. I am willing to grant that Mr. Wissig's intercourse with women has been

with the class that led him to believe that womanhood is corrupt; but what shall we say of a so-called civilized commonwealth which sends this stamp of man to make her laws?

"Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" is far more than an intensely interesting novel; it is a brilliant appeal for justice and purity; a protest against one of the most glaring crimes which blisters the brow of nineteenth-century civilization. It is pure, wholesome, and inspiring. If the white ribbon army should make it the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of their noble crusade, it would, I believe, accomplish more in one year than their present efforts will realize in a decade.

B. O. FLOWER.

#### MR. SAVAGE'S IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT.\*

Rev. M. J. Savage is universally recognized as the leading thinker of the liberal wing of the Unitarian clergy, as well as one of the most logical and profound reasoners in christendom. His latest work, "The Irrepressible Conflict between Two World Theories," will command the thoughtful attention of thousands of persons who, while holding views diametrically opposed to those maintained by Mr. Savage, will enjoy the fair, able, and scholarly presentation of the new thought by its greatest living apostle in the theological field. Whatever criticism may be made about this work, all readers will agree that it is eminently courteous and singularly free from the bitterness or intolerance which is present in almost all theological discussions. It also bears the stamp of a brain of more than ordinary power. At the present time there is so much twaddle palmed off for thought, so many dummies impose upon the thinking world, that it is a relief to meet a strong, logical, vigorous, and absolutely fearless thinker, who does not truckle on the one hand, and who never forgets the right of his opponents to their views on the other.

The body of the book is made up of five lectures by Mr. Savage called forth in answer to a course of notable discourses given by Dr. Lyman Abbott, in this city, on "The Evolution of Christianity." Before publishing these lectures Mr. Savage submitted the proof to Dr. Abbott, that he might judge if in any way he had been misrepresented or treated unfairly. In reply he received the following note:—

THE "CHRISTIAN UNION," NEW YORK, March 3, 1892.

*My Dear Mr. Savage:—*

In answer to yours of March 1, I have read your sermons with interest, and I think they represent me as fairly as it is possible for one to represent another whose point of view is so entirely different. I am glad that your sermons are to be published in book form. I am glad to have the different views respecting religion brought into sharp and clear contrast; for I am sure that the final result of all this discussion must be the elucidation of the truth; and it is only the elucidation of the truth which any of us can desire.

Yours truly, LYMAN ABBOTT.

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\* "The Irrepressible Conflict between Two World Theories." By Rev. M. J. Savage. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00. ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

I have cited the above to illustrate the spirit of candor and fairness which characterizes this most interesting theological work.

It must not be imagined, however, that because in this discussion the author never forgets to be a perfect gentleman, and uniformly avoids all show of intolerance, that he holds his position in a tentative or half-hearted manner; for no ancient knight ever fought more resolutely than does Mr. Savage in this work. He is absolutely convinced of the truth of his cause. He believes his position to be impregnable because based upon truth. In the first chapter Mr. Savage deals directly with what he terms the Irrepressible Conflict between Two World Theories, which are of course evolution and orthodoxy. It will be seen that at the outset he takes issue with Dr. Abbott, and in so doing he states his premises, makes his argument, and presents his views with a clearness, strength, and conciseness rarely met with in theological literature. He closes this chapter with the following suggestive thoughts:—

And what of the future? Does evolution cast a gloom over that? Does evolution take away the hope of heaven? O friends, I find it hard to understand with what brains people think, with what hearts they feel, when they can even hint a comparison between the promises of the two. The old theory simply promises us a horror, from which the sense of justice recoils, and which shrivels in its fires the tenderness of human hearts, even of those who are redeemed. Evolution does not take away heaven; it only wakens the race from the dreams of the horrors of the old heaven and the old hell. Evolution opens for us vistas of eternal progress; star-lighted pathways that lead on and on in light, in truth, in joy, in peace, in service, forever and forever.

Here, then, are the two theories. If man did not fall at the outset of human history, then there is no reason for the existence of a single one of the doctrines of the orthodox plan of salvation. They are impertinences. They are out of court. They are not called for by the facts. They are not needed for any service to-day. They only stand in the way of the acceptance and the recognition of the real condition of the race and the application of the real remedies. Here is this irrepressible conflict between these two world theories. One of them must be accepted. They are mutually exclusive. They cannot live together. People, I know, are afraid to think. They are afraid they are going to lose the precious things of their religious life, the spiritual dreams of their souls. We ourselves can only partly appreciate this conflict that is going on, because we are in the midst of it, as the soldier in the din and storm and noise and dust of the battle can hardly tell what principles are at stake, or which side is wavering and giving way. We are in the midst of this battle. It has been forced on us, not by Darwin or Herbert Spencer, not by heretics or irreligious men, but by a new and larger revelation from God—an unfolding of divine truth. And in the line of this religious evolution I believe there is to be found scope and room for the development of sanctities of the spiritual life such as have never been heard of or thought of in all the world. All that is true, all that is beautiful, all that is lovely, all that is hopeful, all that is human, all that is divine, remains to become the seed of ever newer and higher growths in the years that are to come.

The second lecture is one of the most vitally interesting chapters in this book, as it deals with Jesus and Evolution; and around this subject



much of the fury of recent religious controversy has raged. Mr. Savage here gives us his idea of Jesus, and the reasons why he holds that He was a part of an orderly evolution. In referring to the "Evolutionists with an *if*," or those scholars whose researches have forced them to accept the truth of evolution, but who still seek to warp its teachings to their preconceived ideas, Mr. Savage says :—

I think it will not be unfair for me to say that to-day, both in Europe and America, every broadly educated, truly educated, man is an evolutionist. But a great many of them are evolutionists with an *if*, with an exception. In other words, you will note what seems curious and strange and inconsistent in this half-way evolutionism : these men admit that the Almighty God of this universe is able to evolve, to develop, by what we call natural methods, almost everything that He desires ; but that now and then, on exceptional occasions, and in regard to exceptional facts or exceptional people, He needs to revise and improve on His own method. He needs to break in from without, and set new causes in motion, in order to produce the desired results.

You will see, of course, if you think for a moment, how incongruous this is, how inconsistent, and how uncomplimentary to the Almighty Power—as though God were limited along the evolutionary line, and had to supplement His own method to accomplish some special desired result.

As an example of this, there are a great many people who will admit that the world grew into its present condition by natural methods. They admit evolution as applied to the lower forms of life on earth. They admit evolution so far as the body, the physical part, of man is concerned ; but they think that God must have stepped in and wrought a miracle in order to account for mind and soul—as though He were not able to evolve mind and soul. I do not know how many people I have had ask me, "On the theory of Darwinism, where does the soul come in?" as though in Darwinism inheres a difficulty that did not exist in the old. These people do not seem to have read very carefully ; for they do not seem to be aware of the fact that, for centuries, it was a much debated question in the Church as to how, on the old theory, the soul came in. During the Middle Ages, three theories were hotly debated among the schoolmen. Some held that the soul was pre-existent, and only entered the body at the time of birth or at some unknown time preceding it. Others held that the soul was created outright every time a new child was to be born. Others held that the soul was derived from the parents, in precisely the same way that the body was. These three theories, then, were held and hotly debated among the theologians of the past. I speak of this to show that this is no new difficulty, and that, when a person supposes that he is raising a difficulty against Darwinism by asking where the soul comes in, he is only asking a very old question indeed, and one that is just as much a difficulty on any theory as on this. There are, then, many evolutionists who are evolutionists with an *if*.

Further, Mr. Savage thus gives his views of Jesus :—

Now let us take one step more. I do not know how, if Jesus had been a body worn by God, anybody should have found it out. In other words, I do not see how anybody can tell the difference between an incarnate God and an ideal man. Suppose the Almighty God of the universe should come to take possession of a man. Dr. Abbott tells us

that He was limited. He limits himself, of course, to the scope and reach of humanity by becoming a man; He thinks with a man's brain; He uses a man's body; He loves with a man's heart; He aspires with a man's soul. If God came into a man in very deed, He could manifest only so much of his Godhood as a man could hold. Suppose Hercules, the mighty giant, should surrender his club, and pluck a reed from the bank of a brook, and use that as his weapon. The might of Hercules under those conditions would be limited by the strength of the reed. He could strike no heavier blow than the reed could bear. So if God in very deed should come into a man, He could manifest no more than ideal manhood. So whether God came down from above and took possession of a man, or whether God evolved the divine in man from beneath until he blossomed out into the ideal humanity, it seems to me that the result would be precisely the same. I do not see how any one looking on from the outside could tell the difference.

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I believe that it is the divine in the human working along the lines of growth of that marvellous race—the race of Moses, the race of Elijah, the race of Isaiah, the race most wonderful for its religion, its theology, its ethical life and thought that the world has ever seen; that it is the divine working along the lines of the growth of that race. And it seems to me that the blossoming of Jesus as its crown and flower at last is as natural as the blossoming of the century plant, which, after a hundred years, starting in the mud, outreaches into an unspeakable glory and beauty that can face the very heavens without shame.

My idea of Jesus, then, is that He was the flower and crown of humanity. I never loved Him so, I never honored Him so, I never cared so much for His thought and His work and His life as to-day.

Jesus did not add to the world's thinking. He did not undertake to solve any scientific, any philosophic, any governmental, any industrial problem. He did not touch these. He only sought to put into the hearts of men a spirit, a temper, a feeling, an attitude which, if naturally developed and unfolded, would blossom into the very kingdom of heaven on earth.

Jesus' spiritual attitude toward God is trust, the love of the child; his spiritual attitude toward man—pity, comprehension, tenderness. These seem to me to be as divine as anything that humanity is ever likely to dream. And I believe this is God working naturally through humanity and along the lines of its natural growth—humanity reaching up to God and becoming one with Him.

Perhaps the most attractive chapter is the one dealing with the religion of the future. In this the author gives his vision of the church of to-morrow. If space did not forbid, I should like to give many of the surpassingly beautiful passages found in this lecture. The following will, however, give a hint of the trend of Mr. Savage's thought:—

Now let us turn to the Church. Is there to be a church in the coming ages? It both saddens and amuses me when people ask such shallow questions. Religion is eternal; and not only that, it is the most important interest of human life, because it means finding the divine truth of things and living it out. It is the age-long search on the part of the race for the secret and the fulness of life. Being, then, the most important interest in the world, and being eternal in its nature, it cannot help but incarnate itself. Any permanent interest of the race always organizes itself for the sake, not only of expressing itself, but of

carrying out its aims. Religion will show itself in organization. It will organize itself as naturally and necessarily as the elements that go to make a crystal, only I like not the figure of the crystal, because crystal does not grow. Religion will organize itself as naturally as the elements that enter into the development of a flower or an oak. There is to be, then, in the coming age a church as much grander, as much higher, as much nobler, than anything that the past has seen as the human imagination can dream. If you analyze worship, you will find that it is the most distinctive and peculiar characteristic of the world's noblest and highest of men. It is the upward look of admiration. It is the seeing of something better than we have yet attained. It is the bending of the soul in recognition of that which transcends it. There is no other animal that is capable of catching glimpses of this ideal, of being troubled by it and longing to attain it. It is this hunger after the unattained which makes man king of the earth, and the essence of this is worship. To ask whether man is to be a worshipper, then, in the future is to ask whether he is to keep that which is noblest and best in his manhood and grow into better, or whether he is to disintegrate and degrade into something poorer and less. The worship of the church of the future will be grander than anything the past has known.

And prayer—will they pray in the church of the future? Here again, in the midst of this transition time, thousands of people fancy that the meaning of prayer is being lost. The conception of prayer that is to dominate the future is as much grander, as much higher, as much finer, than any of the prayers of the past as the loving, nestling communion of the child hugged in its father's arms is higher and sweeter than the mere petulant begging and teasing for playthings. The only thing in the prayer of the past that any new theory of the universe threatens to outgrow and leave behind is that which all noble men and women ought to be glad to be rid of. We have outgrown that conception of prayer which supposes we are petty, ignorant, petulant, changing children, having power to interfere with the magnificent mechanism of the universe. . . . In the religion of the future there will be no orthodoxy and no heresy. Why? Because there will be no infallible standard of truth in the old sense, by which a man can be tried and found wanting.

Let me show you what will be the condition of things inevitably. In a scientific society there is no heresy, there is no orthodoxy. Why? Because no scientific society would be insane enough to believe that it is wicked for a man to make mistakes. A scientific society regards as settled only those things that can be verified as true. But when you make a statement like twice two is four, you do not need to threaten a man with hell to make him believe it. You do not need to threaten him with fagots and chains and dungeons, or tell him you will cast him out of good society or never speak with him again. Whatever is verified as true is accepted by all intelligent and sane people, merely because it is true. There never was a man who was intelligent and sane who did not want to find the truth. In the coming time men will be sane. As we read the history of Christianity, of the general character of Jesus, of His teachings of peace and love, His telling people to be kind even to their enemies, and then read the history of the inquisitions, the bitterness, the fighting, the quarrels of the past, we feel as though we were reading the records of the doings of the insane. The world will be saner and saner in the future. And so all men and all nations, under every name, in regard to politics, in regard to industry, in regard to society, in regard to ethics, in regard to religion, in all the departments of life, will be seeking simply for the truth, trying to get ever into closer and closer relations with God. And as this progress goes on, they will ever attain

closer and closer relations. There will be no more cataclysms, no more breakings up and upheavals, because it will be a steady growth—a growth like the change of dawn into the early morning and of that into high noon. And so, as they succeed, in the light of this ever-increasing divine truth, in solving more and more problems, the old evils will be outgrown and left behind. The “low, sad music of humanity” will sink down and down the past, to be succeeded by the swelling song of gladness, of cheer, of eternal hope.

To many readers, the Addendum of this brilliant work will prove its most interesting feature. It contains Mr. Savage’s powerful paper, entitled “The Inevitable Surrender of Orthodoxy,” the clearest and strongest argument I have ever read against the great basic assumptions upon which orthodoxy rests. After an elaborate statement of the cardinal points of orthodoxy, Mr. Savage makes the following summary:—

It will be well, right here, to group and number them. They stand as follows:—

1. The fall of man.
2. Atonement through the Christ.
3. Heaven for those who accept the atonement.
4. Hell for those who, for whatever reason, do not accept it.
5. The infallible Bible, which has revealed these things, and by means of which *only* are they known.

Here is the real *heart of the creeds, the kernel in the husk*. If the truth of these can be maintained, orthodoxy is secure. If any one of them be not true, then any most ordinary thinker, if he be at all clear headed, must see that the whole system must be surrendered; for each of these points is vital to the whole scheme. Let any one of them be taken away, and the reason for maintaining the rest is gone. If there has been no fall, then there is no need of any such atonement. If there has been no such atonement, then either man has not fallen, or else he can be saved in some other way. The old heaven implies the fall, the atonement, and the lost. Take away the old hell, and there is no reason for all this stupendous scheme for saving people from it. And if Scripture be not infallible, then the whole scheme becomes the fancy of an ignorant and barbaric age, of no more authority than the dreams of Mohammed or Gautama. All this is perfectly clear—as simple and as inevitable as the “multiplication table.”

He next notices, one by one, these basic propositions; but space forbids my quoting further. It is, however, an argument which all persons who desire to understand the new religious sentiment as represented in advanced Unitarian thought, whether for the purpose of answering it, or because they have outgrown beliefs which will not stand the test of intellectual scrutiny or man’s growing sense of justice, should study. One word should be said about the make-up of this volume. Most works on religious themes are printed in small type and are uninviting in appearance. This book is printed in pica type, so large and clear that the feeblest eyes will find it a delight to peruse its pages.

B. O. FLOWER.

## THE DEATH PENALTY.\*

"The Death Penalty," by Andrew J. Palm, is the most thoughtful and able argument against capital punishment it has ever been my good fortune to read. Here in the compass of three hundred and fifty pages, the author, in a vigorous but finished style, discusses Man's Moral Responsibility, the Bible and the Death Penalty, Trial by Jury, Convicting the Innocent, the Executioner and his Work, the Influence of Fear of the Death Penalty on Criminals, Opinions of Eminent Men and Reformation of Criminals. I do not believe that any thoughtful person can read this volume through, provided he is unbiased at the outset, without being profoundly convinced that capital punishment is not only a relic of barbarism, but is a crime against humanity; that its influence is vicious, and that it does not retard murder. My own opinion has long been that capital punishment increases rather than retards murder. It develops more hate waves in the atmosphere. The spectacle of the government taking the lives of other men destroys, in the minds of those whose moral senses are already blunted, the last vestiges of whatever innate reverence they may possess for human life. Let us look for one moment at the case. On the one hand we find a court (supposed to represent the highest embodiment of wisdom and justice) coolly and deliberately taking a human life, frequently when the evidence of guilt is merely circumstantial. On the other hand, we find a supposed murderer, possibly a victim of unfortunate circumstances, and not guilty of the alleged crime; or possibly having committed the crime in a moment of insane rage, or perchance the deed has been perpetrated while reason was dethroned, and he was under the influence of liquor sold at saloons licensed by the government; or it may be that he has inherited criminal instincts, and his environment from birth has pressed him downward.

An eminent authority has recently declared that there are to-day in Paris hundreds, if not thousands, of children who are only waiting an opportunity to be assassins, due solely to the fact that their parents have been habitual drunkards. Now, while I would not for one moment advocate freeing these dangerous characters, as I believe it is the function of the state to protect society, but it is *not* the function of the state to take human life; and I believe we should treat our criminals in such a manner as to undo, as far as possible, the evil which has resulted through unfavorable environment, through heredity, or through the injustice of our present civilization.

I can cordially recommend all thoughtful persons to read Mr. Palm's admirable treatise.

B. O. FLOWER.

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\*"The Death Penalty." By Andrew J. Palm. Cloth, pp. 342. Price, \$1.25. G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York.

## GOD'S IMAGE IN MAN.\*

I know of no book of the same character, excepting the lectures of Professor Drummond, which has met with such cordial reception on the part of thinking people as Mr. Henry Wood's new work, "God's Image in Man." It is to me one of the most significant signs of the times that such a work should instantly score an unmistakable success. It is true the author is an essayist of exceptional ability; his diction is rich and fluent. I know of no living essayist who can invest abstract themes with such interest, without turning aside from his subject for illustrations, as Mr. Wood. To follow him is much like walking through a garden where fragrance and beauty abound on every hand. We must, however, look beyond all this for the secret of Mr. Wood's remarkable success, and that is found in the fact that his thought answers the heart hunger of thousands of deeply spiritual natures who have outgrown creedal Christianity, and who find satisfaction no longer in the husks of conventional religion. Several chapters in this book have already in substance been published in *THE ARENA*; hence our readers are not only familiar with Mr. Wood's style, but with much of the subject matter of this charming and helpful work. In his preface Mr. Wood thus clearly sets forth the purposes which have actuated him:—

They are glimpses through the vision of the intuitive faculty; interpretations of the inner consciousness, rather than an intellectual or argumentative effort. They are inspired by no spirit of controversy, but are searches for truth for its own sake; and their aim is to recognize it wherever found. Their acceptance by the reader must depend entirely upon the mirror-like recognition of their truthfulness by his own spiritual perception. While the intellectual faculty, though trained never so highly, is often at fault (as shown by the great divergence of external systems), the writer believes that the cultivated human intuition has something of that exactness and perfection of which instinct on the lower planes of life is a prophecy. Divine truth is ever seeking to reveal itself through the channel of the Holy Spirit. "He will guide you into all truth." The soul centre of every human "image of God" is the highest and ultimate tribunal, before which principles, creeds, systems, and even Bibles must receive their interpretation. There is no purpose other than the plain unfoldment of truth and the delineation of living realities. No attack is made upon any existing theological system, as such, but rather an effort—in these days of creed disintegration—to conserve and hold up all that is intrinsic, but, at the same time, to discriminate between the real and eternal on the one hand, and the incidental, traditional, and external on the other. Truth is an harmonious unit; and religion, nature, science, and evolution, when stripped of their misconceptions, mutually supplement and confirm each other.

We close this review with a few excerpts from the closing chapter, which deals with the religious transition now in progress:—

Whither are we drifting? There is an irresistible movement in the realm of religious thought which any careful estimate will show to be

\*"God's Image in Man." Cloth, pp. 258. Price, \$1.00. Published by Lee & Shepard. For sale by ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY.

of remarkable magnitude. Many are anxiously watching the drift, and some are apprehensive as to the security of what they feel to be foundation principles. Are there substantial verities? and, if so, how shall we distinguish their solid outlines from those temporary forms which are liable to dissolve while we gaze upon them? There is a growing conviction that the organized church, by slow degrees, is losing its hold upon the community, and that its influence, as a force to mould society, is waning. The utterances of the pulpit are becoming less authoritative in their tone and less weighty in their impressiveness upon human thought and conduct. The Bible is receiving such exhaustive criticism and analysis as formerly would have been deemed sacrilegious. The tribute paid to creeds, dogmas, and ceremonial religion is lessening; and the reverence which environed scholastic theology in human consciousness is slowly fading. Faith in the importance and efficacy of external symbols, ordinances, and rituals is perceptibly weakening, and ecclesiastical assumptions are being re-examined.

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To determine the significance of the transition the divergence must be noted between the formulated thought of the past and the actual thought of to-day, which, as a rule, is yet unexpressed in formal statements. The distance already traversed from the decaying but still authoritative ancient creeds varies materially, even among the subdivisions of that great composite body known as the Protestant Church. The influence of the drift in permeating the Roman system is less pronounced, because its unified organization and traditional conservatism render it more impervious to progressive influences.

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To the perverted vision of the atheist and materialist, the drift has the appearance of nearing their own position. Having for so long looked upon ceremony and dogmatism as constituting religion, the decadence of the former seems like the ending of the latter. Color blindness to spiritual forces incapacitates them to interpret the mystery of a hidden and higher life. All the shafts they have hurled would have fallen harmless had they been aimed at religion itself, instead of at its externalities, excrescences, and shams. The materialist is utterly unable to cognize the spiritual life, because he is familiar with no plane higher than that of the intellect. The religion of external and conflicting systems, ecclesiastical assumption, and sectarian loyalty is giving place to that which is a renewing and vital force in character; a power to lift mankind out of selfishness and animalism into divine sonship. It is only by such fruits that it shows its harmonious and heavenly proportions. The tremendous significance of the great transition can hardly yet be estimated, but it is safe to assume that nothing intrinsic can be moved. All truth is anchored to the throne of God, and it will forever remain unshaken. Only the external, the temporary, and the unreal are being sloughed off. All that bears the divine monogram will stand out in bolder relief than ever before. Man is finding his way nearer to God. He is feeling the warm glow of divine oneness within, and no longer uses a telescope in a search for the Father.

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The church "standards" were formulated in an age of great limitations, when compared with the present, and remain fixed, while actual belief is constantly changing. The two should agree, but there is an ever-increasing divergence. In many cases the gateway into the church is barred by the required solemn affirmation of dogmas which are practi-



cally obsolete. Should dead formulas which are not believed remain inscribed upon its banner? Some say, "Let them stand, but give them new interpretation." But this would be a specious diplomatic stretching and straining of language unworthy even of a secular organization. Positive statements abound, which, while unaccepted, continually receive official and formal assent. The unequivocal dogmas of divinely inflicted endless punishment, election and non-election, preterition, the literal judgment, and the material resurrection, are examples of the untruthfulness of the actual to the theoretical. The Church cannot afford to be more careless and self-contradictory—not to say dishonest—than the world. The latter has a contempt for sophistry, and looks upon sincerity as one of the primary elements of religion, in which opinion it is quite correct.

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The mission of the gospel is the building of a divine manhood; the purifying and perfecting of life so that robust spirituality may be developed. The human soul is more precious than church or temple, and the inner voice is more infallible than doctrine and dogma. The crucial religious test must be spiritual life and purity, rather than mechanical doctrine, because living, breathing man is of far greater moment than the dry bones of past ages. Individual liberty is sacred. If heresy be honest, it will grade higher in the moral scale than sophisticated traditional acceptance.

The chanting of the Credo as a spiritual accomplishment must give way to something of the transparent simplicity of the primitive church.

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The higher life is finding new forms for manifestation, many of which are outside of the boundaries of the organized church. The "Fatherhood of God" and the "brotherhood of man" are brightening in human consciousness. The channels for mutual brotherly aid and sympathy are being deepened, and the links of interdependence are growing stronger. The term "neighbor" is broadening in significance, and the exuberant overflow of the altruistic spirit is submerging selfish limitations. The intermingling of divine and human love currents is becoming more complete by the melting away of man-made barriers. It is axiomatic that man is restless until he finds God, and this he often fails to do because he loses his way among the mazes of scholastic theology. Human systems, instead of teaching the divine indwelling, have built innumerable by-ways which lead outward. Poets, mystics, and quietists, by a more profound insight, have excelled theologians in their interpretations of the divine character. Notwithstanding all the anxiety regarding the great drift, the world is more truly religious to-day than at any time in the past.

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More and more that divine electricity called love is pulsating through man's nature and manifesting its redundant energy. It is overflowing the distinctions of caste, religion, nation, and race. Altruism is no longer a prosaic obligation, but an ideal privilege. If the relentless drift is bearing away some traditional and conventional "household gods" and ecclesiastical sanctities, there is abundant compensation in the unveiling of higher ideals, the vitalizing of thought and character, and in the dispersion of rubbish which has almost hidden the divine lineaments of man's nature. Religious advancement is seen in the increased emphasis which is placed upon those living realities about which men cannot differ.

B. O. FLOWER.

## CHARLES SUMNER, THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.\*

Biography must ever hold a prominent place in the literature of the useful when it is well written, as, for example, the "Charles Sumner" of Mr. Archibald Grimke, which combines the useful with the instructive in a high degree. Such books as this are inspiring, instructive, and entertaining. It is true that Mr. Grimke has a noble character with which to deal, and the background also possesses a peculiar interest; but the author has succeeded beyond most writers, even those who have so inviting a subject. Charles Sumner was a man of strong individuality, of undoubted integrity, and of strong convictions. He occupied a commanding position in one of the most eventful eras of modern times. The work is worthy of a place in every library, and will prove an inspiration to every young man who peruses its pages.

B. O. FLOWER.

## PUSHED BY UNSEEN HANDS.†

We have elsewhere this month reviewed Miss Gardener's admirable new novel, "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" It is our pleasant duty to notice also an admirable compilation of short stories from this gifted lady's pen, entitled "Pushed by Unseen Hands." This book deals with a number of thoughtful studies, many of them touching upon the influence of heredity. Some of them have appeared in public print before, while others are original in this work. All of the stories, with possibly one or two exceptions, deal with the outside influences which weigh upon and, to a certain extent, influence every life — heredity, environment, the strange psychic influences which the world is only just at the present time beginning to appreciate, and other subtle forces which weigh upon every soul to a certain extent. Like everything written by Helen Gardener, these stories will stimulate thought, enlarge sympathy, and make the reader more tolerant and charitable.

The eminent Dr. Spitzka, probably the leading brain specialist in America, writes as follows of some of the stories in this book:—

I am inclined to criticise and commend this work much more earnestly than would be looked for from the technical position of a specialist. I attach far more than a mere literary value to two of these stories, to which especial attention is not likely to be directed, and believe no other author of fiction has ever adequately attempted what is here done. The book will not only retain a place in my library, but I also feel sure that other more unified works by the same pen will be placed beside it. Appealing, as they may, to a larger circle of readers, they must earn the author a recognition, alas, to-day awarded to many shallow pretenders instead. We see strangers in the field of heredity, and I can pay the book no higher compliment than to say that I had heretofore believed

\* "Charles Sumner." By Archibald Grimke. Cloth, pp. 414. Price, \$1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

† "Pushed by Unseen Hands." By Helen H. Gardener. Published by Commonwealth Publishing Company, New York. For sale by ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY. Price: Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

only specialists capable of at once intelligently and popularly dealing with these subjects.

It is quite unnecessary for me to say a word in regard to the ability, power, and conviction which characterize all of Miss Gardener's works, as she is well known to the readers of *THE ARENA*. I cannot forbear, however, expressing my admiration for this book, and venturing the opinion that those readers who purchase it will not be disappointed.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

\* *ETHICAL TEACHING IN OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE*.—In this discussion of Old English books and authors, Professor Hunt seeks to emphasize, in every legitimate way, that distinctively devout spirit which he has so clearly discerned in his study of these earlier eras. Special stress is also laid upon the fact that, in the teachings and influence of these older writers, those truths were established and diffused which went far to undermine the firmly rooted principles of the Papacy, and to open the way, in part at least, for the great Elizabethan Reformation on behalf of English Protestantism.

The titles of the articles afford ample evidence of the decided interest and value of the learned professor's book:—

Cædmon's Scriptural Paraphrase; The Bible and the Homily in Old English; Venerable Bede, the Old English Church Historian; Cynewulf's Trilogy of Christian Song; Orm, an Old English Poet-Homilist; Richard Rolle, the Hampole Hermit; An Old English Religious Satirist; The Ethical Spirit of Chaucer's writings; William Caxton, the Old English Printer; Hugh Latimer, the Homilist; The Ethical Teaching in Beowulf; King Alfred's Version of Boethius; Old English Saws and Proverbs; The Church and the School in Old England; The Church and the Stage in Old England; The Course of the World, a Bible Homily; Richard de Bury, an Old English Book-lover; John Wiclif, English Reformer and Translator; Sir John Mandeville, the Palestinian Traveller; John Gower, an Old English Patriot and Reformer; Old English Religious Satirist; Layamon, an Old English Rhyming Chronicler; William Tyndale and His Christian Work; Roger Ascham, or English Old and New, etc.

The above table of contents gives a fine idea of the character of the work, which is treated in a scholarly manner.

"GROUND ARMS!"—It is a singular coincidence that just as an article of fifteen pages upon Baroness Bertha von Suttner's novel entitled "*Die Waffen nieder!*" has appeared in *The International Journal of Ethics*, a translation of the book by Mrs. Alice Asbury Abbott of Chicago, under the title "Ground Arms!" is nearly ready for publication

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\* "*Ethical Teaching in Old English Literature*." By Theodore W. Hunt, Ph. D., LL. D. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. It is more singular, however, that nearly two years have been allowed to pass since the publication of this wonderful book before any attempt has been made to give it to the English-reading public.

In Germany it has been called "not a mere book, but an event." There it has not only won the hearts of the common people, but it has appealed with equal strength to the understanding of statesmen and to the moral sense of philanthropists. It is not only a novel unusual in its power, but it is also the cry of a woman's heart against the cruelties of war.

As a story, it carries the reader swiftly through the war between Austria and Italy, the Schleswig-Holstein war, the war between Austria and Prussia, and the Franco-German war, and pictures them all with wonderful power. It is satirical, logical, humorous, and, above all, passionate; and as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the greatest political tract for the abolition of slavery, so this book is becoming the great political tract for the disarming of the nations and the settlement of international disputes by common sense and arbitration.

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"A SPOIL OF OFFICE."—The ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY has now in press Mr. Garland's latest story, "A Spoil of Office," which has been running in this review during the past six months. It will make a magnificent volume—one of the most remarkable, distinctively American novels that has appeared in recent years. The book will be out about the 20th of June.

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"THE RISE OF THE SWISS REPUBLIC."—One of the most important works of this year will be Wm. D. McCrackan's brilliant history of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," which will be published by July 1, by the ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY. It will be a large volume, printed from pica type, wide margin and richly bound; in fact, it will be one of the handsomest volumes of the year. No nation to-day is so interesting to thoughtful Americans as the Swiss Republic, in that it approaches nearer than any other nation their ideal of what a republic should be. Mr. McCrackan's work brings history down to the present moment, and discusses at length the peculiar political features which have proved so beneficent in Switzerland, and which will doubtless at an early day be introduced into our republic. "The Rise of the Swiss Republic" is a work which all thoughtful Americans should have in their libraries.

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#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

"THE LIFE BEYOND," by Geo. Hepworth. Cloth, pp. 116; price, \$1.00. Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York.

"CONGRESSMAN SWANSON," by C. C. Post. Paper, pp. 338; price, 50 cents. Published by Chas. H. Sergel & Co., Chicago.

"THE THREE FATES," by F. Marion Crawford. Cloth, pp. 412; price, \$1.00. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

"DIRECTIONS FOR BEGINNERS IN DIVINE SCIENCE, WITH SIX-DAY COURSE OF TREATMENT." Paper, 15 cents per copy; three for 25 cents. Published by Unity Book Company, 820 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

"FINDING THE CHRIST IN OURSELVES," by H. Emilie Cady. Price, 25 cents. Published by Unity Book Company, 820 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

"A TRUE SON OF LIBERTY," by E. P. Williams. Cloth, pp. 190. Published by E. Scott, 134 W. Twenty-third Street, New York.

"HYGIENIC TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION," by M. L. Holbrook, M. D. Cloth, pp. 219; price, \$2.00. Published by M. L. Holbrook & Co., New York.

"HIGHER MEDICAL CULTURE," by W. R. Dunham, M. D. Cloth, pp. 215; price, \$1.00. Published by the author.

"ANGELS' VISITS TO MY FARM IN FLORIDA," by "Golden Lights." Cloth, pp. 283. Published by United States Book Company, 142-150 Worth Street, New York.

"THE BOLD EXPERIMENT," by Henry Frank. Paper, pp. 279; price, 50 cents. Published by Minerva Publishing Company, New York.

"THEO WADDINGTON," by Julian Wyndam. Paper, pp. 292; price, 50 cents. Published by United Publishing Company, Boston.

"THE ESTY FAMILY," by Sara E. Hervey. Cloth, pp. 276. Published by the author, Onset, Mass.

"CHARLES SUMNER, THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS," by Archibald Grimke. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 414; with portrait and index, \$1.50. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"AFTERWARD," by Mary Harriott Norris. Paper, pp. 470; price, 50 cents. Published by The Price-McGill Company, St. Paul, Minn.

"ANGELS' MESSAGES," in two volumes, by Mrs. Ellen E. Ward. Cloth. Published by Wheeler, Marshall & Bruce, Nashville, Tenn.

"THE GODDESS OF ATVATABAR," by Wm. H. Bradshaw. Cloth, pp. 318; price, \$2.00. Published by J. F. Douthitt, 286 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"ETHICAL TEACHINGS IN OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE," by Theodore W. Hunt. Cloth, pp. 375. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"PUSHED BY UNSEEN HANDS," by Helen H. Gardener. Paper, pp. 303; price, 50 cents. Published by Commonwealth Company, 121 Fourth Avenue, New York.

"THE QUEENS," by Aldemah. Cloth, pp. 202; price, \$1.25. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago.

"A MAN AND A WOMAN," by Stanley Waterloo. Cloth, pp. 250; price, \$1.25. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago Ill.

"BY THE ATLANTIC," by I. D. Van Duzee. Cloth, pp. 484. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"LIFE IS WORTH LIVING, AND OTHER STORIES," by Count Leo Tolstoi. Cloth, pp. 208; price, \$1.00. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York.

"GLIMPSES OF HEAVEN," by Rev. W. H. Munnell, Louisville, Ky. Cloth, pp. 209; price, \$1.00. Published by John Y. Huber & Co., Philadelphia, Penn.

## NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

### An American Woman in the Heart of Africa.

Nothing gives us more pleasure than to record brilliant deeds and noble achievements of women; and while it may not be in strict accord with the perfect spirit of universal brotherhood, we confess to being tinctured with patriotism to such a degree that any victory of special moment won by an American woman causes an additional thrill of delight. Hence we feel special pride in the magnificent achievement of the accomplished and brilliant American lady, M. French-Sheldon, in penetrating into the Dark Continent the distance of nine hundred and ninety miles, visiting many of the most hostile tribes, and bringing to her native land a wealth of photographs, portraying scenes, peoples, and customs about which little has heretofore been known. Her rare tact, the possession of ample means, and the happy chance that she was a woman enabled her to study habits, customs, and the home life of these little known people, as *no traveller has heretofore been able to do*. Her achievements are among the most notable victories won by woman in the present century, and prove anew how thoroughly the educated American woman is capable of achieving success in any undertaking she determines to engage in. The dawning cycle is the epoch of woman; her victories are along the line of progress; her influence is in harmony with the highest impulses of advanced civilization.

Our readers will enjoy in Mr. Taylor's paper the first recital of the prompting motive which actuated M. French-Sheldon to undertake an enterprise which every one regarded as suicidal.

### The Church and the Ishmaelites.

After reading advanced proofs of our paper on the "Ishmaelites of Civilization," which appears in this issue of THE ARENA, Miss Frances E. Willard writes the editor of THE ARENA as follows:—

I have read your "Ishmaelites" with thoughtful interest, sorrow, and hope.

It is much that such studies are made in our day, and brought before the great-magazine-reading world. Never was the upper half so willing to know, or so well informed concerning the way in which the under half live. This is in itself a long stretch of progress. Anything is better than ignorance and apathy. Slowly the civilized world is being lifted out of both, and your pen is one of the levers. Every word you have written has my warm and unqualified approval. The Church of Christ has no adequate explanation in these news days, save as it sets itself to solve the problem of the "social cellar." An organized, systematic, persistent attack is what we have a right to look for. Women must be at the fore, not only as workers, but leaders of such a movement. The one missing link in your programme is the suppression of the saloon by the aggregated ballots of the churches—adding the ballots of the now disfranchised two thirds to the one third, now, alas, often given to the perpetuation of dram shops, gambling houses, and haunts of infamy, through the choice of municipal officers, whose work defeats church, home, and school. Yours for the utilizing of all the hosts of light.

Rev. Philip S. Moxom, pastor of the Commonwealth Avenue Baptist Church, says:—

I have read with deep interest your forthcoming article for THE ARENA. It is strong and searching, and, I am glad to say, constructive as well. As to the plan which you outline, that or something like it ought to be done. Moreover, it seems to me feasible—only a crusade is necessary to get united action. Let me say, further, that this article ought to be reprinted in cheap form as a tract, and widely circulated in the churches. The bureau of investigation and information might be formed as a small central organization, and then auxiliary working circles formed in all the churches. I thank you for the opportunity of seeing this article.

Rev. Nehemiah Boynton of the Union Church (Congregational) says:—

If such an organization as you suggest could be formed, it would, of course, gather up a good many efforts which are being individually put forth at present. The combination in itself would be a power. I think the thing we need especially in Boston, is an organization which will deal with politics as well as social



problems; and a company of stalwart men, fairly representative of the religious interests of the city, could, it seems to me, by united effort, do a great deal toward cleaning the "social cellar" on the one hand, and municipal politics on the other. I should heartily welcome any movement which will bind good people together for the noble ends suggested in your paper. In no other way can the "democracy of darkness" be transformed into the democracy of light.

We give these views as indicating how strongly leading spirits among the progressive and live workers in the church appreciate the need of some movement such as outlined. Will the Church act? To us it seems that, at the present time, an opportunity of supreme importance opens before her. There is no vexing question of dogma or creed involved. On the one hand is the luminous example of Jesus; on the other the great need of the perishing millions.

#### Some Important Papers.

Early issues of THE ARENA will contain many very important papers, as it is our determination to make Volume VI. of THE ARENA eclipse all previous volumes in interest and value.

1. One notable feature of the August number will be a symposium on "Women's Clubs," by eight or more leading thinkers among our American women of to-day. Such eminent persons as Mary A. Livermore, May Wright Sewall, and Louise Chandler Moulton will discuss the various phases of this interesting topic, which will include writers from New England, New York, Philadelphia, and the Southern, the Western, and the Middle States. It will be without question the most important and representative discussion of this subject that has ever appeared. This symposium will be illustrated by fine portraits of leading spirits in club work.

2. A brilliant poem by Heine (Joaquin) Miller, entitled "Sunrise on San Diego," will appear in the July or August ARENA. A series of papers, handsomely illustrated, dealing with the lives of rising artists in the dramatic world, and prepared for THE ARENA by Miss Mildred Aldrich, will be a feature of our

summer numbers. The first paper will sketch the life of Julia Marlowe. It will be illustrated by some new photographs never before published. In the story of the struggles and rise from obscurity of this beautiful-souled young lady, all our readers will be interested.

3. Psychical papers from Rev. M. J. Savage, B. F. Underwood, and Camille Flammarion will be among the early interesting features of THE ARENA.

4. "Reminiscences of my Dramatic Life;" papers by the brilliant and versatile actor and playwright, James A. Herne.

5. Papers on Central Africa, her people, customs, and manners, by M. French-Sheldon, illustrated by pictures taken by the author. These papers, which will appear in the July, August, and probably September issues, will be the most profoundly interesting contributions in the way of travels and explorations of the year.

6. "A Chinese Emerson;" an able paper by Professor Bixby, on the Life and Works of Confucius. A number of important papers on political, social, economic, and religious problems, which will appear in rapid succession, and which are prepared by many of the ablest English-speaking thinkers in the special line of thought discussed. These are only a few hints of the attractions in store for our readers during the summer months.

#### The Effort to Establish a Postal Censorship.

From present appearances, the advocates of bureaucracy have decided that, owing to the general and pronounced opposition of the American press to their nefarious scheme, their only hope lies in avoiding any free discussion of the measure, but, if possible, to railroad it through in the closing hours of Congress. Their dark-lantern methods are by no means new to many promoters of this iniquitous and un-American measure. They have succeeded in the past, and at the present time they have had their bill introduced in each branch of Congress. It is evidently their purpose to allow it to rest

until it is too late to give it any thoughtful consideration, and then, by the aid of the present postmaster-general's influence, seconded by trusty henchmen, to pass it without discussion. Let every true statesman and patriot in our National House be on the lookout for this. The people have a right to demand that so grave and violently undemocratic a measure be fully and freely discussed before any action be taken in either house. The press, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have already set the seal of condemnation upon the measure. That Congress would also refuse to seriously entertain it we have no doubt, provided the subject be acted upon with deliberation, so that our lawmakers have an opportunity to examine into the despotic or bureaucratic nature of the proposed legislation. Let no unfair or hasty action be taken with the Henderson Bill, or Senate Bill No. 2834. If they cannot stand the light of investigation, it is *prima facie* evidence that they ought not to pass.

#### **Rising Dramatic Artists.**

Miss Mildred Aldrich, until recently engaged upon the editorial staff of the Boston *Home Journal*, is preparing some papers for THE ARENA on "Rising Stars in the Dramatic Firmament of America." These papers will be richly illustrated, and for all persons interested in the drama of to-morrow, will prove of strong interest. One paper will contain a pen picture of Alexander Salvini, who, though a native of Italy, has adopted America as his home. Another contribution will deal with Julia Marlowe, and still another will deal with Mr. Sothorn. These contributions, which will appear during the summer months, will serve to lighten up the pages of our review during the hot weather, when people wish to be entertained rather than to be engaged in profound and abstract problems.

#### **Recent Discoveries in the Properties of Ether.**

Professor A. E. Dolbear of Tufts University contributes an instructive paper on some recent discoveries relating to ether. Professor Dolbear is a careful

though fearless thinker. A new volume from his pen is now in the press of Lee & Shepard of this city, which will doubtless create much criticism when it appears, owing to some of the advanced positions taken by its author.

#### **The Political Agitation of the Present.**

In this number of THE ARENA we give a valuable contribution to the political literature of the hour, entitled "The Bed Rock of True Democracy." In it the author presents some thoughts worthy the careful consideration of every man who loves his nation and, wearying of seeing politics merely a battle for spoils, under the dictation of vested interests which represent a minority small in number but rich in possessions, determines henceforth to think for himself and defy the party lash.

#### **Woman's Dress Reform in America.**

In the September ARENA will appear a most notable symposium on the business woman's dress. Among the contributors will be Lady Habberton and Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller.

#### **Dr. Manley's Paper on Eternal Punishment.**

In answer to some inquiries and in justice to the Rev. Dr. Manley, we feel that it is proper to make the following explanation touching a series of papers prepared a little over two years ago for THE ARENA by Dr. Manley. The first of this series appeared in April 1890, and it was then our intention to bring out the other papers in as rapid succession as possible. However, the rapid change in religious thought which has marked the Christian world during the past two years, and which is rapidly giving up as a nightmare the old-time hideous conception of an eternal penitentiary for the children of men, has rendered these papers less imperative than they would have been a decade earlier, while the rapid rise of social discontent has called for special attention, which, with the great press of subjects which this rapid age is calling forth for discussion, has

rendered it impossible to publish, as we had intended, these able and scholarly papers, which, in justice to Dr. Manley, we can say are the most brilliant series of arguments based upon the old-time conception of the Bible being God's literal word which we have ever read.

### Ishmaelites of Civilization.

In this issue we give the third paper upon society's exiles. This article deals with vice and crime where it mingles with want and misery. The poor outcasts about whom I write are in the truest sense of the word Ishmaelites. "Their hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against them." During the past few months I have been greatly rejoiced to note the growing interest of the public in measures offered for the solution of the problem of poverty and vice in our great cities.

### Women's Clubs in America.

An early issue of THE ARENA will contain a symposium of great interest to all thoughtful women, on the subject of Women's Clubs, prepared by from six to eight of the leading club women of our country. Mrs. Louise Candler Moulton will also contribute a paper on an "American's Impression of Two London Women's Clubs," which will greatly enhance the value of this symposium. This is only one feature of early issues of THE ARENA which will prove of great interest to thoughtful women. A well-known writer recently said, in a note to the editor of THE ARENA: "All thoughtful women must feel peculiarly attached as well as indebted to THE ARENA, for it has ever championed their cause, and has displayed a hospitality to women authors which has had a marked influence on other reviews and magazines."

### A Pen Picture of W. D. McCrackan, A.M.

We this month give an admirable picture of this brilliant young author, who bids fair to make a most enviable place among American men of letters. He is no stranger to our readers, as his clear and direct presentation of Swiss topics

and his graphic pen picture of impressions in Italy, which have appeared in recent issues of THE ARENA, have been most favorably received, and in this issue we give an exceedingly interesting paper on the Lake Dwellers of Switzerland. The subject matter in this article is from a chapter in Mr. McCrackan's new work, "The Rise of the Swiss Republic," which is now in press, and which we believe will prove the most popular and authoritative history of the Swiss Republic published in the English language.

The life and personality of a rising author are always interesting to the general reader. We therefore give below a brief pen picture of his life.

W. D. McCrackan was born in Munich, Germany, of American parents. The first fourteen years of his life were spent abroad, partly in French Switzerland and partly in Germany. He thus early acquired a love for the country to which he has since devoted years of study. After attending the Latin Gymnasium in Stuttgart, Württemberg, he came to this country, passed four years at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and graduated from Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., in 1885.

The next eighteen months were spent in foreign travel through Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Turkey, and Greece. It was on this trip that Mr. McCrackan became impressed with the lack of any comprehensive and authoritative history of Switzerland written in English. He then seriously turned his attention to Swiss public affairs, making a careful study of the Swiss people, their past and present, and giving special attention to the special features of their government which make Switzerland nearer an ideal republic than any other people on the face of the globe. He also determined to personally visit every spot of historic interest, that in his contemplated work he might picture scenes graphically and with a degree of accuracy not found even in the works of Swiss authors. Later he penetrated into the almost unknown interior of Asia Minor, visiting some of the ruined cities of that ancient classic region, and collecting notes and impressions, of which he is now beginning to make use.

Upon his return to the United States,

Mr. McCrackan spent a year as tutor in St. Paul's School, but after that once more returned to Switzerland, with the definite purpose of further studying Swiss history and Swiss political institutions in the land of the Alps.

In the fall of 1889 he brought his wife to this country, but returned to Switzerland in the spring of 1890 to complete his investigations in the library of Geneva.

It was in January of 1891 that Mr. McCrackan finally decided to make his regular home in Boston. He had already published some articles on Swiss historical and political topics in the *Atlantic Monthly* and in the *New York Evening Post* when his connection with THE ARENA began with a thoughtful study of "The Swiss Referendum," published in the March number, 1891.

In the summer of that year he received the degree of Master of Arts from Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., as an acknowledgment of his literary work.

#### Mr. Savage on Children.

Rev. Minot J. Savage's paper on "The Rights of Children" is one of the ablest and most sane contributions on the subject that has been written in many years. It should be carefully read by all parents and teachers. Tens of thousands of children to-day are having the horizon of their future darkened by parents who do not mean to be unjust, but who are thoughtless on the one hand, or are still swayed by the old Solomonic idea on the other. The coming cycle will be the age of women and children; hence we may confidently look for a nobler civilization, because when full justice is accorded womankind and children, a splendid manhood must inevitably follow.

#### Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine.

Two critical sketches will appear in early issues of THE ARENA on Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine, prepared by E. P. Powell, the author of "Our Heredity from God," "Liberty and Life," etc. Mr. Powell is no stranger to our readers, as his scholarly and discriminating papers on Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Ham-

ilton, published some time since in this review, called forth much favorable criticism.

#### A Paper by Professor Sheridan P. Walt.

"Life after Death" is the subject of a thoughtful paper which will appear in an early issue of THE ARENA from the pen of Professor Walt, whose previous papers, "Symbolisms of the Old and New Testament," were so favorably received by our readers. The later paper is rich in the new and larger thought which is so rapidly transcending ancient and contracted ideas of man's origin and destiny.

#### A Book which will be Indispensable to All Thoughtful Americans.

"The Rise of the Swiss Republic," now in press, and which will probably be on the market by June 15, will prove indispensable to thoughtful Americans who wish in any degree to keep abreast with the great live topics of to-day, owing to the clearness with which it deals with the great features peculiar to the little ideal republic of Europe and the vivid contrasts drawn between the Swiss and American republics. Besides these unique and valuable features, which must possess a peculiar interest for every thoughtful student of political and social problems at the present time, we believe we can fairly claim for this work conciseness and an interesting presentation of the subject presented, united in a degree rarely found in histories.

1. It is a concise history of Switzerland from its earliest history to the present day, which has required the greater portion of five years of hard labor to properly prepare.

2. It is prepared by a scholar who was born in Munich of American parentage, and who spent his first fourteen years in Germany and Switzerland, but who received his collegiate education in America, and who is thus peculiarly well fitted to sympathetically handle his subject while still seeing things from the standpoint of an American.

3. The author is familiar with his subject, not merely from a scholastic point of view, but, what is equally important for

vivid descriptions and accurate work, he has acquired all the valuable information obtainable by personally visiting all points of historical importance and by personal contact with the people of whom he writes. In a private letter to the editor of THE ARENA, Mr. McCrackan says:—

I have in almost every case seen what I describe. The battle-fields of Morgarten, Sempach, Näfels, and others, I visited in person, to examine the topographical features, which I may safely say has never before been done by an American.

Especial care has been taken with the chapters on the origin of the Swiss Confederation, a subject very little understood even in Switzerland, and absolutely new to Americans. This obscure but highly important period has never, to my knowledge, been treated so fully in any book written in English. The chapter on the legend of William Tell, I may fairly claim to be the most complete presentation of the much contested question which has been made in English.

He further continues:—

In order to give my history a local American value, I have devoted several chapters to comparisons between Swiss and American historical periods and institutions. "The Origin of the Swiss Confederation Compared with that of the United States," "The Confederation of Thirteen Swiss States and the Thirteen American Colonies," "The Constitutions of the Swiss Confederation and the United States Compared" are the titles of some chapters scattered throughout the book.

#### **B. F. Underwood on Automatic Writing.**

In this issue of THE ARENA appears one of the most interesting papers that has yet been published in our series of psychical papers. Mr. Underwood has prepared another paper which will follow this, and in the second paper he gives quite a number of illustrations of the communications which have come through the instrumentality of Mrs. Underwood. The third paper by the Rev. M. J. Savage will also appear in this series at an early date, and a paper on Telepathy by Camille Flammarion.

#### **Another Paper on Finance.**

Our readers will find much food for thought in the admirable paper by Mr.

Dawson which appears in this issue of THE ARENA, on "The True Basis of Currency," even though they may dissent from the conclusions drawn by the author. Many of those who discuss finance at the present time add to the confusion in the public mind. The author of the above article, however, states the problem with great clearness and force. It is unquestionably true that there is a growing sentiment throughout the thoughtful masses at the present time in favor of a fiat money based on the real wealth of the nation; some advocating, as does Mr. Dawson, its being based on prime utilities, others on rental values of the land. Of course such a plan would comprehend the demonetization of gold and silver, after which this fiat money, it is plausibly argued, would not be depreciated, especially so long as our nation exports more than she imports.

#### **Our Anonymous Series.**

In this issue we publish the first paper in our series of anonymous papers, which will run through several issues of THE ARENA. In this number the physician speaks.

#### **Life Insurance: Its Rise and Growth.**

The veteran insurance authority, David N. Holway, presents a very thoughtful paper in his discussion of life insurance, giving a great number of facts never before presented to the public in the compass of a single paper, tracing the history, rise, and magnificent proportions at the present time of one of the greatest business enterprises of the day.

#### **Some Contributors to our Symposium on Women's Clubs.**

Among the women who contribute to our symposium on Women's Clubs, their growth, usefulness, and mission, are Mrs. May Wright Sewall, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Louise Chandler Moulton, Dr. Julia H. Smith, Mrs. H. M. Poole, and Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells. This symposium will, we believe, be the most important and comprehensive treatment of this subject yet made in magazine literature.

### The Land of Social Contrasts.

Nothing that I have ever read of Paul Blouet's (Max O'Rell) writings surpasses in charming humor the brilliant paper prepared by Mr. Muirhead, "The Land of Contrasts; or, An Englishman's Impressions of America." It is far more original than most of Mr. Blouet's writings, and is also devoid of the bitterness which characterizes most English criticisms of this country; thus we feel that all our readers will find in it a rare treat. This paper will be a feature of the July ARENA.

### A New Poem by Joaquin Miller.

Heine Miller, popularly known as "Joaquin" Miller, has contributed a poem of some length to THE ARENA which will appear in an early month. It contains many lines of surpassing beauty.

### Our Poor Fund.

The statement and announcements of the Poor Fund Department are unavoidably crowded out this month. They will, however, appear in the July ARENA.

### The American Press on the Attempt to Establish a Censorship.

Below I give a few extracts from editorials in representative American papers on the bill to establish a postal bureaucracy now pending in the House and the Senate (introduced in the former body by Mr. Henderson of Iowa, and in the Senate by Mr. Dolph of Oregon). One phrase of this bill should be enough to startle every man in whose blood courses any of the old-time love of liberty and who, even in a limited degree, is thrilled with the spirit of pure democracy. That phrase reads as follows:—

"And the postmaster-general shall have full authority to declare what matter is now mailable under this act."

Think of that for a republic, ye easy-going people who imagine that the dominant power is less bureaucratic or despotic in its instincts than the decaying monarchies of the Old World. And yet a vigorous effort is being put forth to pass this infamous and un-American measure. A friend writes me that a postal inspector

declared that before this Congress adjourned a bill would be passed that would give the postal authorities the power they wished, or words to this effect. When we call to mind the arrest and cruel persecution of the editor of *Christian Life*, AFTER he had criticised Mr. Wanamaker and Anthony Comstock, and the ridiculous attempt of Mr. Wanamaker to suppress a work of Count Tolstoi, we can easily surmise what would follow if he succeeded, even for a few months, in being an autocrat, at the head of a bureaucracy as absolute as any which to-day shame Japan and disgrace Russia.

Below will be found a

### CONSENSUS OF PRESS OPINIONS

on his high-handed attempt to invest a partisan chief with the power of a despot.

#### Chicago Daily Press.

Just now while all free America has its eyes on the half-crazed emperor of Germany, it would be well for the people to watch closely the Congress of the United States. The foolish young kaiser is about to imprison the editor of a Frankfort paper who has dared to criticise the Brandenburg speech, and the American press are making much ado about the censorship of despatches that prevails in Berlin. And yet the House of Representatives of the United States has now a bill before it, already passed to its second reading, which, should it become a law, will inaugurate a censorship over the press of this country many times more dangerous to the liberties of the people than that which obtains in monarchical countries.

This extraordinary, not to say utterly absurd bill, calculated to abridge the rights of the people, curtail the liberties of the press, and put in peril the freedom of the home, has already passed to its second reading, and, in consequence of the complicated wording that conceals its true import, may become a law.

The censorship idea is certainly un-American and foreign to our institutions. Illinois congressmen will do well to see that this ridiculous bill gets no further than its second reading.

#### New York Daily World.

There is a bill before Congress which purports to be in the interest of morality and decency. In fact, it would establish, if passed, a censorship of the press of the most irresponsible, arbitrary, and oppressive character.



Upon the pretence of extending the law against obscene literature, the bill gives to the postmaster-general authority to exclude from the mails all publications which, in his uncorrected judgment, are "indecent," and even to exclude newspapers, upon the ground that they contain medical advertisements of a certain class.

In the hands of an unco guid postmaster-general, we have already seen a work of Count Tolstoi's excluded from the mails. A postmaster-general imbued with the idea that newspapers ought not to publish the news except of strictly proper doings, might easily pervert such a law as is proposed to the suppression of any newspaper accustomed to do its work while awake.

No such bill should be considered by Congress. We need no press censorship in this country, and want none. The censor's work is adequately done by the people. They want no aid from a postmaster-general, and they surely do not want to give that official an unrestrained authority to say what newspapers shall or shall not circulate through the mails. A free, responsible press is the mainstay of a free government. It is the business of the postal authorities to carry the mails, not to criticise their contents.

*Boston Daily Globe.*

There is a bill now before Congress, introduced by Congressman Henderson of Iowa, which, under the guise of providing against the publication of indecent literature, aims to establish a full-fledged censorship of the press, with the postmaster-general as the supervisor and controller of all the newspapers of the country.

Congress will never dare to pass such a law as this if it clearly understands its character. The press of the country is speaking out upon the subject in none too emphatic a tone. Our postmasters-general are not the proper judges of what is fit and unfit reading. The rulings of Mr. Wanamaker as to certain books have shown to what lengths of absurdity and injustice a postmaster-general of narrow views and sectarian prejudices might go if he had the entire press of the country placed under his moral guardianship. And when we remember what the temptations of strong partisan feeling, acting upon men of small mental calibre and intense prejudice in times of unusual political excitement, would be, we are not going too far in denouncing the proposal to vest a press censorship in the postmasters-general as utterly vicious and full of peril to the liberties of the people.

Official censorship of the press is a

European idea, and has its natural place in a despotic system of government. It does not belong in this country, and is contrary to every accepted axiom of free government.

*Daily Bee, Sacramento, Cal.*

The bill enumerates a long list of what the author regards as objectionable articles, so that it would not be an easy matter to say just what a newspaper might and might not publish, either as news or advertising. The function of determining that question is left absolutely to the postmaster-general, who is given full authority to declare what matter is unmailable under the Act. A stronger censorship of the press could hardly be devised. Under it the postmaster-general might decide that criticisms of himself or the administration might be contrary to public morals, and there would be no appeal from his decision. There is such a wide variance between the proposed law and the principles enumerated in the Constitution and Declaration, that it seems impossible that it can ever find a place among the United States statutes. The fact, however, that such a law has been proposed, shows that even our most cherished institutions are not exempt from assault. The measure puts in the hands of the postmaster-general more power than is vested even in the courts, and far wider discretion than is accorded the president.

*Washington Daily Post.*

The fact that since the opening of the new year the Japanese government has placed no less than thirty newspapers under official ban might warrant the inference, on first thought, that either journalism in Japan is at a very low and demoralized ebb, or that the government itself is in an irredeemably bad way. Even in the United States, this great and glorious and enlightened republic, which was cradled in an atmosphere of liberty, and where the immortal Jefferson said many years ago that even error might be safely tolerated so long as reason was left free to combat it, there are those who would establish a censorship of the press far more unreasonable than that which is deemed necessary in Russia, Germany, and other imperial sovereignties, and wholly inconsistent with the principles on which the government is founded and by which its Constitution is inspired. There is no occasion for Congress to resort to the weapons of despots in order to save itself from criticism, the government from reproach, or the people from dangerous encroachments upon their private rights or moral sensibilities.



*Chicago Evening Post.*

As soon as an opportunity offers, the Fifty-second Congress is bound in decency to kill forever the preposterous bill introduced in the Senate at the instigation, it is said, of the postmaster-general, authorizing that official to exclude from the mails all publications, including newspapers, which in his judgment are "indecent."

The bill is, of course, ostensibly directed against obscene periodical literature and indecent newspaper publications, but, in fact, it is aimed at the liberty of the press.

In a free republic there can be but one censorship of the newspaper press, and that is the taste and morality of the people. None other is genuine or desired.

*Belford's Monthly, New York.*

If the bill becomes law, Mr. Wanamaker would be censor of literature and medicines. To put such power in the hands of a man who has shown himself to be a religious bigot and fanatic, as well as ignorant of literature, by his ruling in the Tolstoi matter, excluding from the mails "The Kreutzer Sonata," is too absurd for a government that has a particle of Republicanism in its Constitution. Mr. Wanamaker is too apt to confound blasphemy and irreverence with "indecent, obscenity, etc." That question has been decided by the best and greatest men that ever lived; i. e., that irreverence, irreligion, heterodoxy, or by what other name you like to call it, is not incompatible with the highest morality and citizenship. If such a bill became law, and a rampant, pugnacious infidel be made postmaster-general, he could, with much show of reason, have excluded from the mails many important religious books, the Bible included. Even adverse criticisms of the administration in power could be construed by the postmaster-general to be "indecent," and, therefore, suppressible. This bill provides for the suppression of many useful and well-known medicines and for the punishment of newspapers advertising them, in the discretion of the censor—the postmaster-general. The people are the best regulators of such matters, and the courts are fully qualified to deal with persons who commit crimes by making, selling, or advertising "indecent, filthy, and obscene" books and medicines. We have no kind of use for Russian methods in this country, and, what is more, we won't have any. The bill should be thrown out of Congress, and Mr. Henderson's friends should tell him that a free press has something to say about such law-making.

*Galveston (Tex.) News.*

If Congress wishes to put the press under the control of the postmaster-general without trial or appeal, it can do so by passing this bill.

*Daily Herald, Peoria, Ill.*

The act of Congress forbidding the passage through the mails of any newspaper containing a lottery advertisement was the first step taken by the Federal government toward the creation of press censorship. No sooner was this encroachment upon the rights of the press and the rights of the states and their people submitted to, than arrangements were made for taking a second, a longer, and more despotic step. House bill 120, for the passage of which John Wanamaker is now devoting his energies, will make that pious fraud and succeeding postmasters-general absolute autocrats as to the newspapers of the country. The postmaster-general will have absolute power to suppress any newspapers that publish an advertisement of a medicine or remedy. He can exclude from the mails any paper that may be politically offensive to him if that paper publish an advertisement of any sort of medicine.

John Wanamaker is too well known for any one to suppose that the law would be enforced impartially. It could and would be used to cripple or suppress any newspaper that offended that administration.

This infamous bill has been read twice, and is now in the hands of the Committee on Post Offices.

*Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.*

So is this case. Now a bill has been introduced in Congress appointing every postmaster and mail clerk in the land, judge, prosecuting officer, and jury, to sit on the character of patent-medicine advertisements. If, in the opinion of these officials, the advertisement should not be advertised, they simply throw the newspaper out, regardless of any damage to the paper or its readers. It is a specious bill, a stolen march on the freedom of the press, a tyranny, and contrary to every principle of the American government.

The above extracts are sufficient to indicate the spirit of the press on this important subject. So pronounced has been the opposition, that the policy of the friends of the bill now seems to be to hold the measure back until the closing hours of Congress, and then rush it through without debate or due consideration. Therefore, let every patriot in each House be on his guard.

## THE VOICE OF THE PRESS.

### *Its Fearlessness, Honesty, and High Moral Tone Commend It.*

THE ARENA is easily the king of nineteenth-century reviews. The April number is a rich literary treat. Important issues are discussed by the foremost thinkers of our day in a way to arrest and hold the attention of every thoughtful person. THE ARENA's editor is Mr. B. O. Flower, who is one of the most able, logical, and forcible writers of the day. Its corps of contributors comprises the ablest minds of this and other countries. The one desire of its management is to get at the truth, and then to lay that truth before its readers. It deserves all the credit that belongs to the moral hero who turns his back on the allurements of the world and devotes his life to the betterment of the conditions of human life. Its fearlessness, honesty, and high moral tone commend it to every patriotic man in the land.—*Daily Leader, New Haven, Conn.*

### *The Nineteenth-Century Isaiah.*

People who wish to think earnestly along the great progressive lines of thought which characterize our present civilization, cannot afford to miss the regular visits of THE ARENA, which has been termed "The Nineteenth-Century Isaiah." — *Daily News, Denver, Col.*

### *No Magazine Shows Stronger Ability to Deal with Great and Urgent Issues.*

During the past year its circulation and influence have been largely increased by the independent stand it has taken in the treatment of public questions, and its aggressiveness in pushing social reforms. There is no other American magazine which fills exactly the same place in periodical literature, or which shows stronger ability to deal with the great and more urgent issues of the day.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

### *Deserves a Constituency of Millions.*

There are a number of able reviews in the Union, but THE ARENA stands head and shoulders above them all. It is the Walt Whitman of magazines without that grand genius' erratic methods. It is the champion of the greatest good to the greatest number; an advocate of progress, justice, and honesty. Among its contributors are many of the foremost educators of the day. Editorially it is also unequalled, and it is at once refreshing and stimulating to read the splendidly brave, clear, and forcible utterances, which are characterized by a spirit of broad sympathy and human fellowship. THE ARENA deserves a constituency of millions.—*Phoenix, Southington, Conn.*

*Its Great Prosperity Indicates the Trend of Public Thought.*

THE APRIL ARENA is rich in able, thoughtful papers. Its table of contents is as varied as it is inviting. Although the most liberal and progressive of all the great reviews, THE ARENA is prospering in a manner which indicates the trend of public thought, and proves that the people admire brave, outspoken, and earnest magazines. — *Daily Citizen, Brooklyn N. Y.*

*Each Writer is Here Seen at His Best.*

THE ARENA has taken an assured place as one of the greatest of periodicals. It is almost socialist in views and spirit,—the socialism to which the future belongs, a Christlike concern for the multitude,—but there is no harping on one string. All sides are heard in THE ARENA. In reading THE ARENA one feels as though he were trying the spirits of the age in which we are, and finding out in the apostolic fashion what are true. New writers and old writers jostle elbows familiarly in this monthly, but each brings his best. — *Daily Gate City, Keokuk, Ia.*

*A Conservative's Opinion.*

WE confess that we probably read more in THE ARENA with which we cannot agree than in any other one of what we are pleased to call the reviews; but after all, the writings which it has contained in the year past have probably affected us beneficially more than any other magazine of its class. If anybody wishes to read articles written by an author at white-heat, let him read the editorial articles in THE ARENA. It is true that they manifest strong radicalism, and with the first of which we have no sympathy; but yet, on the whole, we feel that we can safely challenge any person who has a fair proportion of human sympathies to read the series of articles without having quickened the best that is within him. Than that which tends to make men better we know of no higher standard to judge a man's writings by. — *The Adviser, Linden, Wis.*

*A Southern Woman's Opinion.*

Those who do not read THE ARENA are unconsciously depriving themselves of a great intellectual treat. Its editor is a man keenly alive to the best interests of his readers and of his race. In discussing the great problems of the day, and among other highly pleasing and palatable things he has said for our encouragement, is this, viz: "The era of woman has dawned, bearing unmistakable prophecy of a far higher civilization than humanity has ever known." Now, that is a manly utterance, and evokes recognition and thanks of every woman throughout the land. Its frank independence of thought and expression not only smacks of the old chivalric spirit, but is richly flavored with the boldness of modern conviction and the unbending courage of fearless truth. Let us accept it and take heart, thanking God that in our "forward march" in the great

and noble army of workers for humanity we have such a champion as Mr. B. O. Flower. — "*Hope Dare*," in *Daily News, Lynchburg, Va.*

*Its Enterprise and Alertness are Undoubted.*

THE ARENA is a magazine that has the courage of its convictions, and is constantly bringing forward subjects that deserve to be discussed. It is a thoroughly radical periodical, but it contains a great many good things. The enterprise and alertness of the editor are undoubted. — *Boston Herald, Boston, Mass.*

*A Review which the Reading Public Regards as Indispensable.*

Within the past few years there has sprung up in the city of Boston a new review that has rapidly forged to the front and to-day occupies a foremost place.

To one who simply observes such things casually, it would have seemed that the older publications in this line filled the field, and would be likely to hold it. Many have tried and few have succeeded in this line. But a vast portion of the reading public would to-day scarcely know how to get along without THE ARENA.

What has made THE ARENA? Its fearless and liberal tone. It is the organ of no set doctrines. It is the "arena" in which all may contest for the supremacy.

Who has made THE ARENA? One man more than any other, — its editor, Mr. B. O. Flower.

Mr. Flower has had ample financial backing, to be sure, without which little can be done nowadays. But all the money in the world, without his ideas and determination to put them into activity, could never have made this great and prosperous review. The quotation from Heine, —

We do not take possession of our ideas, but are possessed by them,

is the motto on which the review is conducted; and this seems to be the intellectual motto of Mr. Flower's life. — *Sunday World, Cleveland, O.*

*A Wonderful Record.*

The May number closes Volume V. of THE ARENA. This publication has achieved remarkable success. It is now only thirty months old, but in that time has won a circulation exceeded by but one review of the same class in this country. The subscription list since last November has increased thirty-three and one-third per cent. No other review is so hospitable to new thought and advanced ideas. Every shade of thought is represented by able and progressive thinkers. It devotes itself to the discussion of social, economic, ethical, religious, and educational problems, and to these gives more space than any other leading magazine. To these are added features which give family popularity. Its success is merited. — *Daily Gazette and Free Press, Elmira, N. Y.*

*Rich in Timely Papers.*

ARENA.—Rich as ever. Full of pithy articles. Very timely. The industrial movement and other reforms are not dodged. The editor discusses "The Dead Sea of the Nineteenth Century," or the increasing misery of the poor in our cities. Let everybody read it.— *Our Church Work, Madison, Wis.*

*Vigorous, Brilliant, and Outspoken.*

The April ARENA has a strong paper by its editor, Mr. Flower, "Two Hours in the Social Cellar," in which, after giving a series of pictures of heart-rending scenes among the worthy poor, he devotes several pages to what he conceives to be the chief causes of this deplorable condition and the remedies which will prove at least measurably successful in removing the causes. It continues vigorous and brilliant, and its outspoken tone is adding to its constituency.— *Jewish Messenger, New York.*

*A Roman Catholic View.*

Much that is said in THE ARENA upon social and economic questions, the betterment of the working classes, and the relief of the poor is excellent; but the ideas of Christianity put forth by its writers are generally what any intelligent Catholic or orthodox Christian would call warped and distorted and of not much value. Some of the articles for March are: A paper upon "Full-orbed Education," in which the writer, Professor J. R. Buchanan, rightly reckons the ethical element as of highest importance; an able argument by Judge Clark of North Carolina, for making "The Telegraph and Telephone Parts of the Post Office System"; and a striking account by the editor of the poverty of our great cities, the first of a series of short articles under the general title of "The Dead Sea of Nineteenth Century Civilization." In these few pages there are fearful revelations, and the editor shows he is practically concerned; for a little farther on he gives a record of good done during the past nine months in disbursing money contributed by the readers of THE ARENA for the starving poor.— *Catholic Mirror, Baltimore, Md.*

*Always Filled with the Best Matter.*

One of the best literary magazines that comes to our table is THE ARENA, which is always well filled with choice matter.— *Daily Democrat, Mt. Vernon, Ind.*

*The Inflexible Friend of the Masses.*

From its inception THE ARENA has been the steadfast champion of the oppressed and absolutely fearless in its denunciation of plutocracy, monopoly, and all means and measures which wrong the multitude or infringe upon the liberty of the humblest citizen.— *People's Defender, Albion, Ia.*

*A Notable Example of American Thrift.*

It is an example of American thrift. Time was when a decade of patient labor would barely establish a magazine. THE ARENA, however, leaped full-fledged into the field, and was established almost as soon as it was issued. It is now one of the most popular of reviews. Its spirit is liberal, all shades of thought being represented upon social, religious, literary, and scientific topics, and it numbers among its contributors some of the best known and leading thinkers of the world. — *Commercial, Toledo, O.*

*Its General Excellence Explains its Popularity.*

No magazine ever met popular favor so soon after its birth. Although but two and a half years old, it enjoys as large a circulation as any magazine of its class, and ranks with the best published. From the very start its general excellence has made it a favorite. — *News, Toledo, O.*

*One of the Best Magazines in the World.*

One of the best magazines in the world is THE ARENA of Boston, which, though barely two and a half years old, has a larger circulation than any of the high-priced reviews in the United States, with one exception. THE ARENA secures the best writers to treat the topics of current interest; it does not shrink from the discussion of any social, religious, or scientific question, and by its very boldness it commands the respect of the reading and thinking public. — *Evening Journal, St. Catherine, Ont.*

*The Favorite Review.*

No magazine or review which comes to our notice is read with greater interest and profit each month than that young but already famous publication known as THE ARENA. — *Observer, Salem, Mass.*

*Its Subscription List has Grown Thirty-three and One-third Per Cent in Five Months.*

Its subscription list since last November has increased a little over thirty-three and one-third per cent. During its brief career it has employed a brilliant coterie of the ablest thinkers of the civilized world. This notable success has been worthily earned; for THE ARENA is always freighted with clever articles, which furnish food for thought. It is absolutely fearless in according a hearing to advanced thinkers and live reformers, and therefore it is charmingly fresh and original. — *Daily Intelligencer, Belleville, Ont.*

*Its Contributors Embrace the Flower of Advanced Thinkers and Reformers.*

THE ARENA is peculiar to itself, giving far more space than any other leading magazine to the discussion of social, economic, ethical, religious,



and educational problems. Its contributors also represent the flower of advanced thinkers and live reformers. — *The Delaware Farm and Home Journal, Wilmington, Del.*

*Like Minerva, it Seems to Have Sprung Full Grown from the Brain of Progressive Humanity.*

With the May number THE ARENA closes its fifth volume, and it is now certainly in advance of any other magazine in the discussion of social and economic questions. Like Minerva, it seems to have sprung full grown at once from the brain of progressive humanity, and fills a place in modern thought occupied by no other publication. — *Herald, Steubenville, O.*

*A Marvellous Growth, but not Surprising.* \*

Two and a half years ago THE ARENA magazine issued its first number, and the patronage has been marvellous, owing naturally to the fact that it has championed the most progressive thought in every department of education,—social, religious, economic, moral, and scientific. B. O. Flower has done a great good in placing in the field this daring champion of liberty of thought. The ablest writers of to-day are contributors to this magazine. — *Saturday Bulletin, Decatur, Ill.*

*Its Contributors are a Coterie of the World's Greatest Thinkers.*

During its brief career it has employed a brilliant coterie of the ablest thinkers of the civilized world. THE ARENA contains several features peculiar to it which give it special popularity with all members of the family that read it; such, for example, as portraits of leading thinkers, brilliant biographical sketches, prose etching, and short stories. These features have given it a popularity possessed by no other high-priced review which has been started within the last seventy-five years. — *Herald, Winona, Minn.*

*Second to None.*

The May number of THE ARENA closes Volume V., the magazine being now two and a half years old. During this short time it has won a place among the reviews of the day second to none. The articles embrace all the live problems of the hour, and its contributors are among the ablest thinkers of the world. — *The New England Home, Boston, Mass.*

*A Sturdy Forum for Earnest Thinkers.*

This sturdy monthly generally gives you something to your liking. Almost any taste can be satisfied by reference to its ample pages. Such variety is not to be found in any other of the monthlies. The politician and the farmer; the philosopher and the theosopher; the radical and the



conservative; the free trader and the protectionist; the materialist and the spiritualist; the poet, the historian, Buddhist, infidel, or Christian, are admitted into THE ARENA on equal terms, where many fierce but bloodless battles are fought. — *Gospel Advocate, Nashville, Tenn.*

*Occupies the Highest Pedestal of Literary Excellence.*

NOW only two and a half years old, THE ARENA holds one of the most important positions in the higher class magazine literature of the country, and its circulation has nearly reached the greatest attained by any of its older rivals. This achievement might be considered surprising but for the fact that in the beginning THE ARENA placed itself on the highest pedestal of literary excellence, and has firmly kept it ever since. — *Telegraph, Baltimore, Md.* •

*The Leader in Magazine Literature.*

THE ARENA is the leader in magazine literature of the world. It is rightly named; for it is indeed the arena where the great minds of the age combat the curses and wrongs preying on suffering humanity.

Editor Flower is still scaling the altruistic and literary heights where none have dared to climb, and proven himself the strongest editorial writer of the age. "The Dead Sea of our Nineteenth Century Civilization," "Uninvited Poverty," "Behind the Deed the Thought," proclaim the love of humanity in his heart and the power of his pen. No one who wishes to see the "Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man" established on the earth; no minister, student, man, or woman, who desires a more elevated humanity, can afford to do without THE ARENA. Order it and you will get more for your money than any investment you ever made. — *Southern Journal, Louisville, Ky.*

*The Best Exponent of Advanced Thought.*

THE ARENA fully maintains its prominence as the best exponent of advanced thought that reaches us. We have elsewhere republished Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's "Psychical Experience." It remains to notice the Rev. Dr. George St. Clair on "Rational Views of Heaven and Hell," an article to which we may recur, full of breadth and illuminative in a high degree. Not less noteworthy is the editor's "Two Hours in the Social Cellar." Mr. Flower grasps the problem of the future, and his method of handling it has our unequivocal support. — *Light, London, England.*

